

JUN 17 1954
BOB WAGNER: FORBIDDEN TO LOVE?

DELL
MAGAZINE

modern screen

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AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE



ld for the first time:

**THE SECRETS
OF MARILYN
MONROE'S LIFE
S A MODEL**

DORIS DAY

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JUN 17 1954

**THEY
MEET
ON AN
ADVENTURE
THAT SPANS
THE 2400
MILES FROM
HONOLULU TO
SAN FRANCISCO BAY.
OUT OF
THIS MEETING OF
STRANGERS COMES
ENTERTAINMENT HISTORY,
THE STORY
OF EVERY KIND
OF LOVE
THERE IS!**

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WILLIAM A. WELLMAN'S

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AND THE
MIGHTY"
IN
CINEMASCOPE
AND
WARNERCOLOR**

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who was
as low as
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could get!

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a wealthy
collector--
of other
men's wives!

MAY
strictly
a night-time
woman!

NELL still burning
with honeymoon
fever!

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who lived
in a world
of whistles!

DAN who had
used up his
nine lives, and
was starting
on ten!

**EVERY
SEARING
MOMENT
OF THE
TWO-YEAR
BEST-SELLER!**



**JOHN
WAYNE**



**CLAIRE
TREVOR**



**LARAIN
DAY**



**ROBERT
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**JAN
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**PHIL
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**ROBERT
NEWTON**



**DAVID
BRIAN**

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AND INTRODUCING

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Music Composed and Conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

DISTRIBUTED BY
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modern screen

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* On the cover: Color portrait of Doris Day by John Engstead. She can be seen currently in Warner Brothers' *Lucky Me*. See page 73 for other photographers' credits.

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THE STUDENT PRINCE



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"Deep In My Heart, Dear"
"Golden Days"
and many others!

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AND THE SINGING VOICE OF

MARIO LANZA

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WILLIAM LUDWIG and SONYA LEVIEN ·

COLOR BY **ANSCO**

Music From
"THE STUDENT PRINCE" by

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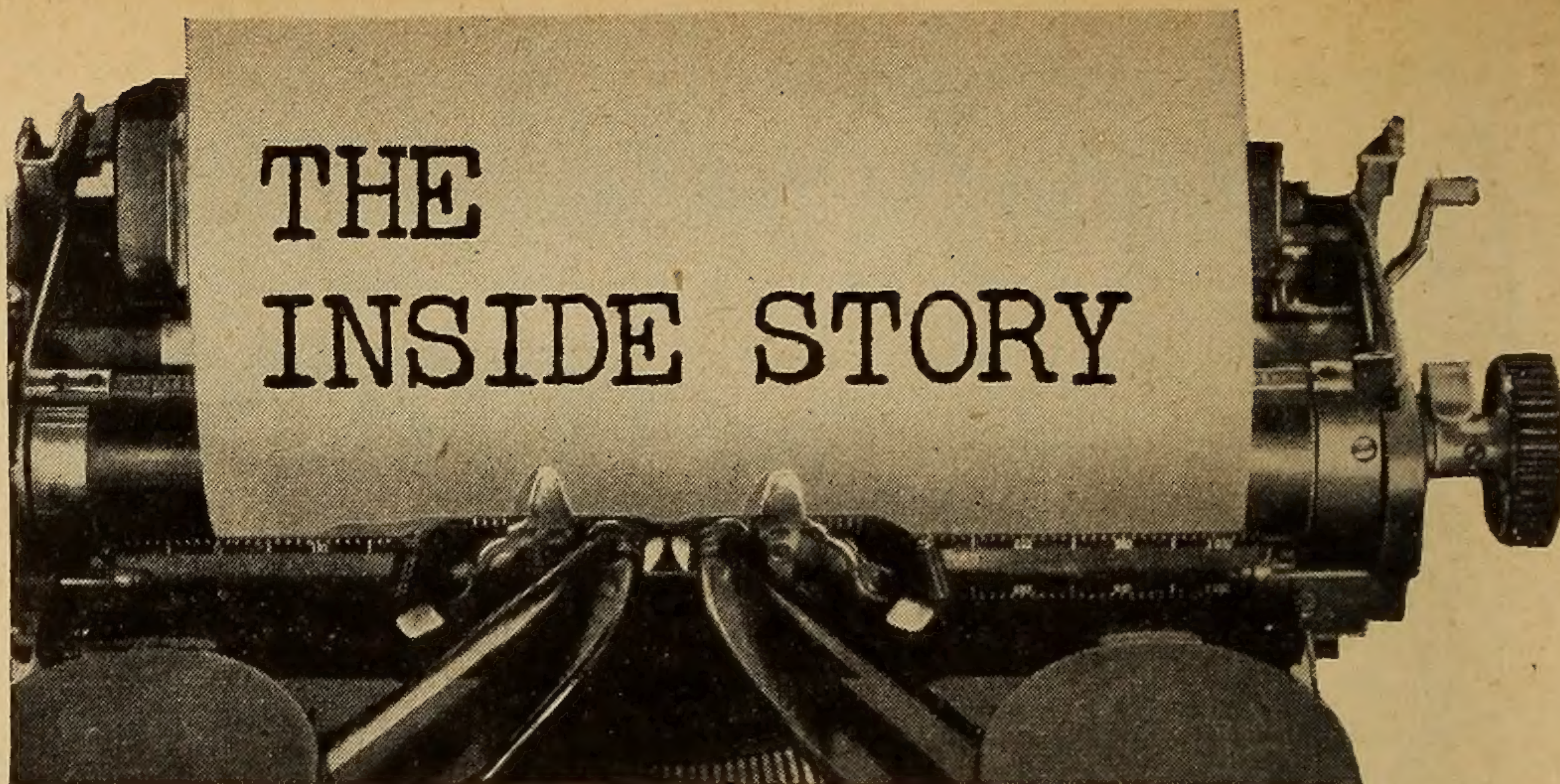
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Irresistible lipstick. Wear them both
... and be doubly

Irresistible
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AT ALL 10¢ STORES



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that John Wayne was handed a \$400,000 certified check to star in *Indian Fighter* and turned it down?
—H.E., FRESNO, CAL.

A. Yes.

Q. Now that Greer Garson is no longer at MGM, what does she plan to do? Retire?
—E.S., ASHLAND, KY.

A. Miss Garson plans to make a western at Warner Bros. with Mervyn Le-Roy.

Q. Did Donald O'Connor really lose \$45,000 while gambling at Las Vegas?
—M.S., JACKSON, MISS.

A. No, he won \$14,000.

Q. Any truth to the rumor that Joan Crawford fainted when she was turned down for the lead opposite Bing Crosby in *Country Girl*?
—J.C., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

A. No. She simply went east, vacationed, came back with a new romance, Chicago Ford dealer Charles Baron.

Q. Can you tell me if Carlos Thompson has been dating Gary Cooper's wife, Rocky? What is Thompson's real name?
—T.T., LINDEN, N.J.

A. Yes, he's been dating Rocky. His real name is Juan José Mundanschaffter.

Q. Didn't Andy Russell divorce his wife Della because he fell in love with a Mexican girl?
—E.D., TAMPA, FLA.

A. Andy will soon be free to marry Señorita Velia Sanchez Belmonte.

Q. Can you tell me if Marilyn Monroe is as sexy out of motion pictures as she is in them?
—L.C., W. HAZELTON, PA.

A. She is.

Q. Is Barbara Stanwyck's grown-up son her own or is he adopted?
—S.K., DINUBA, CAL.

A. Adopted.

Q. Does Rock Hudson plan to marry Betty Abbott in the near future?
—A.F., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A. He says no.

Q. How many times has Tyrone Power been married and has Lana Turner ever

forgiven him for jilting her when he married Linda Christian?

—J.W., PASCAGOULA, MISS.

A. Power has been married twice; Lana has forgiven and forgotten.

Q. I read that when Michael Wilding goes out with his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, he never wears his hair piece. Didn't he wear one the night of the Academy Awards?
—A.G., HUNTER, N.D.

A. Yes.

Q. How many children does Stewart Granger have by his first wife and why doesn't he bring them over here?
—E.V., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Granger has two children, plans to bring them over from England for a vacation.

Q. I hear that the James Mason marriage is on the rocks and that Mrs. Mason is planning a divorce. Is that on the level?
—D.C., FLORENCE, ALA.

A. Mrs. Mason has frequently threatened divorce.

Q. There are hardly ever any stories on Claudette Colbert. Why?
—V.G., EL PASO, TEXAS

A. Miss Colbert has been in Europe for eighteen months.

Q. How come Joanne Dru and Zsa Zsa Gabor got into so many fights while making *The Big Top* with Martin and Lewis?
—N.F., DETROIT, MICH.

A. Their personalities clashed.

Q. When they go out, do most Hollywood actresses wear artificial eyelashes?
—P.T., KENOSHA, WIS.

A. About half of them.

Q. Why was Janet Leigh released from MGM?
—V.E., MERCED, CALIF.

A. She asked for her release.

Q. I understand that Esther Williams will make personal appearances this summer. Does she plan to swim?
—N.Y., MOBILE, ALA.

A. No. She plans to sing in Las Vegas, Nevada, for \$25,000 per week.

IT'S MR. FUN... AT HIS FUNNIEST!

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EVENT OF THE YEAR!
Danny sings, clowns, and
dances at the top of his form!

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Costarring

MAI ZETTERLING

Choreography by Michael Kidd

Words and Music by

SYLVIA FINE · NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

A Paramount Picture





LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Still a frequent twosome, Debbie Reynolds and Tab Hunter arrived together at *Executive Suite* première; denied all romance rumors.



Vera-Ellen, famous for her collection of costume jewelry, wore one of her most elaborate pieces to première. Richard Gully escorted her.



Pat Crowley came to the preem with Vic Damone. Pat has been making television appearances lately, getting a really big buildup.



June Haver and Fred MacMurray attended together, of course. Fred's most important picture, *The Caine Mutiny*, looks like a hit.

DALE ROBERTSON'S ROMANCE . . .

SHELLEY WINTERS, who exploded in Rome because she was so hurt over Vittorio Gassman, returned to Hollywood calmed down—at least on the surface.

She told me, "I just want to forget him. I don't want anything from him except support for little Vittoria. Thank God, I have my baby. I'm going to devote my life to her."

Right here is where I made the fatal mistake of asking Shelley if it is true she has fallen in love with another actor in Europe.

Shelley snapped, "I am no longer in the import-export business."

THE MORE I hear and see of Rock Hudson the better I like him. When première-time for *Magnificent Obsession* was rolling around (it's Rock's greatest picture) his studio asked him to take a famous glamour girl to the event.

Rock just shook his head. "Sorry, fellas," he said, "I invited Betty Abbott weeks ago and she's going to be my date."

Betty is the very pretty script girl at Universal-International whom Rock has been taking out pretty steadily. I asked one of his best friends if he thought it was a serious thing between Rock and Betty.

"Let's put it this way," the pal explained, "right now the big love in Rock's life is his career. He feels he is just beginning to get the right roles and he wants nothing to divert him from improving himself as an actor."

"He finds Betty wonderful company and she is very understanding of his point of view. I doubt if wedding bells have entered either of their thoughts. But as time goes on, and Rock becomes more firmly established—who knows? Betty may prove to be just the right girl for him."

SPEAKING OF the première of *Magnificent Obsession*, you should have seen the expression on Donald O'Connor's face when Julia Adams (the girl he's rumored to be "crazy about") walked right past him into the theatre on the arm of designer Bill Thomas!

Don had come stag because he thought Julia had a cold!

JOAN CRAWFORD wore what she described as a "little girl dress" of white embroidery to the surprise birthday party she gave for her press agent, Henry Rogers. But there was nothing "little girl" about the enormous diamond pin she was sporting—a real whopper.

The party was held in the private room at Chasen's cafe and it suddenly became the most glamorous "nightclub" in the world when the guests started putting on an impromptu show.

First to take over were June Allyson and director Chuck Walters who did an exhibition dance that would have done credit to the De Marcos or Veloz and Yolanda. Beaming proudly from a ringside table was Dick Powell, who thinks everything June does is perfect anyway.

Then Donald O'Connor and his sidekick, Sidney Miller, took over the mike. No one was surprised that this team was funny, but Don brought down the house when he sang, "My Secret Love" as beautifully as I have ever heard it.

Doris Day had first been invited to warble her Oscar-winning song. But she said she was too nervous to do it. So she sat nearby coach-

HOLLYWOOD BURGLARIES . . . WILL ROCK HUDSON MARRY BETTY?

ing Don with the words which he did not know.

Next came Jane Wyman really going to town singing "Sunny Side Of The Street" accompanied by the composer, Jimmy McHugh.

Joan's fifteen-year-old daughter Christina was permitted to come to the party and stay until ten o'clock. From the expression on her face at ten o'clock, methinks the young lady didn't care for that going-home routine.

Fred MacMurray was with June Haver. Who else? No matter how crowded the room, these two never seem to realize anyone else is around.

I continue to be amazed by the way the pregnant ladies of today get around—and in the highest fashion, too. Jane Greer Lasker, who looked as though she might have her baby the following morning, was radiant in a cute natural straw hat with a perky rose on top—and she danced every time the music struck up.

Another expectant mother, Frances (Mrs. Van) Heflin wore a cocoa chiffon cocktail dress that could have been worn by a Paris model. She and Van arrived in his low-slung Jaguar. "I love riding in it," said Frances, "but the getting in and out takes a bit of doing."

One of my favorite bits of the evening was watching George Burns do a soft shoe routine à la the old vaudeville days. It was quite a wingding Miss Crawford hosted—or should I say hostess-ed?

RAN INTO Dale Robertson right after his return from location on *Sitting Bull* in Mexico City and he was plenty hot under the collar over printed stories that he got into a saloon brawl down there over Mary Murphy.

"It was just one of those things that often happen to actors in public," Dale said. "An obnoxious drunk gets funny, passes some cracks and there's nothing left to do but take a poke at him."

Whether he got into a fight over Mary or not, my money says that she is the big romance in his life right now. These two have dinner almost every night in one of the quiet bistros and the way they look at one another isn't chilly.

Shortly after Dale parted from his wife there was a lot of noise that he would marry Cherie de Castro when he is free. Cherie is the cute chorus girl at the Moulin Rouge whose press agent started beating the drums that she was Dale's true love.

Dale settled this with, "Cherie's still married. So am I until my interlocutory decree becomes final in eight months. But even if we were both as free as the air we would stay that way!"

MOST OF HOLLYWOOD was on the police blotter for some happening or other this month. For a few weeks movietown sounded like one of Jack Webb's *Dragnet* episodes. Here are the facts, ma'am:

A few hours after about ninety guests and I departed Jane Wyman's house after a gala party, a housebreaker lifted \$19,000 of Janie's jewelry and padded out of the house so softly that Jane, Freddie Karger, the two children and the servants slept through the whole thing!

P.S. A man was later arrested in Tia Juana and part of Janie's stolen gems were found on him.

JUST A FEW DAYS following the Wyman theft, a police ambulance was called to take Dr. Lew Morrill away from the home of his estranged wife, Rhonda Fleming. Lew had fallen and broken his leg in three places.

"We had been discussing our problems late into the evening and I asked Lew to get some firewood," redheaded Rhonda explained. "He slipped on a rock and was barely able to drag himself to the back door. He was screaming with pain."

Rhonda said she was "very sorry" about the accident, but she didn't see how it necessarily meant she should make up with poor Lew who, doctors say, will be laid up from seven to ten months. She filed for divorce the day after he left the hospital.

And Aldo Ray was actually picked up by the cops after he left the home of his fiancée, Jeff Donnell, and returned several hours later to pick up the script of *Battle Cry* which he had forgotten.

Attempting to slip quietly into the patio where he had left it on a table, and hoping not to awaken Jeff, Ray was suddenly seized by patrol guards who had been posted in the neighborhood after a series of robberies.

If Aldo hadn't beaten on the door hard enough to awaken Jeff and clear himself, he would have spent the night in the bastille.

WHETHER it was lost, dropped or stolen, the police were called when Mary Pickford's \$20,000 canary diamond clip, surrounded by 250 baguette diamonds, was "missed" somewhere between the Mocambo and a private party.

WITH ALL the fuss about Donald O'Connor's reference to her pregnancy after she sang "Secret Love" at the Academy Awards, I asked Ann Blyth McNulty herself how she felt about it.

"I thought it was cute," laughed Ann. "Don and I have been pals for years. I was amused when he said 'Secret Love' had been sung by Ann Blyth and family."

So there—all you critics who panned Don!

THE RECONCILIATION between the Gene Nelsons didn't take although Gene did everything in his power to woo Miriam back after the Jane Powell episode.

Miriam dated Gene, and she thought seriously about it because of their little boy.

But she finally decided, "When love is really dead, and not just hidden under the embers, it is almost impossible to bring it to life again no matter how hard we try."

TAKE IT EASY, take it easy! Bing Crosby is not pictured as a hopeless drunk in *The Country Girl*.

Alarmed over the barrage of letters flooding the studio, Paramount is launching a campaign to counteract the rumors that Bing is soused throughout the picture with Grace Kelly and Bill Holden.

Head man Adolph Zukor says, "To calm all fears, we will show the finished film to a committee of churchmen before the release. This will assure all the fans who respect Mr. Crosby and look up to him that he will not be portrayed as an unsavory character."

Bing himself says, "I'm shown taking only one drink in the whole picture. It's really a theme of faith and two people's belief in a



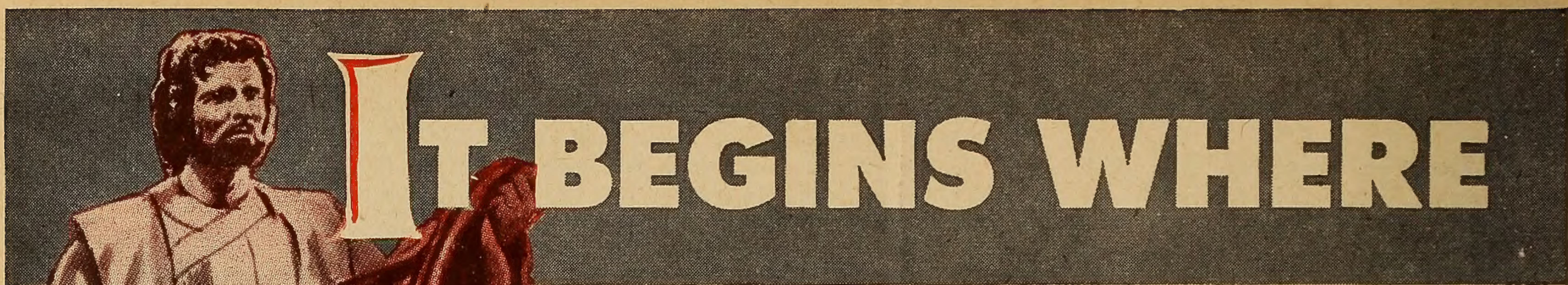
Spike Jones' Easter TV show was seen by many stars' kids. Jane Powell took Geary, Jr. and Suzanne; Pat Nerney took daughter Mona.



Joan Crawford brought daughters Cathy and Cynthia, who wore identical dresses and accessories. (Note name tags worn by all the kids.)



Dale Evans brought Cheryl, Doe, Sandy and Rusty. They were the most colorful except for Spike Jones, Jr., who wore a gay checked suit.



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Demetrius and IATORS



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MATURE

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

man who has lost his way and who gets back on the right path because of them."

I'M REALLY on my soapbox against Simone Silva, the brazen French girl who posed nude-above-the-waist with Robert Mitchum at the Cannes film festival, coming to Hollywood for a film career.

And while I'm on the subject, I think Mr. Mitchum's conduct was unpardonable, too, and if his excuse is that if he hadn't been in the pictures he would have been forced into a creek, I say he should have fallen in the creek!

Somebody is going to have to bring this young man to terms before he brings another major scandal on Hollywood. He has been very, very lucky in having the friendship of a powerful producer to keep his career going. And, he has been lucky in having a wife like Dorothy, a very fine woman.

But to get back to this Simone person. She impudently stated in Cannes that she did her outrageous act because she wanted a career in Hollywood.

When she arrived in New York she "obliged" the photographers by doing a modified version of her Cannes striptease. And, in Hollywood, she stated at the airport, "My bosom is larger than Jane Russell's or Marilyn Monroe's and I shall become just as famous."

This is what we are looking for in Hollywood????? I shan't even mention the name of the sensation-seeking producer who signed her and I hope by the time you read this she is on her way back to France.

MADLY IN LOVE with brewer Philip Liebmann and wanting to be with him all the time, Linda Darnell (usually a doll to work with) was as snappish as a cross puppy making *Night Music*.

If an actor missed a cue or muffed a line, Linda would break into nervous tears and then time would have to be taken out while her make-up was repaired.

When a reporter asked her if she and Liebmann, a very attractive young man as well as a rich one, would be married when

the picture was finished, Linda snapped, "Wait till the picture is finished and find out."

Unless present plans go way astray, I'm betting that Linda and Liebmann (head man of the Rheingold Beer Company) will be married by the time you read this and on their way to a honeymoon in Europe.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: The supposed feud between Ava Gardner and Italy's leading glamour girl, Gina Lollobrigida, in Rome was strictly a phony, just for the publicity on *Barefoot Contessa*. Gina is said to have visited the set and Ava refused to meet her. For the record (straight from my Italian spy) Ava wasn't even working this day. . . . They held a private showing of *The Caine Mutiny* for me and I can tell you that Robert Francis, the newcomer who plays the boy, will be a terrific hit. Watch for this boy, he's going to be great. . . . Oops! William Holden's "asking price" has jumped to \$200,000 per picture since he won the Oscar. . . . Cleo Moore is too pretty and too talented to permit her press agent to keep harping on the fact that she is "the kiss girl" whose long smooch with disk jockey Jack Eigen got him fired from his TV show in Chicago. . . . Isn't Kirk Douglas ever going to get a screen role which will permit him a haircut? Kirk has the longest bob in town. . . . Kinda cute the way Lex Barker is teaching Lana Turner to economize, something Lana has never heretofore gone in for. Lex told her, "We can either take a two weeks vacation in Honolulu or build a new room on the house for the kids. Which do you prefer?"—and Lana settled for the new room! . . . Frank Sinatra wants to turn director and I love Frankie's reply to someone who asked him, "What makes you think you can be a director?" He said, "The same thing that made me think I could be a singer—and an actor!"

EASTER IN Palm Springs was plenty hot (110 in the shade—and no shade)—but plenty of fun. The William Perlbergs had a big party on Saturday night which became



Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea had to build an additional room onto their home to accommodate baby Mary Catherine, ended up remodeling entire house to include porch in photo. But the O'Sheas say it's worth it, plan to have more kids. Complete story of their wacky, wonderful life on page 36.

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*— A far softer wave
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Exclusive new wave conditioner means that
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Your New *Lilt* wave stays like naturally curly hair
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its shining, soft naturalness month after month!

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Lilt lets you
choose the wave
especially made
for your type
of hair. Super,
Regular or
Gentle *Lilt*
... and *Lilt's*
new Party Curl,
the very best
children's home
permanent.

\$1.50
(plus tax)



She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out **PINK PLUM**
And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

7 Cover-Girl Colors **49¢**

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INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet



"We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick. They apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!"

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

Director Conover School

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

even bigger than expected when Lindsay Crosby showed up with eight of his Loyola school pals—and they all had dates.

Lindsay's old man, Bing, is like a mother hen whenever Lindsay and his cronies are around. "I have so much fun with the kids," Bing told me, "I've called off my trip to Europe."

One of the prettiest girls in Lindsay's group was Danny Thomas' daughter, Marjorie. She's a student at Marymount and so attractive.

Mary and Jack Benny and Kitty and Mervyn Le Roy were also among the guests who had a time with the kids.

THE LETTER BOX: "Chalene," of New York, writes: "I want Dale Robertson to know he hasn't lost a single fan by his divorce. In a magazine Mrs. Robertson is quoted as saying, 'I had the feeling from the beginning that he regretted our marriage.' Looks like she didn't expect the marriage to last and with her thinking like that, how could it? She blames everything on him. Gallantly, he has nothing to say against her. We're for Dale!"

Dorothy McDonald, The Plains, Ohio, doesn't go for Peter Lawford: "I always think of him as Petah Lahwfahd. Don't you?" Not necessarily. Many fans are crazy for Petah.

Emily MacMasters, Sanford, Florida: "I am completely through with Vittorio Gassman, his conceit and his heart of rock." You and Shelley Winters, Emily.


"I wish Suzan Ball and Dick Long to know that they have made the heart of the world beat a little more tenderly because of their inspiring love story," writes Sally del Valle, from Havana, Cuba. "They more than make up for such sordid romances as Zsa Zsa Gabor and *that man*, and many others I shan't dignify by naming."

Mrs. Donald Wallisch thinks Montgomery Clift was robbed because he didn't get the Oscar for his "inspired" playing in *From Here To Eternity*. "Clift is the screen's greatest actor," says Mrs. Wallisch. William Holden isn't bad either, Mrs. W.!

That's all for now. See you next month.



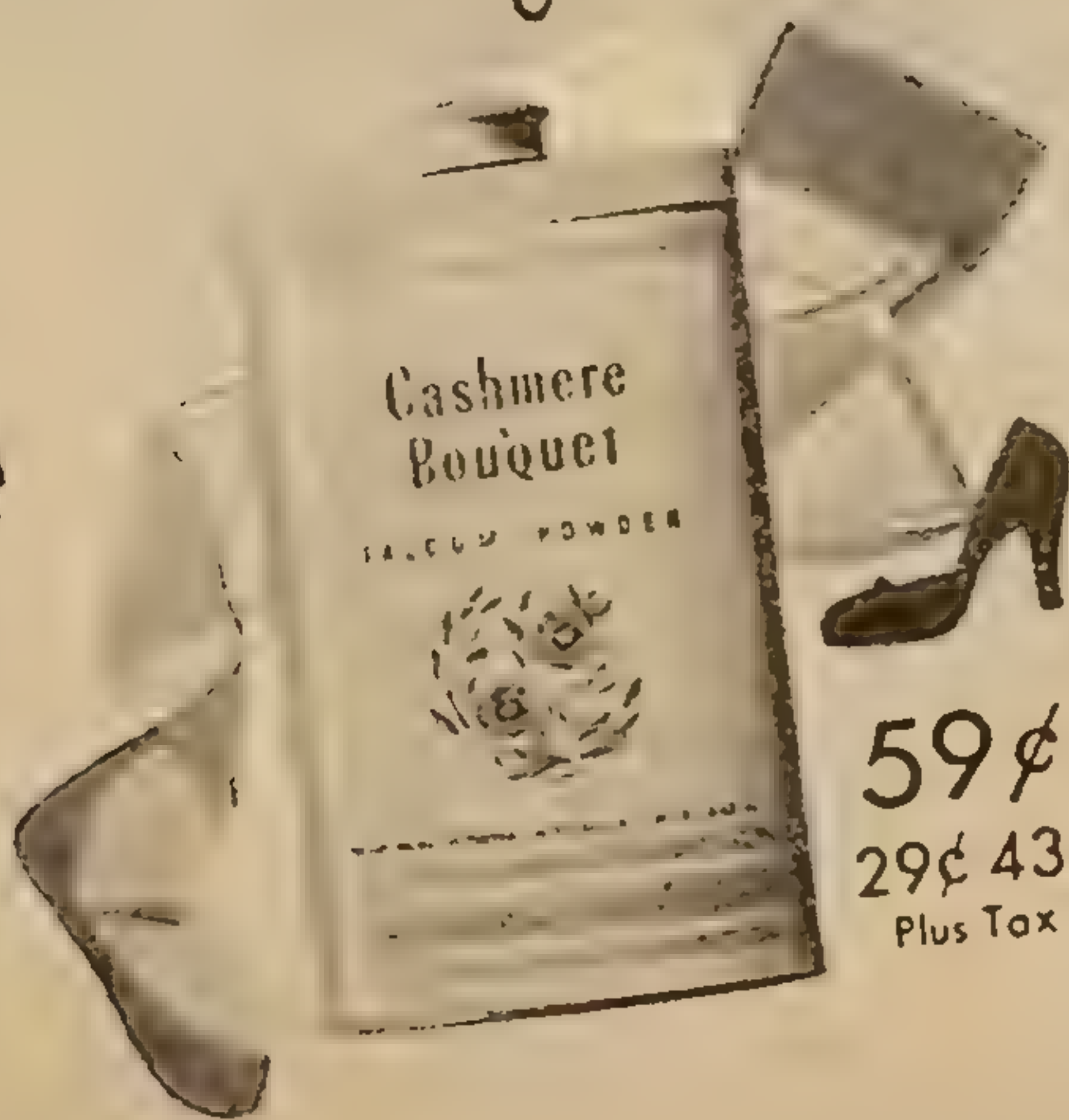
Peter Lawford married Patricia Kennedy, daughter of Ambassador Joe Kennedy. Ceremony took place in St. Thomas More's Church, New York.



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freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet*

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bouquet**
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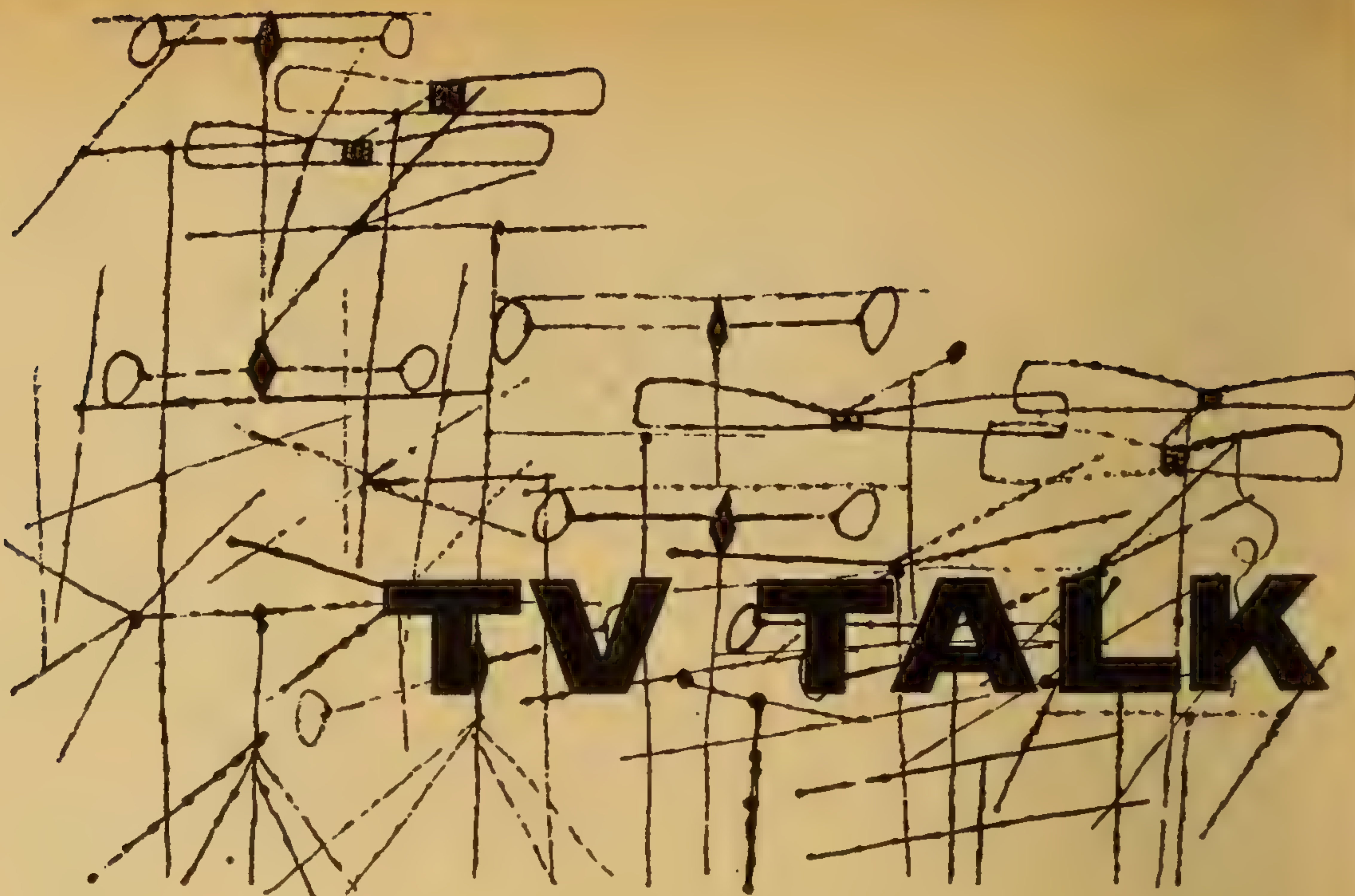
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"Borrow this good grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talc smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

Brando can be
funny . . . Ray Milland
is unhappy . . . Wally
Cox becomes a ladies' man . . .
Ed Murrow is shy.



You hear lots of things about **Marlon Brando**, but you hardly ever hear about his sense of humor. Well, he has one, all right. And he doesn't always duck when his fans approach. One time, when he was holed up in his apartment in New York and the newspapers were full of how he was dodging their reporters, he was playing a little game with a few of his fans who wanted his autograph. They found their way to his door and he answered it right away. He wouldn't open it of course (he's not *that* friendly), but he talked to them through the keyhole, claiming he was too short to open the door. And then he climbed up and chatted through the transom, claiming he was too tall! He may be a crazy, mixed-up kid, but he has his fun. All his friends consider him a great wit, in fact; and **Wally Cox**, his old pal from grammar school days, just wishes he could be as amusing . . . Wally, of course, is a real wit, on the screen and in private life. If you can cock your ear close enough to hear his whispery voice, it's mighty rewarding. His friends are devoted to him, and like nothing better than to have him around entertaining them. He sometimes picks up very old-fashioned books in his meanderings around town and arrives to read them out loud. With his dead-pan delivery, the dullest, most Victorian prose in the world turns into something that could wow 'em in vaudeville. His hosts also like him because he's so wonderful with children. He has that knack of talking to them that makes them love him as much as he loves them. The main reason he likes kids so much is that he's jealous. He would love to have some of his own. And, seeing as how Wally has turned into quite a ladies' man, he just might do what he's done on *Mr. Peepers* and get married. In the meantime, though, he's got his mind on making a movie. But he won't make it in Hollywood. He insists that it be made in Europe so he can have some fun along with his work. Wally has only been to Europe once (last summer, when he joined Marlon there for two weeks), but he fell in love with it, and he's eager to return . . . **Gary Merrill** is looking seedier and seedier, and no one can figure out why. Even when he goes to the theatre on an opening night, he's got a few days' beard and sideburns that can't be beat. If he were playing a part that required them, everyone would understand. But he's not . . .

14 You hear lots of talk about some celebrities

who keep their wives in the background because they want to keep their professional lives and their private lives far apart. **Perry Como** does it. But **Garry Moore** is even more insistent on the sanctity of his home than Perry is. The main reason in the Moore household is Mrs. M. She doesn't care for show business, not one whit; for all anyone knows, she's never even looked at one of Garry's shows. She just ignores his career and doesn't even use the name "Mrs. Garry Moore." She's Mrs. Garrison Morfit (that's Garry's real name). Garry absolutely refuses to have any reporters or photographers anywhere near his wife and children. One other reason for the curtain: Garry's afraid his sons will let the publicity go to their heads, and he wants them to grow up as nice, normal boys . . . Everyone knew that **Dorothy Kilgallen** was going to have a third baby, but no one could have told it from looking at her. She remained impeccably groomed and quite slim. And she started gadding about town again about ten days after the little boy arrived. Dorothy looked wonderful, too. She and her husband, **Dick Kollmar**, have an elegant town house. Dick prowls all over town every Christmas to find something special for one of their favorite rooms in it. It's their "Americana Room," and he picks up real art treasures for the little woman to put in it . . . Some of **Steve Allen's** friends wonder if **Jayne (I've Got A Secret) Meadows** is quite the girl for him. They can't quite envision the gay Jayne scrambling eggs. But Steve's a sensible young man and he knows what he's doing. He certainly knows what he's doing when it comes to careers. His has never been in better shape . . . You'd never realize it to look at him on tv now, but **Robert Montgomery** used to be a brat of a boy. When he was very young, he lived in a boarding house; and he used to have a cute trick of lying in wait for the boarders to come home at night and then jump out, yell at them and run away down the dark halls. It's hard to believe that little boy has grown up to be a big movie star, movie producer, television star, television producer and adviser to the President of the United States! . . . **Peg Lynch's** real-life husband (she's the author and star of *Ethel And Albert*, of course, looks as little like Alan Bunce, who plays Albert, as any man could. He's one of those Scandinavians who look so young for so long. Odd Knut Ronning (yes,

that's his name!) could pass for a man of twenty-five if he wanted to—the slim, blond type. He looks, in fact, very much like a pale version of Montgomery Clift . . . **Audrey Hepburn** has gotten so fancy now that she calls shops from her elegant dressing room at the theatre and asks that they bring her a selection of clothes to choose from. The shops do it, of course, even in the pouring rain. Speaking of Audrey's dressing room, her co-star and constant companion, **Mel Ferrer**, only wishes he had one as elegant. Audrey's was redone and refurbished until it was almost as grand as Rosalind Russell's. But Mel had to fight to get a decent chair in his . . . **Ray Milland** has never liked his tv show, *Meet Mr. McNutley*, very much—and that's putting it mildly! He insisted on some changes at first, and they made it a little better. But he's still not happy. Why does he do it? One reason is obvious: money. The other: Milland just loves to work. He can do more than almost any other actor, and he thrives on it. He also doesn't let it take away his social pleasures. Milland can find time for both . . . You know that black-sequined dress **Jack Benny** wears when he's masquerading as his old friend Gracie Allen? Well, it's one **Rita Hayworth** once wore in a movie, believe it or not. We don't know how much it had to be altered where! . . . When **Edward R. Murrow** is praised for his modesty, whoever says it is telling the truth. Ed's favorite memento—out of thousands—is a silver box from the CBS newsmen who worked with him all through the war. Where do you think they had their signatures engraved? On the bottom. They knew Ed as well as anyone did when they wrote them there rather than on the top where people could see the names. And Ed appreciated the modest gesture just as much as they knew he would. Ed's modesty probably doesn't have anything to do with it, but do you know that he still, to this day, sweats when he delivers a speech? Even when he's talking to a group he knows, the beads of perspiration roll down his face. And he gets as pale as a ghost. No one can understand it. After all, he's been on radio for nearly twenty years, and on tv for three. But the nerves in the man are painfully visible every time he starts to make a public address. Did you know, by the way, that Ed is the highest-paid man at CBS? He makes a lot more than the president or even the chairman of the board!

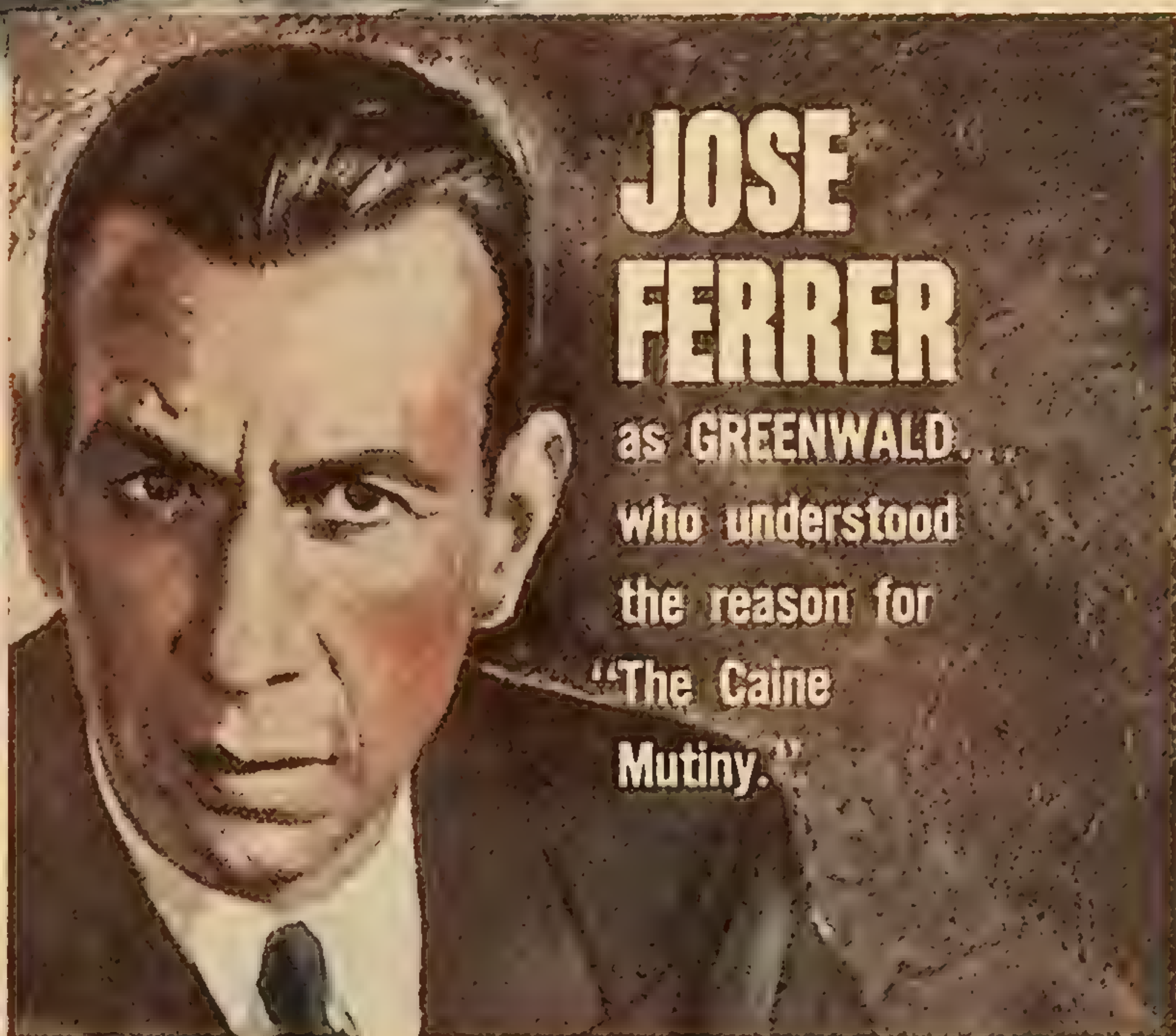
At last on the screen!

THE CAINE MUTINY



**HUMPHREY
BOGART**

as QUEEG...
the captain and
the cause of
"The Caine
Mutiny."



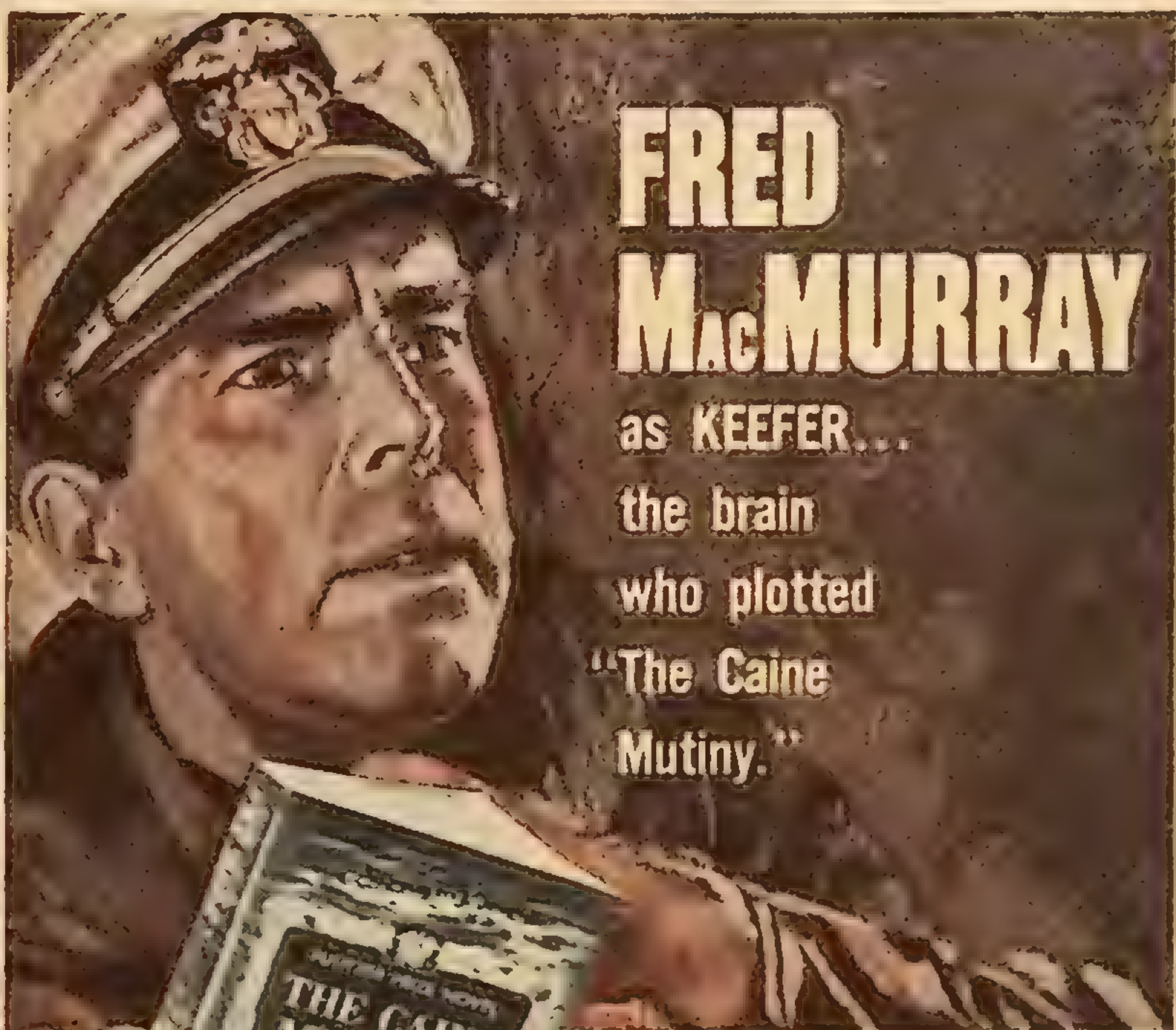
**JOSE
FERRER**

as GREENWALD...
who understood
the reason for
"The Caine
Mutiny."



**VAN
JOHNSON**

as MARYK...
whose damning
diary sparked
"The Caine
Mutiny."



**FRED
McMURRAY**

as KEEFER...
the brain
who plotted
"The Caine
Mutiny."

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Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK

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TECHNICOLOR

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

A STANLEY KRAMER PROD.



modern screen **in the news**



"I certainly consider myself engaged," Gene told reporters at the Rosarito Beach Hotel in Mexico, added that they'd marry soon.

She calls him Baby



Unlike Rita Hayworth, Gene is not a homebody, thoroughly enjoys Aly's extensive traveling and social life with the international horsey set.

South of the border

in a small hotel,

Gene Tierney and Aly

Khan found privacy—

and a new security

in their love.

BY ALICE CRAIG GREENE

■ The playboy of the eastern world went to Mexico to join his fiancée, American movie actress Gene Tierney.

For a couple of years the world press has been wondering aloud if the love of Gene and Aly Khan would come to marriage. Now the formal answer has come from an obscure, sun-drenched little resort about twenty miles below the Mexican border, in Baja California.

The Rosarito Beach Hotel has a reputation for being the most deserted hotel in the world—even when it's full. People go there *not* to be seen. Although all facilities of a busy resort hotel are encompassed in the attractive, sprawling white buildings, most of the guests don't use the swimming pool, the tennis courts, the bar or dancing salons.

Word of the discretion of the management and the anonymity to be found there, has spread among people who want to disappear a little while.

A group of such people drove to the doors of this remote little spot on the afternoon of March 28. Two Cadillac limousines (rented previously from a San Diego taxicab company by telephone from Mexico City) and a black Jaguar two-seater sports car had waited at the Tijuana airport. The Jag was so new it had no license, only a windshield sticker. At two-twenty that afternoon a couple alighted from the Pan American plane from Mexico City, on which they were registered as "Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Taylor, independent worker and housewife."

As they stepped from the plane, attendants (*Continued on page 19*)

"cute tomata"!

by **CUTEX**

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America's favorite suntan lotion!



*Hollywood's worried
about Lanza; this time
he's really*

OUT OF SHAPE

■ Mario Lanza weighs 252 pounds. He owes an estimated \$165,000 in income taxes for 1952. His wife has ordered him out of their Beverly Hills home several times lately. He is estranged from his parents, too. It would seem that things can't get much worse for this popular singer who was on top two years ago. Nonetheless, there are chances for him still—if he will only take advantage of them.

From Las Vegas, Mario Lanza has received some good offers—payment of his tax debt plus a salary of \$25,000 a week—if he will get into shape. So far, he has refused to make the necessary effort.

Columbia Pictures considered Lanza for the re-make of *One Night Of Love*, but they insisted that he get psychiatric help before they were willing to take a chance on him.

Now the Lanzas live on a small weekly allowance from his royalties at RCA Victor. The rest goes to the Government for unpaid taxes. Victor is releasing recordings Lanza made with Ray Sinatra in 1949 ("Lolita" is the first one). And that's about the only way you can hear Mario Lanza sing these days.

she calls him baby

(Continued from page 16) whispered excitedly among themselves in Spanish, recognizing actress Gene Tierney and the fabulous Prince Aly Khan. With them were her mother, Belle Tierney, and Aly's valet-bodyguard, William, who has attended the Prince for twenty-four years.

The luggage, Mrs. Tierney and William were put into the Cadillacs. Aly and Gene got into her Jaguar (a present from him) and the caravan started south. Half an hour later, the Cadillacs—now with Aly—drove up to the Rosarito Beach Hotel.

Manager Roberto Bravo came out to greet the newcomers, and was astonished to recognize the prince, who had made no reservations. His hostelry was unaccustomed to serving royalty and he suffered a moment of panic before assigning the party to the Presidential suite—actually three connecting living room-bedroom suites at \$54 a day each, one for Aly, one for Mrs. Tierney and one for William.

All Bravo could think of in those first hectic moments was how sportily the prince dressed—a sweater, a sports coat, a scarf and tight-fitting black pants like Mexican charros, but without the usual bright braid down the sides of the legs.

About an hour later, the black Jaguar drove up, and Manager Bravo recognized Gene Tierney. She wore black slacks, a heavy black coat and big black glasses. But the familiar and unusual beauty of the famous redhead wasn't really hidden by the superficial disguise. Gene was taken to her mother's section of the suite.

She remained until midnight when she and her mother drove to the international border to meet a car which drove them to the 20th Century-Fox Studio in Hollywood. Arriving at six A.M. Gene went to work on her new picture, *The Egyptian*. But by four the next morning she had rejoined Aly in Rosarito.

MEANWHILE, Gene's studio was rounding up a confused press conference. Fox publicist Peggy McNaught flew south Tuesday afternoon to try to organize it.

The famous pair appeared early in the afternoon to "meet the press." Gene wore a pale green flannel skirt with a matching cardigan sweater. Aly wore casual slacks and a sports shirt. They posed freely for photographers, although Aly requested, "No corny shots, please," as he once refused to pose with Gene when she sat on a playground swing. He put his hands into his pockets, but Gene put her arm through his as they posed.

Gene was more aggressive and informative than Aly. She displayed the enormous square-cut diamond, set in platinum (about \$25,000) which Aly had given her.

"I knew I loved Aly a year and a half ago," she said. "He told me he loved me long before that. He proposed a year ago May, and I told him I thought it would be a good idea. It is untrue that Aly's father ever objected to our marriage. And I see no conflict in our religions. I certainly consider myself engaged, and," looking toward Aly, "we're very much in love, Baby and I—"

"We probably will be married within six months, I imagine in Europe." She added she would take her two children, Daria and Christina, with them and would give up her career when she married.

Gene refused to allow her statements to be recorded on the sound film of news-reel cameras. "I get paid for doing that at the studios, so why should I do it for nothing?" she said.

A photographer asked Aly whether to call him "prince" or "mister."

"Anything you like." Aly grinned. "I've already been (Continued on next page)

THEY BUILT A DREAM OF SPEED AND DARED THE WORLD TO FOLLOW!



The story of a boy
who challenged
the future
...the girl he
loved, the
friend he fought
and the thousand
engine-roaring
miles of danger
they shared
together!

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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

Prices plus tax

(Continued from page 19) called everything, anyway. Usually, they refer to me as the 'dashing playboy.' I don't really give a damn what they call me. I race horses and I travel. My suitcase is my home. But I wish you could come along on the tours I make for my people to see the work I do. I've visited many countries as an emissary for the world's ten to eighteen million Moslems.

"I wish more of your people could come to the Middle East, and more of my people could come here. I'm a believer in getting together for a better understanding."

Aly said he hoped to stay in Mexico a week or so and then return to "my domicile in France" after a trip to Venezuela. In August he plans to be in Saratoga for the horse sales, and he'll see his two sons, one at Harvard and one at prep school.

He refused to speak of their romance or marriage plans. "No, I won't talk about that. This is an extremely personal thing. I'm entitled to some privacy. That's why I sought out this place, particularly."

When Gene refused to speak for the sound film of the newsreels and they declined to take pictures of her without sound, she hurried off to her new Jaguar with Aly following. She got in behind the wheel, said, "Jump in, Baby," posed for one photo, and then headed north.

There was speculation as to whether the couple would marry while they were in Baja, California. But although they made inquiries about the possibilities of marriage there, they learned that for the marriage to be legal in the States, a six months' residence was required. Gene's mother echoed her opinion that they would be married on the Riviera within six months.

AFTER the first twenty-four hours of excitement, with the press, photographers, and curiosity seekers swarming about the usually quiet resort, with Aly angrily phoning periodically to demand privacy, they got the peace they wanted.

They had all their meals in their suite. They only came out for one walk on the beach each day. Completely absorbed in their talk, they walked hand-in-hand or with their arms around each other. It was a week of just being together.

Manager Bravo had no complaints about his royal guest and party. The only thing Aly complained about, he said, was that there were too many phone calls. Six of these were person-to-person from Dick Haymes in New York, the husband of Aly's former wife, Rita Hayworth. Aly would not accept the calls. Speculation was that this was in regard to a proposed meeting with Rita over a final financial settlement on their daughter Yasmin. But apparently Aly didn't intend to let anything interfere with his vacation. (Of course he did go to New York later to help Rita when she was accused of neglecting her children and to straighten out the terms of the settlement.)

Manager Bravo pointed out, "We don't have the kind of service these people are used to. They have put up with our facilities very graciously. They are wonderfully understanding, nice people. Naturally, when someone like the prince visits us, expenses go up. We have to hire extra people to expedite service. We must have a wider selection of foods. But they presented no real problem. It was a pleasure to have been host to them."

When Manager Bravo offered Aly horses to ride, Aly said he would let Bravo know, but that he liked only fine horses. After looking over the stable, he suggested he would prefer to walk. And did.

AS A REPORTER remarked one day, when Gene had to go to Hollywood for shots on *The Egyptian*, "That guy almost walks you to death. Three miles down the beach,

three miles back, at full speed. Then jumping up all those steps. He's in excellent physical shape. Not the usual 'international set' type. Quite a wonderful guy. He likes races, gambling, horses, travel—but he has a deeper side, too."

Aly also has a keen grasp of world affairs and politics. Most interesting was his report of traveling for his father through the Middle East and India, on hospital projects, school programs and general improvement for their people. The famed birthday donation for his father's weight in platinum—except for a small token acceptance by the Aga Khan—was put into a fund to back small business enterprises. On Aly's travels, he had to be a bystander officially, but behind the scenes he worked actively, feeling that the Moslem world must find an alliance with the West.

One of his hardest tasks, he said, is to find names for every one of the children born each year to the people of the ruling house—no matter how remote the ties of family blood. It amounts to about 2000 names a year. Another chore is to sign all licenses to marry and okay all divorces.

ON WEDNESDAY night the couple drove down to Ensenada to put some miles on Gene's Jaguar, to look around the picturesque Mexican town, sixty-four miles south of their resort hotel, and to listen to Mexicans shout *tequila*-flavored love songs at the sky. They didn't return until nearly midnight. They shopped, saw all the little bars and hotels, and wandered almost unnoticed along the streets.

On Friday, Gene reluctantly flew to the Mojave Desert for some final location shots on her picture. But she returned as quickly as she could. Saturday the couple drove to Ensenada again, and despite Aly's avowed aversion to fishing, went fishing.

A lot of folks in my home town, soon as they heard I was on TV, went out and bought sets. That may not sound like much, but it does when you realize that there wasn't any station!

—Herb Shriner

"If you want something on me no one else has," she laughed, "you can say I came down here and had more fun than I've ever had in my life. I went out on a boat and went fishing. I threw my line overboard and pulled in a fish, threw it again and pulled in another. Six times—and I pulled in six fish!"

They were expected in Tijuana for the races at Caliente Sunday, but they didn't return in time. They slept late and spent the afternoon wandering in the shops.

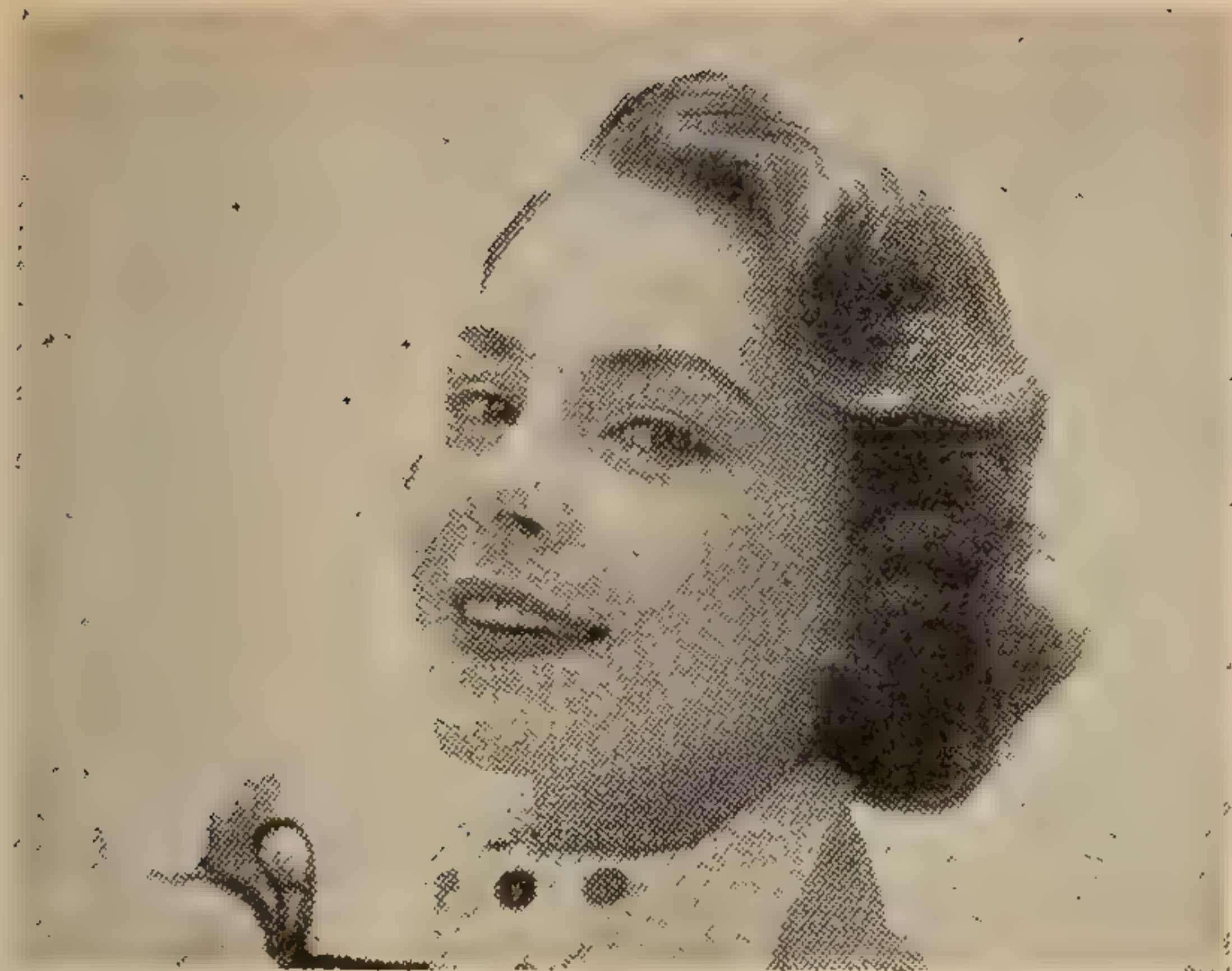
They returned to Rosarito Sunday night and had another day together before Aly checked out Tuesday morning, April 6. Gene had checked out the night before. Aly left the hotel with his man William and the chauffeur of the hired limousine.

SOMEWHERE along the lonely stretch of highway, Gene met the prince in her Jaguar, for when they reached the border, Aly was driving the sports car behind the sedan. It took only a few minutes for border officials to wave them across the line.

The limousine went on, and Aly drove the sports car north. Close beside him was the woman he loved, the woman who calls him "Baby." It might be a while before they could be alone together again. Gene would have to return to work and Aly would have to continue his trip.

But their ten days had reaffirmed their faith in happiness ahead. And the world finally had been admitted to the secret of their love and their plans for marriage, as Gene said, "perhaps within six months, probably in Europe."

END



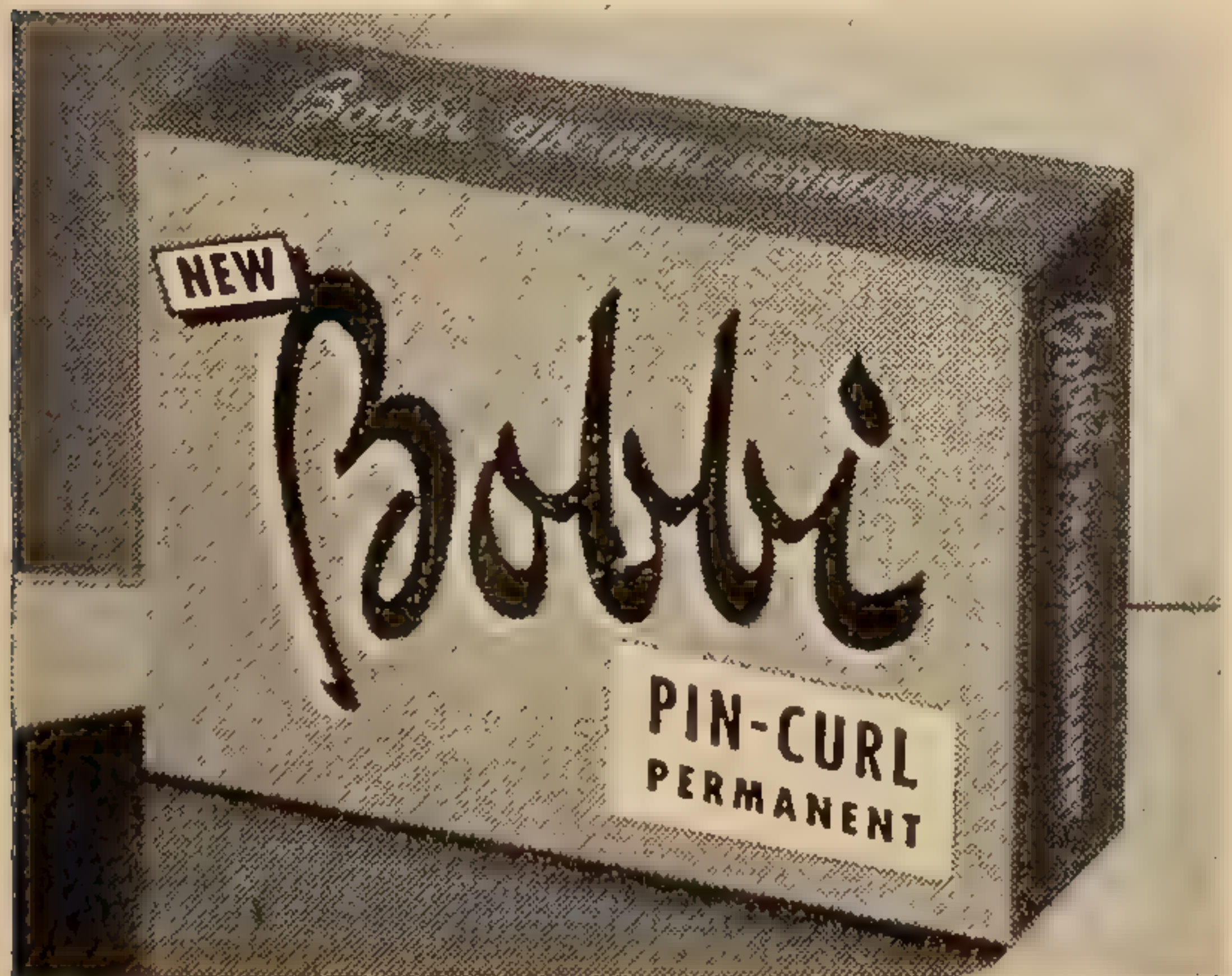
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Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Ginger" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

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Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Honestly!

it's easy to
avoid chafing on
"those days"

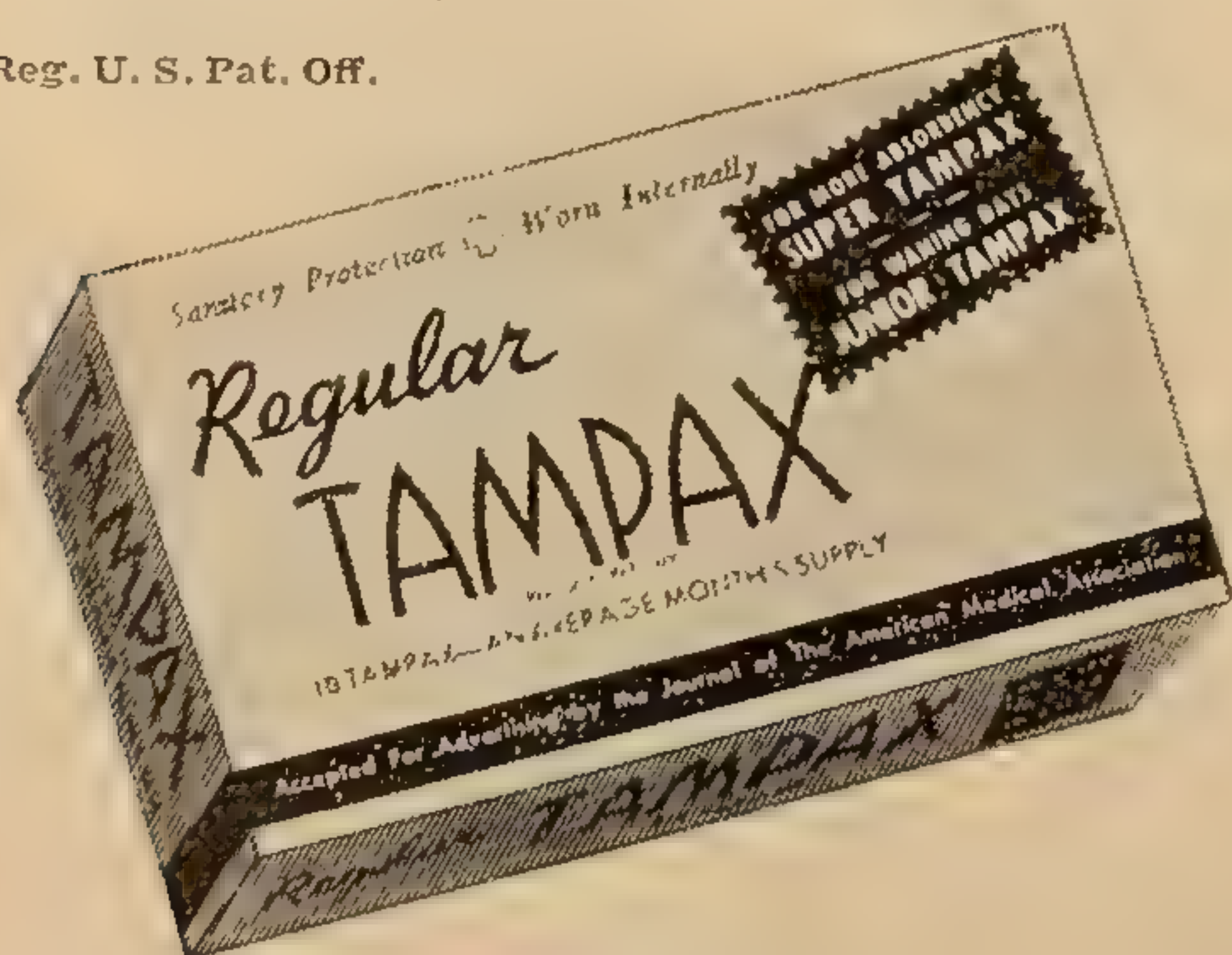


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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein

Picture of the Month: THE CAINE MUTINY

■ The trial scene from the Pulitzer Prize winning novel, *The Caine Mutiny*, was turned into a hit play. Now Stanley Kramer has produced a film—in Technicolor—which is based on the whole book. It's a brilliant, beautifully acted job. A new actor, Robert Francis, is perfectly cast as Willie Keith, around whom much of the story revolves. He is a young ensign, assigned to the *Caine*. Among his fellow officers are Keefer (Fred MacMurray) a novelist and intellectual whose talk lays the groundwork for mutiny but whose weakness forbids him to act; Maryk (Van Johnson) honest, earnest and competent who, once the seeds of suspicion are sown in him about Captain Queeg, moves forward doggedly toward what may be his own doom. Queeg himself—a staunch believer in absolute discipline, petty about details, petrified to the point of immobility in the face of danger—is played superbly by Humphrey Bogart. José Ferrer is a shrewd lawyer under whose questioning Queeg breaks down and Maryk is exonerated from the charges of mutiny. There is romance, action and depth in *The Caine Mutiny* which, like the book, is slick and genuinely dramatic. Others in the large cast are Tom Tully, Katharine Warren, May Wynn.—Columbia



Ensign Willie Keith (played by promising newcomer Robert Francis) has a troubled romance with nightclub singer May Wynn before reporting for duty.



Stationed on the broken-down destroyer-mine-sweeper *Caine*, Willie meets Lt. Maryk (Van Johnson), rugged, competent officer of a worried crew.



Lt. Keefer (Fred MacMurray), an intellectual with little ability to carry his plans through, believes Lt. Comdr. Queeg (Humphrey Bogart) is unbalanced.



In a typhoon Queeg's erratic behavior forces Maryk to take command, leading to his courtmartial and defense by Lt. Greenwald (José Ferrer).

Joan the glamorous! Joan the gunfighter!

She's fire and steel in a story

of passion and bitter

hatred as big as the

great Southwest!



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presents

JOAN CRAWFORD
AS THE WOMAN WHO LOVES
"JOHNNY GUITAR"

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STERLING HAYDEN · MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE · SCOTT BRADY
with **WARD BOND · BEN COOPER · ERNEST BORGNINE · JOHN CARRADINE**
Screen Play by **PHILIP YORDAN** · Based on the novel by **ROY CHANSLOR**
Directed by **NICHOLAS RAY**
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RAILS INTO LARAMIE They're trying to build a railroad out Laramie way but everybody's lying down on the job because Dan Duryea tells them to. He runs the town, owns the saloon and wants to keep those railway workers around as long as possible. The good citizenry demand Army troops, they get John Payne. What can one man do? Well, he fires everybody, thus threatening a general depression; he closes the saloon, tangles with Duryea's henchmen and incites general violence. Isn't a body in town doesn't want to run him out, but he has faith in himself. Even has the audacity to haul in Duryea on a murder charge. Isn't a man in town fearless enough to sit on the jury. So Payne calls for an all-woman jury (headed by Mari Blanchard), and justice is done in Laramie. Technicolor. With Joyce MacKenzie, James Griffith, Lee Van Cleef.—U-I



JOHNNY DARK "Safety and strength for six," is the motto of the Fielding Motor Company, and President Sidney Blackmer will stand or fall on that. Well, he's standing, but business is falling off due to his reactionary policies. Build a sports car, his stockholders tell him. Never, he sneers. One day chief engineer Paul Kelly trots out a beaut of a sports car design by Johnny Dark (Tony Curtis) and Blackmer says, Okay, make it. But sell it? No sir. Blackmer just wants a sample model with which to placate the stockholders. Little does he wot that said car is being entered in a race from Canada to Mexico. Wot or not, that car restores business to its former prosperity. The race itself is thrilling, full, as they say, of chills and spills. Between times test driver Don Taylor and Curtis chase Piper Laurie, Blackmer's granddaughter. Technicolor, with Ilka Chase.—U-I



PLAYGIRL Seems that when a pretty girl comes to New York she takes her life in her hands. Anyway, that's what happens to Colleen Miller. Arrives all agog to be met by nightclub singer Shelley Winters. Shelley rushes her into an evening gown and there she sits in a cafe with men ogling and social Richard Long implying it's okay to take money from guys who like to throw it around. Shelley says it's okay, too, but the way her life's going she's no judge. She's in love with publisher Barry Sullivan whose wife won't leave him. Barry turns Colleen into a cover girl and makes Shelley so jealous she goes gunning after him. Scandal ruins both girls' careers. Jaded? Bitter? They'll tell the world! *Playgirl* is supposed to be slick but even with a happy ending it comes out sordid. With Gregg Palmer, Kent Taylor.—U-I



THE MIAMI STORY Swiftly paced, suspenseful, *The Miami Story* has a documentary air which lends even more excitement. Luther Adler heads a gambling empire so successfully that the police can't pin anything on him. A citizen's committee is formed and a lawyer on it remembers Mick Flagg (Barry Sullivan), ex-gangster whom he saved from the chair. Flagg is leading a farmer's life with his son (David Kasday) but that changes in a hurry. He sets up a flashy front in Miami, poses as the head of a powerful Cuban mob and then warns Adler that he's moving in. And does he move fast! Well versed in underworld rules, he knows how to handle all the punks, henchmen and molls that come his way. Evidence piles up against Adler who, in a desperate move, kidnaps Flagg's son. But he can't win any more. John Baer, Adele Jergens, Beverly Garland are among the cast.—Col.



APACHE When the last of the Apaches went down into the reservation there was one, Massai (Burt Lancaster), who rebelled with such violence and pride that he became a legend. In irons along with Geronimo, on the way to imprisonment in Florida, Massai escapes. He wanders dazed through a mid-western city and with the endurance of a fanatic, walks back to his reservation. His girl (Jean Peters) welcomes him. Her father (Paul Guilfoyle) betrays him to the authorities. Massai escapes again. Vengeful, he wreaks havoc at an Army post, rides off into the mountains with Jean. He plans to kill her but her loyalty is evident and they live together, always on the move. A scout (John McIntyre) one of his greatest admirers, is nevertheless relentless in his search for Massai. One day he finds him. Massai, who now prefers peace, meets that day like a warrior. Technicolor.—U.A.



WITNESS TO MURDER Try to report a murder these days and you're liable to wind up in the loony bin. Mum's the word, I tell you. Case in point is Barbara Stanwyck, who spots George Sanders strangling a lady across the street. (That is, Sanders lives in an apartment across the street and does his strangling with the blinds up.) Barbara calls the cops (Gary Merrill and Jesse White) but by the time they arrive that corpse must be in heaven because it sure isn't in Sanders' apartment. I *couldn't* have been dreaming, says Barbara, and what wise, patient smiles that statement evokes! Only one who believes her is Sanders. He sneaks into her apartment to type himself threatening letters, even boasts of his crime, feeling free, since Barbara's generally considered daft. When he tries to wipe her out, though, those smart California cops realize whose lid is flipped.—U.A.



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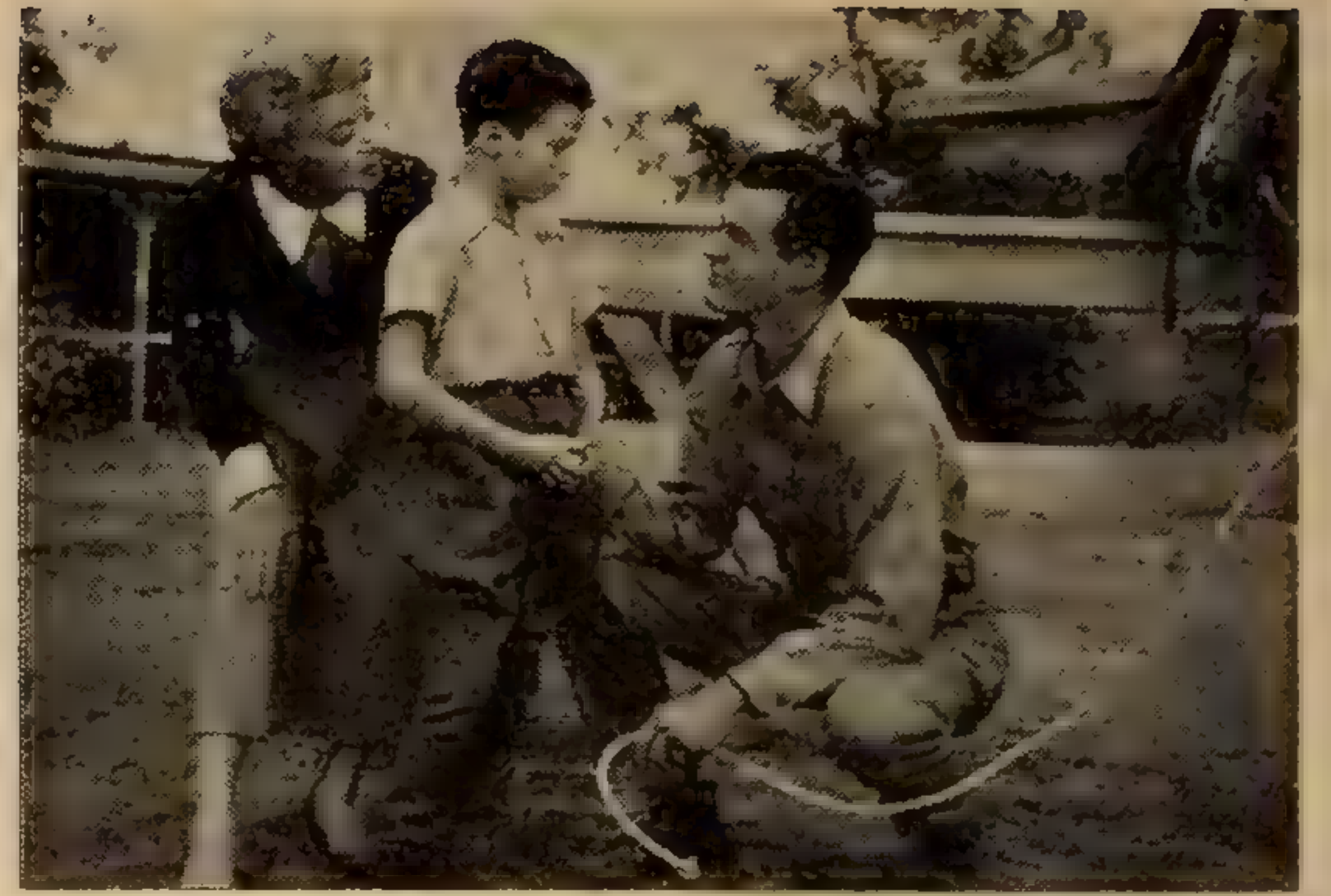
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LUCKY ME Here's a gay Technicolor musical (in CinemaScope) with a new score and old situations. Doris, Phil Silvers, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Nancy Walker are stranded in Miami after their act flops at a local theatre. Starved, they walk into a swank hotel, order dinner. Naturally, they can't pay and wind up in the kitchen. Noted songwriter Robert Cummings is a guest at the hotel. He's writing a musical, will produce it on Broadway if Martha Hyer's father, Texan Bill Goodwin, will back it. You know who gets to star in that show—Doris, of course. How? By a series of coincidences whereby she meets Cummings, mistakes him for an auto mechanic, blows up when his identity is revealed, softens, rehearses, blows up, relents, etc. Anyhow, the songs are swell and the atmosphere is cheerful and sometimes a lot of fun. You'll be crazy about Doris.—Warners



GORILLA AT LARGE Here's an old fashioned thriller in CinemaScope. Starts off with a gorilla thumping his chest while Anne Bancroft dangles above him on a trapeze. Scares the customers blind. Anne decides to put Cameron Mitchell in a gorilla suit so she can fall into his arms. Those tricks never work. When Anne falls that's no fake monkey grabbing her! Things get awfully complicated. No sooner does Mitchell get his suit than park employees start dropping dead of broken necks and gorilla scratches. Who done it? The motive, I can tell you, was blackmail. But as to who done it, even detective Lee J. Cobb doesn't know. Could it be Raymond Burr, owner of the park and Anne's husband? Could it be Peter Whitney, the gorilla's silent keeper and Anne's ex-husband? Could it be the gorilla? You'll see. Cast includes Charlotte Austin, Lee Marvin, Warren Stevens. Technicolor—20th Century-Fox



HER TWELVE MEN All the well-bred grace and charm that made Greer Garson famous are back in *Her Twelve Men*, the story of an exclusive boarding school for boys whose parents may be wealthy but not altogether wonderful. Greer is an inexperienced teacher, and the first woman to be admitted to the faculty. She meets with some hostility, especially on the part of Robert Ryan, another instructor. Inevitably, romance develops between them despite strenuous courting of Ryan by local glamour girl Barbara Lawrence. Essentially, though, this film deals with the lonely boys and the way in which Greer wins their love and respect. Particularly touching is young Ronald MacDonald's performance and the moment when Tim Considine, neglected son of tycoon Barry Sullivan, turns from a tense troublemaker into an appealing child. Cast: Richard Haydn, Rex Thompson, James Arness. Technicolor—MGM

Who Made You Love Him?

Come on, tell Mama all about it. Whose picture is that, stuck in the back of your wallet and absolutely not for peeking? Cary Grant? Tab Hunter? Come on, give. And whose photo did we spot you ripping to shreds last week, hmm? A star's? A starlet's? Whoever it is, we're dying of curiosity, and if you won't tell for love—well, we're offering money! Yup—a one dollar bill goes to each of the *first hundred* nice people who tell us all on the coupon below! So fill it out and send it in—and better hurry up!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ She Calls Him Baby (Gene Tierney)
- ☐ No Time For Tears (Suzan Ball-Dick Long)
- ☐ The Heart Is Everything (Doris Day)
- ☐ Those Lucky Ladds (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ "I'd Rather Stay Home" (Virginia Mayo-Mike O'Shea)
- ☐ To Daddy . . . With Love (Frank Sinatra)
- ☐ Sweet on Sweaters
- ☐ The Secrets of Marilyn's Life as a Model (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Can a Glamour Girl Live Happily at Home with Mother? (Terry Moore)
- ☐ I Believe (Guy Madison)
- ☐ Forbidden to Love? (Robert Wagner)
- ☐ Sheree North
- ☐ If You Knew Beedle (William Holden)
- ☐ A Day to Remember (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Out of Shape (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ Keel-Hauling Keel (Howard Keel)
- ☐ Fathers and Sons (John Wayne-Patrick Wayne-Tyrone Power)
- ☐ To Each His Own (MacDonald Carey)
- ☐ Puttering Peepers (Wally Cox)
- ☐ When Is a Star? (Audrey Hepburn)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ New Movies

Which of the stories did you like least?

Which 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

Which FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

Which photographs in this issue did you like best?

My name is
My address is
City
Occupation I am yrs. old

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RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

PRINCE VALIANT (20th-Fox): Bob Wagner, James Mason, Janet Leigh, Debra Paget star in this swash-buckling, romantic tale of medieval chivalry. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

MAN WITH A MILLION (U.A.): A hilarious Technicolored British comedy with Gregory Peck starring in Mark Twain's story of a guy without a penny to his name and a million-pound banknote in his pocket.

ROSE MARIE (MGM): This one has Ann Blyth to sing "Indian Love Call" and be pursued through the Rockies by Mounties Howard Keel and Fernando Lamas—plus Bert Lahr and CinemaScope to make the chase more fun.

LA RONDE: Delightful French comedy with Anton Walbrook, Jean-Louis Barrault, Simone Simon, Danielle Darrieux as some of the lovers in a series of Viennese romances. English subtitles.

FRENCH LINE (RKO): Jane Russell sings, dances and clowns her way through this Technicolor musical about a girl too rich to be married. With Gilbert Roland.

NIGHT PEOPLE (20th-Fox): Swift-paced, suspenseful film about an American soldier kidnaped by the Russians in Germany. Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford, Rita Gam. CinemaScope.

DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD (Col.): Mickey Rooney does a top acting job as a naive auto-racer inveigled into assisting a bank hold-up by beautiful Dianne Foster.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (MGM): June Allyson, Bill Holden, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.

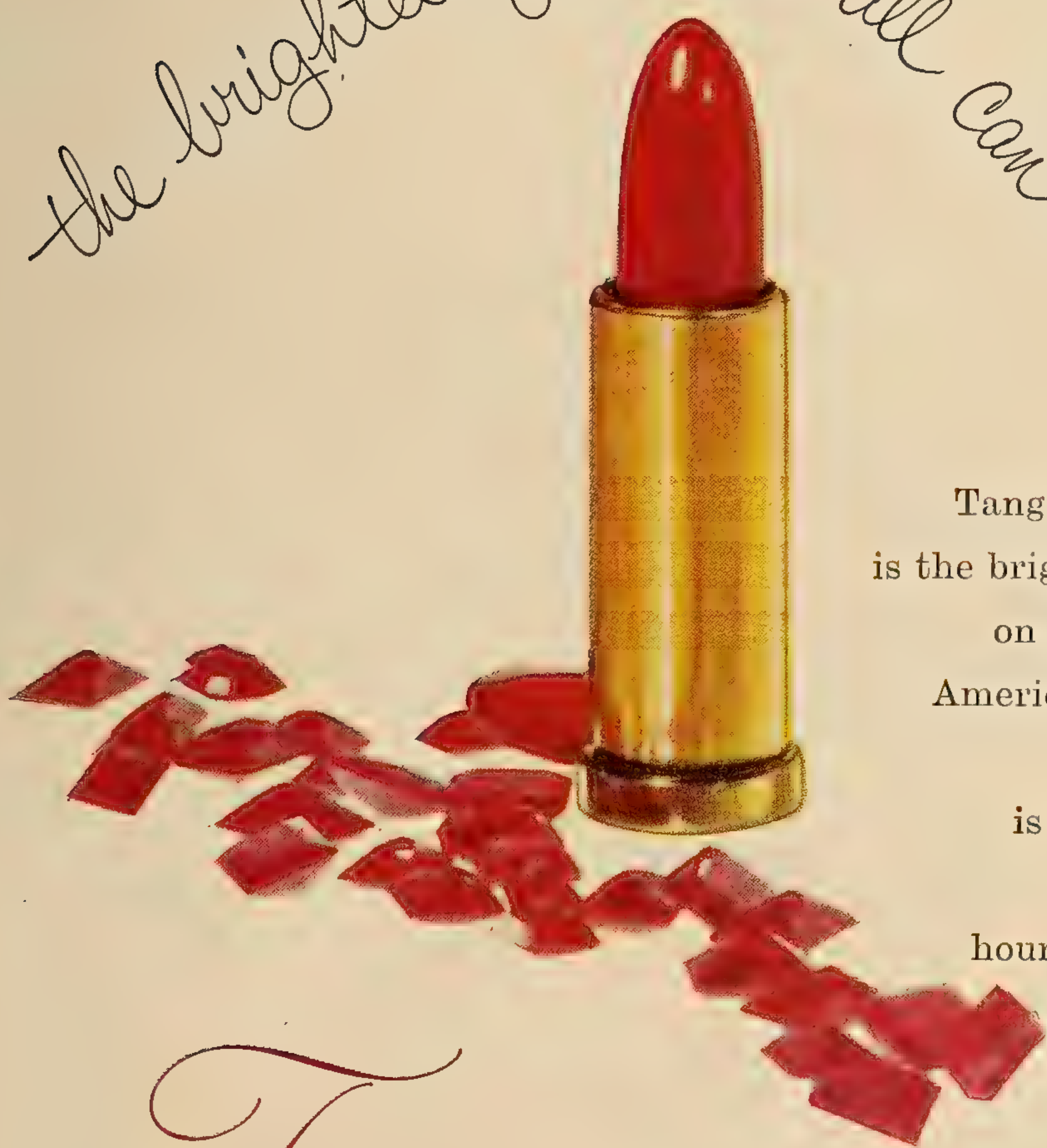
TOP BANANA (U-I): Phil Silvers stars in this saga of a burlesque-to-tycoon comedian. With good tunes, lots of girls, the movie is as funny as the Broadway show.

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 (A.A.): Filmed in Folsom State Prison with hundreds of actual prisoners appearing in mob scenes, this is one of the tensest, most exciting convict movies ever made.

NEW FACES (20th-Fox): Eartha Kitt in Technicolor is the most fascinating thing to happen to movies since sound. Surrounded by most of the Broadway musical's original cast, including Ronny Graham, Robert Clary, she slinks her way through "Monotonous," "C'est Si Bon," "Santa Baby," other hits.



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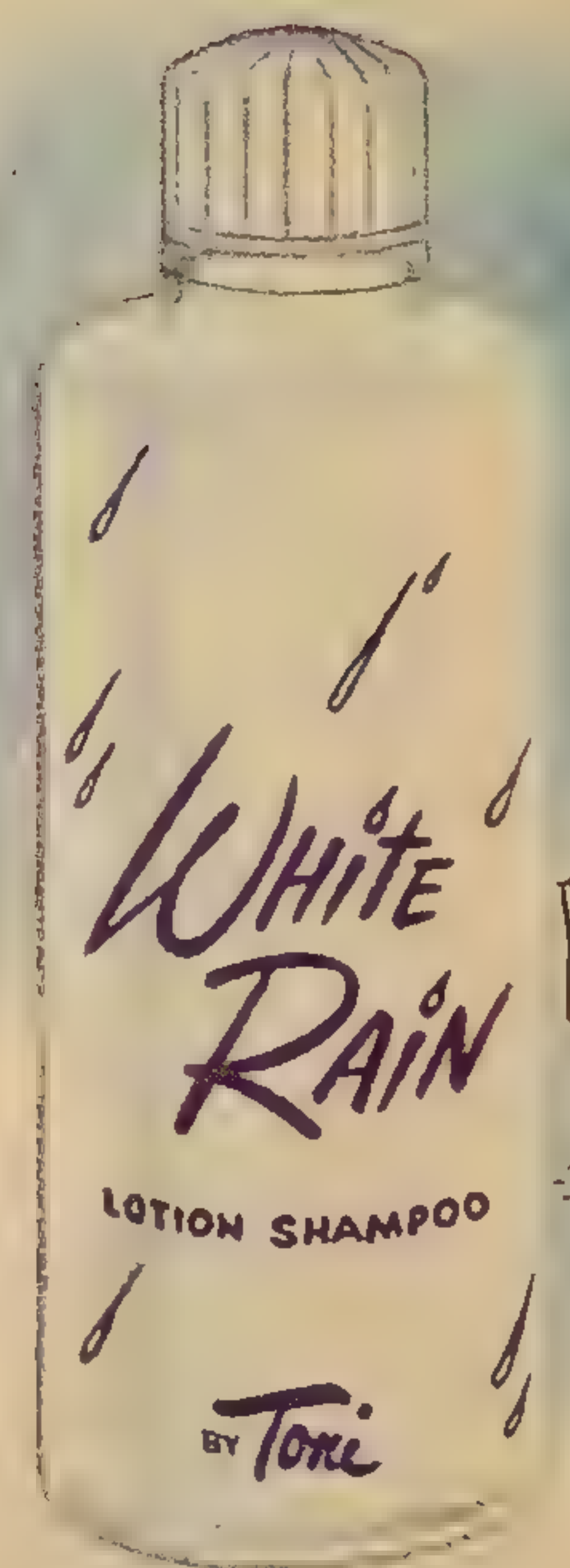
Your hair is romance...



...keep it sunshine bright
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You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight . . . leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain . . . you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

*Use New WHITE RAIN Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

No time for tears



There's never been a lovelier wedding than Suzan Ball's—nor a more beautiful sight than this courageous girl walking down the aisle.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ There are always some who will cry at a wedding. But when Suzan Ball, as nervous and triumphant as a child taking her first steps, chose to make first public use of her artificial leg to walk down the aisle at her wedding the eyes of all two hundred guests at the El Monticido Presbyterian Church in Santa Barbara, filled with tears.

Yet an old studio friend of the bride and the bridegroom (Dick Long) even in her weeping, whispered to a companion, "There shouldn't be any crying here. The kids have never done any crying. If everyone knew the whole story, the real story, of Suzan's fight and her victory, they'd be cheering!"

Only three months before, Suzan, still hopeful after a year and a half of fighting to cure cancer of the bone in her right knee without amputation, heard the final shocking news. She had lost. Efforts to effect a cure by modified surgery (*Continued on page 79*)



by Ida Zeitlin

the Heart is Everything

Here at last is the warm and wonderful story of Doris Day and the men in her life!

■ She'd just turned fifteen and life was over. She was lucky, they told her—she and the others who'd cheated death. This was true, yet the truth failed to sustain her. Last week she'd been dancing, now she lay like a strange block of cement in plaster casts. How could a gay, harmless evening lead to such blackness? How could the years of her life add up to this? Some day, when she was an ancient eighteen, she might walk again, on crutches or with a limp—if she stayed lucky. Against wave after sickening wave of disbelief, her face turned toward the wall, but monstrous contraptions held her body fast. From under the closed lids, hopeless tears welled and soaked slowly into the pillow.

The girl in the bed was Doris Kappelhoff, whose legs had danced from babyhood to the rhythm in her blood. The rhythm she owed to her father. A teacher of German in the Cincinnati schools, his spirit fed on music—but *real* music, as he called it. Anything less dignified than Brahms offended his soul. The popular records Doris loved were trash to him, and he had no patience with them. Nor much more with the vagaries of childhood. Brought up in the strict Teutonic school, he followed the same pattern with Paul and Doke. (To him she was always Doke, maybe in simple affection, maybe in protest against the foolishness of naming her after Doris Kenyon, her mother's favorite movie star.) Just as popular music spelled trash and no arguments, nightmares spelled nonsense. When she woke screaming against phantoms of terror in the dark, her screams would be choked by the voice of paternal authority. "Go right back to sleep and stop imagining things." Rigid amid the clamor of her pounding heart, she'd wait for her mother's footsteps, her mother's figure in the doorway, the blessed comfort of her mother's arms, shutting out all danger.

Why the Kappelhoffs separated is their own business, which is how they kept it. That they were temperamentally unsuited seems fairly clear. That tensions must have mounted to an intolerable pitch seems equally clear, since in their circle, man and wife stuck together, if sticking were possible. They parted in '35, when Doris was eleven. Whatever the cause, any rupture in a child's background affects the child. Alma Kappelhoff eased the break by fostering friendly relations between her estranged husband and his children. Growing older, Doris grew in understanding of her father and wrote to him regularly. But she remained the child of her sunny, outgoing mother. (Continued on page 71)



At thirteen Doris Kappelhoff and partner Jerry Doherty were dancing professionally (and successfully) in summer shows.



At fifteen a near-fatal accident ended Doris' dancing career. Restless and unhappy, she felt silly when her folks insisted that she try singing for a local music teacher.



But within three years Doris was singing with Les Brown (seated), working with musicians like Louis Prima, Andy Russell, Jimmy Dorsey. Re-named after her lucky song, "Day After Day," she changed names again by marrying trombonist Al Jorden.



With *Romance On The High Seas* a hit, Doris became star singer for Bob Hope. Terry and Grandma joined her in California and Doris' famous grin appeared again.



Living together for the first time in years, Doris and Terry got to know each other again. Without disturbing his deep-seated love for Grandma, Doris grew closer to her son. Gradually, she felt her six-year-old turning to her for love and comfort.

The life story of Doris Day is the story of an impulsive girl who twice loved too well



In 1947 Doris sang on The Hit Parade with Frank Sinatra. Her marriage to Jorden had failed, leaving her with a son, Terry. For the second time Doris fell "insanely" in love, married George Weidler.



Doris followed George to Hollywood, had one happy year before the marriage collapsed. Heartbroken, she wept singing "This Love Of Mine" in a cafe, sobbed through first interview with film director Mike Curtiz (above).



Content with her home and career, Doris nonetheless felt incomplete. "When you're not married," she said, "you're lonely." She dated a lot but found peace only in her new religion, Christian Science.

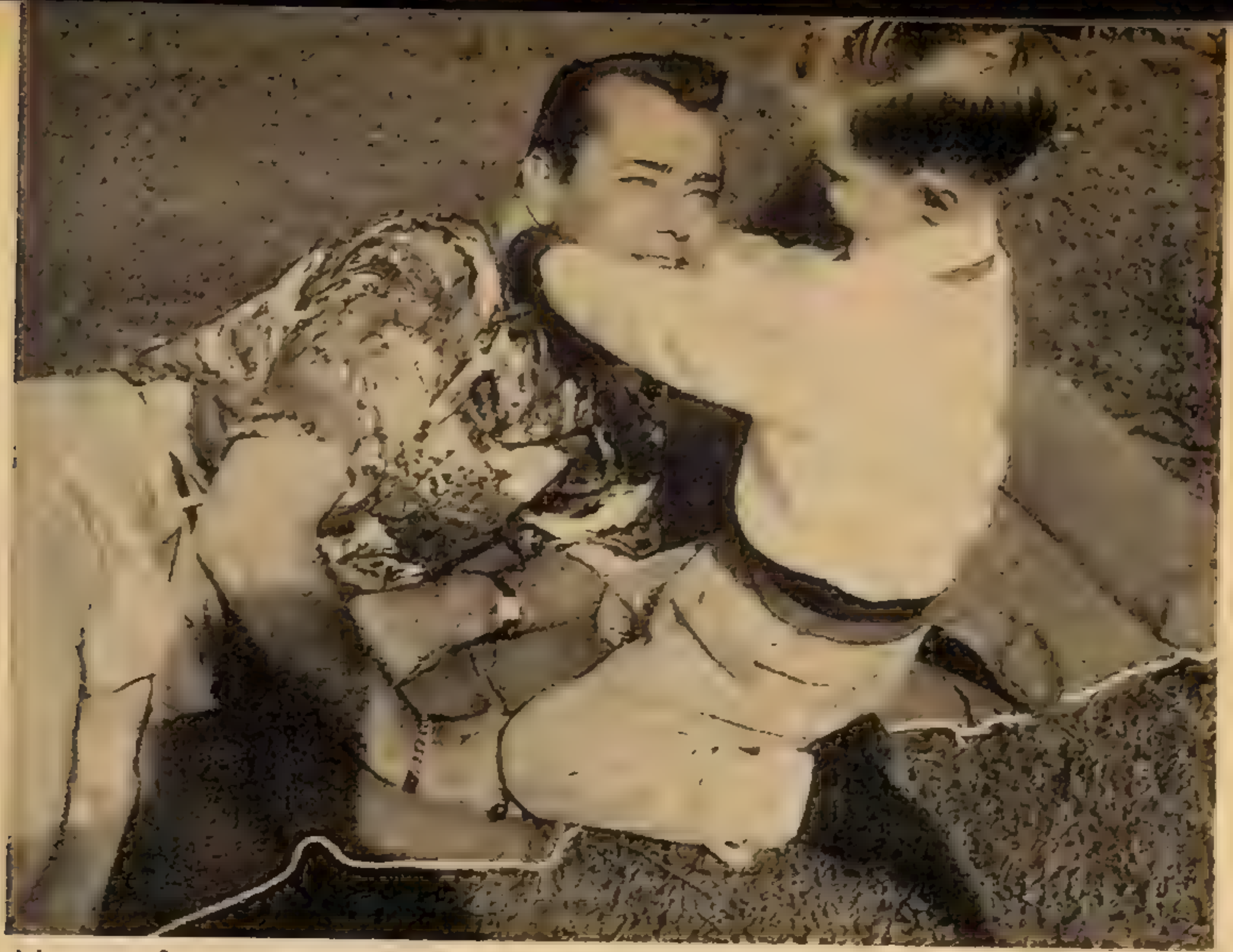
—and now is learning to love wisely!



Both Terry and Doris fell in love with Marty Melcher. For the first time, Doris let her romance grow slowly, made sure that trust and friendship were present, too. They married on April 3 (Doris' birthday), in 1951.



THOSE LUCKY LADDS



Home from Europe, Alan plans a fishing trip with David.



Well-off, Alan could retire to his beloved ranch right now, still afford the cars he promised Alana and David "when you grow up."

"Alan never believes he's here to stay," Sue sighs. But her husband doesn't have to worry. He's the original Man Who Has Everything!

BY JACK WADE

■ It had been a great day—and there was nothing wrong with this particular night, either. The California moon hung like a gold medallion in the velvet sky, dappling the pool below with sequins. A breeze from the sea teased the olive trees on the terrace of the big house, which was dark because it was well past midnight. Before a wide-glass expanse framing this view two very tired but extremely happy people, Alan Ladd and his wife Sue, lounged back on a love seat, silent, and thoughtful.

They had been awake since six o'clock that morning, when Alan restlessly got down from his (Continued on page 86)

Everyone's got

to have a hobby.

So some stars do the town
and some do sunsets in oils
—but Virginia Mayo does
nothing at all but sit still
and think about Mike!

BY TONI NOEL

“I’d
rather
stay
home!”

This was a marriage that couldn't possibly last, as any counselor could have told them and probably did tell them. There was the difference in their ages. Virginia is not yet thirty; Mike is in his mid-forties. A serious handicap. A religious conflict was expected. Virginia has always been a Presbyterian; Mike is a devout Catholic who says, “Maybe going to church once a week satisfies some people, but I need my religion. I live with it.” Two strikes against them already, some of the gossips were saying. Sounds pretty ominous, doesn't it?

Add the fact that, at the time of their meeting, Virginia had never even been in love and Mike was still married, though long since separated from his first wife. Their chances for a successful marriage looked slimmer and slimmer.

There would be a career conflict, too. Although Mike insists that any male held together with spit and baling wire could have achieved stardom during the lean war years, he was unquestionably at the top of the heap when he met Virginia. She was merely another import from a Broadway chorus then. But when they were able to marry, five interminable years later, O'Shea had given way to heroes returning from the war and Virginia was forging right to the top of Warner Brothers' star list. Obviously no male ego could survive a belt like that; there had to be trouble.

Finally, they were as different temperamentally as two people could be. O'Shea is a big Irishman, possessed of every implausible, inexplicable facet of the classical Irish personality. He has the gift of laughter, but he's a brooder, too—and a thinker of subtle thoughts, shatteringly forthright in his expression of them. He's restless, jumping with nervous energy, happiest when he works with his hands—but he also lies awake until five in the morning, reading alarmingly intellectual books.

This mass of contradiction is Virginia Mayo's man. Virginia, a model of repose and tranquility, has a remarkable facility for enjoying herself most when she's doing precisely nothing. No one ever sees her edgy or disagreeable. Even when she tackles something new and difficult, Virginia is relaxed, happy, at home in the world.

“People are always asking me what I do between pictures,” she once told a reporter. “And they think it's peculiar when I tell them that I just sit. I know actors and actresses who work harder at their hobbies than they do at the picture business. I love my husband, my home and our life together, and my hobby is thinking about them.” An uncomplicated, refreshing girl—but hardly a suitable wife for an explosive Irishman like O'Shea. This was a marriage? This was a farce, as any fool could plainly see, and it wouldn't last six months.

But thirteen years after they met, eight years after they married, Virginia and Michael are as happy together as can be. In totting up the odds against the marriage of these two, the cynics overlooked one important point. Far from thinking love is corny, they like it. Their love for each other is an unmistakable and unabashed pleasure.

When the O'Sheas were entertaining at lunch on a recent Saturday, Mike and one of the guests chanced to be discussing cigarettes. Virginia (*Continued on page 90*)



To Daddy
With
Love...



This is the
other side of Frankie:
the guy who still
hurries home to his brood—
the father who's a hero
to his kids—
and deserves to be!



by Hedda Hopper

■ I got stood up by Frank Sinatra. We had a date for three-thirty one afternoon. I was helping Art Linkletter as fashion commentator at a tea party for the American Cancer Fund, but when I noticed that the hour of my date was at hand and the party still wasn't over, I sneaked out and left Art holding the bag. After rushing home, I got a phone call from Frank. "I'm terribly sorry," he said, "but I can't make it."

Well, you could have heard me scream two blocks away!

Then he explained. He wasn't finished with a recording session at NBC, and he had a date in a couple of hours that he just wouldn't break. And with another girl, yet. What was more humiliating was that this "other woman" was only thirteen years old, and Frank was taking her to her confirmation at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, and later with five of her friends to dinner at LaRue.

"I can't stand *her* up, Hedda," he pleaded.

I couldn't compete with the other woman in his life, because she was Nancy with the laughing face, his oldest daughter. It was through her "pull" that he now owns an Oscar. Here's the inside story.

His three kids presented him with a St. Genesius Medal (patron saint of actors) with a tiny Oscar in bas relief on the back and this inscription: "Dad, we'll love you from here to eternity." In case he didn't win the award, they wanted him to have their Oscar.

But Nancy had her own idea. She didn't confide in her

brother Frank or her sister Tina, but just before the awards were announced, she slipped her hand into her dad's and said, "This is from me and Saint Anthony." It was a Saint Anthony medal.

Well, that did it. With Saint Anthony and Nancy on his side, Frank's Oscar was in the bag. He later told me: "Saint Anthony is her dearest friend. She seems to get a lot done with him. I sometimes suspect she has a direct wire to him."

I simmered down about being stood up and made a date with Frank for the following day. He arrived on the dot, but before he came there was a telephone call waiting for him. I said, "You'd better get rid of it because this is going to be a long, tough grilling."

He returned the call, came into my den, sat down, and said, "Okay, shoot! What's on your mind?"

Then it was his turn to be amazed.

"I'm not going to ask you a lot of foolish questions about Ava Gardner," I said. "I'm not even going to ask what your plans are when she returns from Europe; what kind of jewelry you're buying; or whether you're house hunting. This story I want is about your children."

Frank relaxed, and the sigh that emanated from his small frame all but smothered both of us. This was a subject about which he could become eloquent. In fact, he glowed. He lit up like a Roman candle. "Imagine Hopper not wanting to know the intimate details of my (Continued on page 64)

Sweaters go everywhere now—from a sunrise walk to the Sunset Strip—on stars and starlets—and on you!

Sweet on Sweaters

■ BLT (Before Lana Turner) movie stars appeared in satin gowns with trains—or a few scraps of expensive lace. Girls-who-never-left-home wore a shapeless woolen something called a sweater. But ALT (you figure it out) things changed. You can still spot a star in silk, but you're more likely to see her in a sweater—and anything but shapeless! The sweater today is all things to all girls—a touch of childhood or a dash of sex-appeal. Most stars, like most girls, wear them because they are pretty and practical and mixable—and because, as these photographs show—you can go anywhere in a sweater!

In combed cotton T-shirt, Lisa Gaye joins sister Debra Paget for a bike ride. Debra's sport sweater is of light wool. Her bike by Schwinn.





Jeanne Crain's classic sweater can be worn on any casual occasion. Popular with school girls as well as stars, the pearl and scarf accessories add style. Jeanne is in Warner's *Duel In The Jungle*.



Sophisticated and smartly designed, Mamie Van Doren's striped sweater and matching gloves are perfect with tailored, solid-color suits or straight line skirts. Mamie's next picture is *Francis Joins The WACS*.



Simple and stunning, Joanne Gilbert's black evening sweater is dressy enough for any but the most strictly formal occasions. Other evening models feature elaborate embroidery, jewels, sequins.

Janet Leigh's angora-trimmed novelty sweater can be worn with party slacks or a full skirt or carried in warm weather instead of a jacket. Her next is U-I's *The Black Shield Of Falworth*.





SALUTE TO PARADE

15 1946

parade

Monday Picture Magazine-February 14, 1947

no magazine

ALIN
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NKER!

See page 12

PAGE

The Family Circle

250

TRUMAN at
BATTERY D
By Henry A. Wallace

ASSIGNMENT
FOR VETERANS
By Henry A. Wallace

OTHER FEATURES
Gags, Cartoons,
Sports, Fiction

AMERICA

U.S. CASH
15 CENTS

LS

WORLD'S GREATEST

■ For fifteen years I've been running the Blue Book Models School in Hollywood. I've watched our girls make the big jump to stardom after working with us, but the graduate I'm most proud of is Marilyn Monroe. Not only because she is today the most successful and well-known of all my students, but because she started with the least.

When Marilyn came to me back in August, 1945, she had no money, no background, one sharkskin dress, a man-tailored, teal-blue suit and a bathing suit.

Her name was Norma Jean Dougherty and she was married to a merchant seaman. She was cute-looking, but she knew nothing about carriage, posture, walking, sitting or posing.

A photographer I had worked with, Potter Hueth, brought Marilyn around to the school in the Ambassador Hotel.

He explained that he had inherited her from another photographer, David Conover, who had shot Marilyn's first portrait while she was working at an aircraft plant out in Burbank. Before going into the Army Conover had brought Marilyn to Hueth's studio on Pico Boulevard and Fairfax. He had said, "Here's a cute girl who photographs very well. Maybe you can get some work for her."

Potter looked at Marilyn and said, "If you're willing to work on speculation, I'll take some shots of you."

Marilyn smiled and asked, "What do you mean by speculation?" And Potter explained that he couldn't afford to pay her in advance for posing. "If any (*Continued on page 76*)



In 1945 Norma Jean Dougherty enrolled in modeling school.

TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME:

the secrets of Marilyn's life as a Model

by Emmeline Snively



Marilyn's first portrait was taken by David Conover, who discovered her working in an aircraft plant. Note her too-curly hair; later she had it straightened.



Photographed as a wholesome, All-American girl, Marilyn had some success but often lost work when editors complained that her "smile was too high!"



Hair bleached and smile lowered, in 1946 Marilyn moved into the "sexy sweater-girl" phase of her career.

POPULAR AND VIVACIOUS,
TERRY IS A MEMBER
OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST
EXCITING YOUNG DATING
CROWD. THAT'S WHY
EVERYONE IS ASKING
THE \$64 QUESTION

TERRY MOORE:

can a
glamour
girl
live
happily
at home
with
mama?



Chipping in her share of family expenses, Terry is delighted with the Kofords' new home near her studio and classes. She had only one disappointment: Dad decided a pool would cost too much—and what will he do with it if Terry gets married?



Wanting to "follow nature's way," Terry used dark grey carpets, lighter walls, pale ceiling in her bedroom, accented one wall with pink and grey paper. Mom added satin stool in vain hope that Terry wouldn't flop on bed when answering phone.

by Marva Peterson



The Kofords' new \$25,000 house in Westwood is only slightly larger than their former home, stands in a similar suburban neighborhood. Only major change in their way of life was hiring housekeeper.



A good cook, Terry loves to feed friends, will use any excuse to putter around in charming red, white and blue kitchen. The specialties of the house are roast lamb, lemon pie and cider—no liquor is served.

If you read about Terry Moore in the papers—and who doesn't?—no doubt you'd expect her to be the wackiest of the wacky, a flighty, super-charged girl who lives every moment as if it were her last. She would seem to be the kind of girl who rents her own apartment, furnishes it sharp and snazzy-like, and races her motors until all hours of the morning.

But Terry isn't like that. She lives at home with her parents, attends the Mormon Church each Sunday with Greg Bautzer, Hollywood's perennial escort, and remakes her own clothes. Terry's way of living is closer to that of the average American single girl than practically any movie star you could name.

Of course she's seen at ritzy nightclubs and photographed at all major previews, but these are professional requirements. Give Terry her choice of dating spots, and she always picks home, the eight-room, white clapboard house in Westwood. She loves to bring her dates there.

Terry and Rita Moreno double dated Eddie Fisher and Joey Foreman, one of Eddie's pals, on Eddie's last visit to Hollywood.

"Shall we make the rounds?" Fisher asked, trying to live it up as befits a man of his mounting income—\$450,000 last year.

"You mean hit the spots?" Terry inquired.

Eddie nodded. He didn't really want to. He was just being the sporting gentleman.

"Let's not," Terry suggested. "Let's hang around here. We'll have a ball." (Continued on next page)



The old-fashioned, paneled den is the room to which Mom and Dad retreat when Terry and her friends take over the livingroom. Cosy and quiet, it has a fireplace, outdoor exit, only television set in the house.



"Date Hangout," the brick patio where Terry's gang spends many evenings, boasts a barbecue, starlight and a brick floor for dancing. Concrete lampshade on right conceals a loudspeaker for the record system.

more pictures on next page

TERRY MOORE

continued

(Continued from page 45) When Terry Moore says there's about to be a ball, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Koford, move at once into the den and turn on their TV set while Terry and her gang take over the livingroom.

On this date, Terry took out her tape recorder and the two couples went to work recording songs, jokes and corny patter.

Between sessions, the hostess served peanuts in the shell and a chocolate drink of sorts called Hemo. Real wild Hollywood party.

As Terry and Eddie began to break peanut shells, Mrs. Koford rushed in from the den.

"For Heaven's sake, Terry," she scolded, as mothers have scolded since time began, "how many times have I told you to spread out some newspapers on the floor? The studio has scheduled a picture layout at home tomorrow, and I'm not going to spend all morning vacuuming a lot of peanut shells!" Terry did as she was told.

"She's a good daughter," Mrs. Koford declares. "Really is. Making her get enough rest is probably the only big problem I ever had with her. It used to be that if I said, 'Come home early, Terry,' she'd die with embarrassment.

"Now she appreciates it when I remind her escorts to bring her home at a reasonable hour. She's learned how awful it is to try to work the next day if she's tired. That's why she likes to date here at home.

"Of course, she's not perfect. Who is? Right now I'm having such a time trying to get her to plan ahead. What she wants to wear, who's coming for dinner, what sort of food to serve.

"Some of the candid photos taken at previews and formal dinners have just about convinced Terry that she should always try on her gowns at least a day ahead of time.

"And then we've had a little trouble about food and dinner guests. Terry's just got mobs of friends, and they're always dropping in, and we just love it, and I try to keep food on hand for any emergency. But we've been caught short quite a few times, especially on Fridays, not having enough fish for Terry's Catholic pals.

"All in all, she's a good child. And we're happy that she prefers living at home with her parents to getting a place of her own. So many girls these days, as soon as they (Continued on page 85)



Her mother takes care of Terry's needs in the evening gown field by remodeling her wardrobe at home.



"Just make sure I have room for my shoes," Terry asked when the Kofords started house-hunting. She owns seventy-five pairs of flats and heels.



According to Mom, one of Terry's troubles is forgetting to plan ahead just what she wants to wear and do.



Terry usually does her own hair before a date, uses the time under a dryer to study for her night courses at UCLA, catch up on her reading.

Guy's faith lies in
his absolute honesty,
his inability
to hurt another—
and in his firm confidence
that others
will treat him fairly.



I BELIEVE

by Guy Madison

■ One thing I have always known about my life: I get miserable results any time I am not fully honest—with myself or with others.

Whatever I am a part of, whatever I put my hand to, if there has been any dishonest aspect to it at all, it will fail somehow. Maybe the venture will appear to go through but if it does the knowledge that the gain involved wasn't rightly come by is enough to give the whole thing a bad taste.

This is more or less the basis of the (Continued on page 69)

Casual dating is fine for some men—but is Bob Wagner happy this way? Or is there another reason why he sidesteps romance?

BY ALICE FINLETTER

Forbidden to Love?



Once a man-about-town, Pete Lawford has left his title of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelor vacant for Bob.

■ Bob Wagner is single by choice—but whose choice?

He has never made noises like one anxious to settle down quickly although he does take out eligible girls. Recently there have been fresh rumors that his bachelorhood is enforced by contract. That nice, new contract of his that pays him thousands every month.

Last year when he was earning \$350 a week, Bob Wagner suddenly began to draw more fan mail than any other player at his studio—with the exception of the exceptional Marilyn Monroe. R. J. Wagner, Jr., had developed a tremendous following, mostly among teen-age girls.

When contract renewal time rolled around, Wagner's agent was in an enviable bargaining position. He blithely suggested to Fox that "we give my boy a new deal."

Knowing that R.J.'s rise in popularity was no fluke, the studio agreed. How much did Mr. Wagner's agent think young Mr. Wagner was worth?

"I think," came the answer, "that the kid is entitled to a thousand a week for the next six months. After that he should get \$1500 a week and then yearly options until he hits \$4,000 or \$5,000 a week."

The studio executive took a deep breath and whistled.

"Now, look," he began, "I agree the kid is hot right now and deserves more money. But who knows how long he'll stay hot? Most of his fans are bobby-soxers. Let Wagner get married tomorrow, and they'll drop him in a minute."

"You don't have to worry about his getting married," the executive was told. "He's a smart kid. He'll stay single until he's thirty!"

The studio man grinned. "Can you guarantee that?"

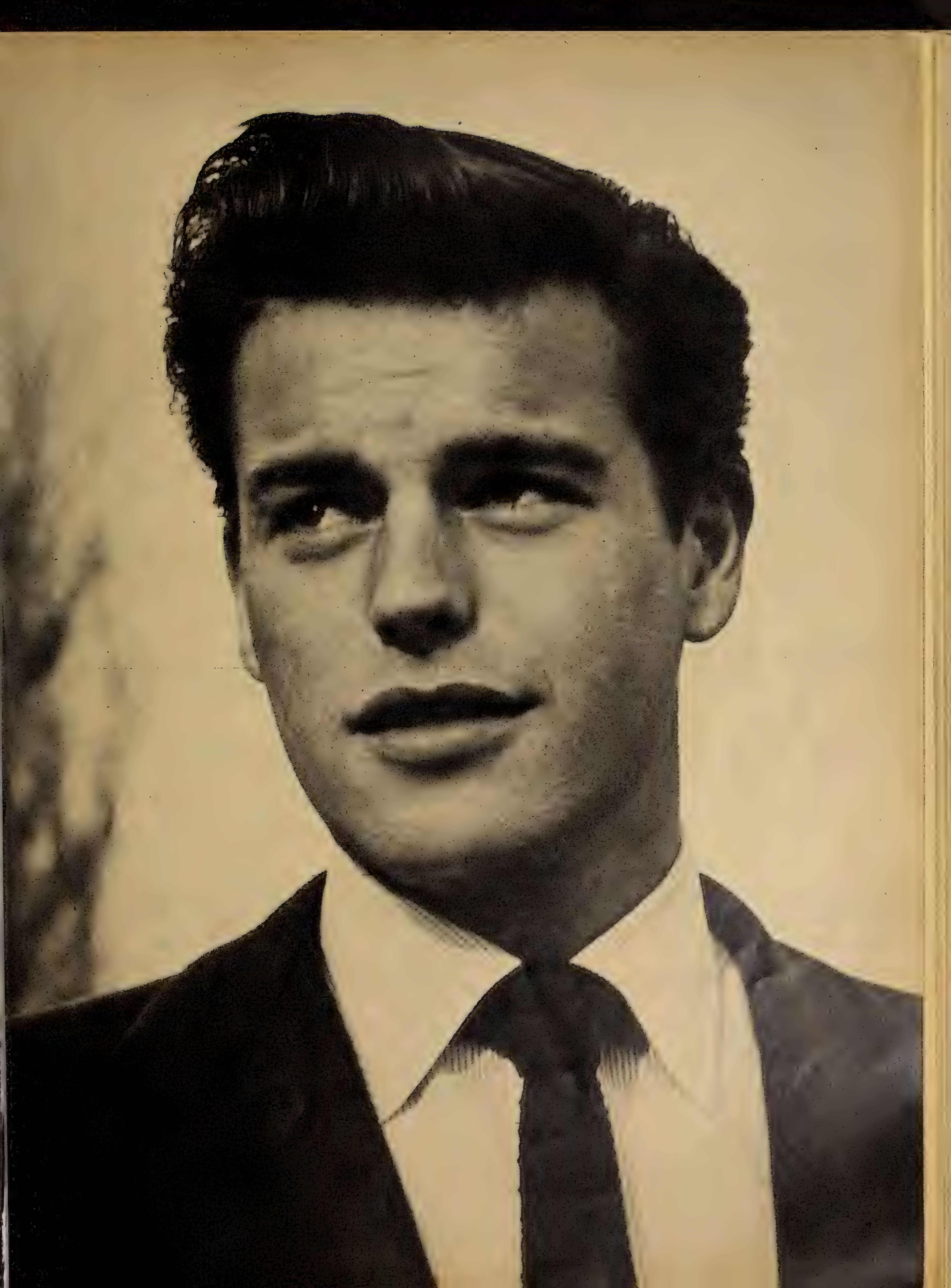
(Continued on page 60)



Gossip columns had Bob engaged to both Mona Freeman and Terry Moore at various times, but he denied stories.



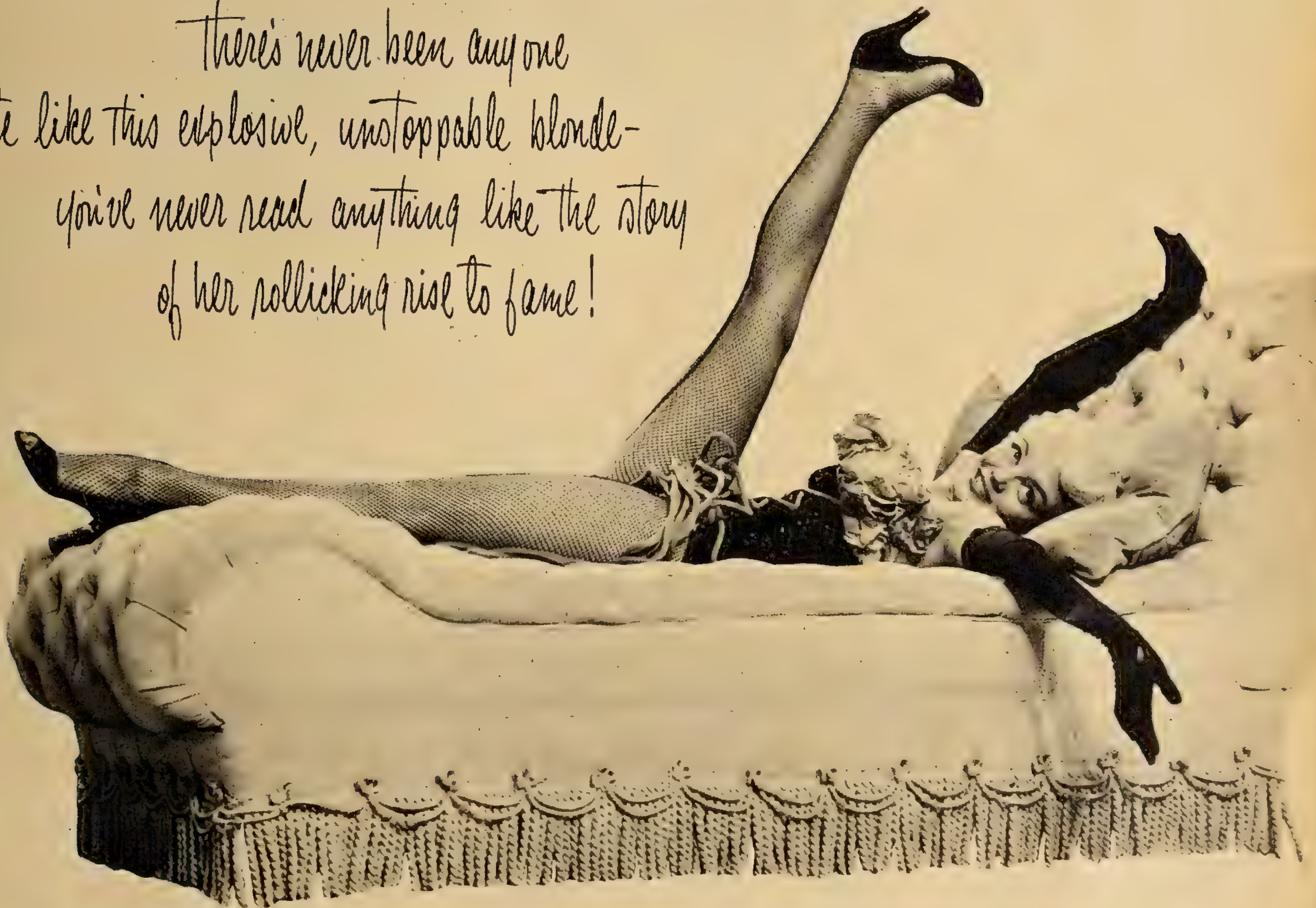
Bob's newest, possibly most serious interest is Jean Peters, but something seems to be holding up this romance, too.





SHEREE NORTH

There's never been anyone quite like this explosive, unstoppable blonde—you've never read anything like the story of her rollicking rise to fame!



■ One night, a couple of years ago, a Hollywood choreographer named Bob Alton dropped into a spot called Macayo in Santa Monica, California, for a nightcap. Before he could order his drink, however, something made him yank his elbow off the bar. A sun-bronzed girl with a popcorn ball hairdo and the streamlined figure that Venus should have had was making the floor rock and roll with sensational modern jazz dancing of high voltage.

He asked the waiter to bring her to his table. "I just want to tell you how good I think you are," he said. "You've got a great future in dancing." The girl gave him a wry grin and her reply had a hollow ring.

"Thanks," she said, "but my dancing future just passed. This is my last night here. I'm quitting. I'm sick of nightclubs. I hate the noise, the smoke, the late hours, the guys making passes. I hate what people think a nightclub dancer is. Tomorrow I'm dyeing this hair back to brown. I'm changing my name. I'm starting a secretarial course and I've got a job lined up at Hughes Aircraft. I've been dancing for a future since I was six years old—but it's all over now. Believe me, I've had it!"

The disillusioned nineteen-year-old girl—who called herself Sheree North—could have told him a lot more. That she'd been married at fifteen, for instance, had a baby at sixteen and since her divorce at seventeen had struggled to make and support a home by kicking her legs—without much success and with a lot of heartache and disappointment.

Bob Alton nodded understandingly, although he didn't change his pitch. How could he? He was a top choreographer with a string of hit shows behind him both in Hollywood and on Broadway. He'd seen discouraged kids like this before, but he'd helped (*Continued on page 80*)



If you knew Beedle...



Bill's wife, Brenda Marshall, gave up her career when Bill established himself. That took some time; after being in movies for 13 years, unobtrusive Bill was voted a Star Of Tomorrow!

... like few know Beedle,
you'd know why Bill Holden is
a Man of Mystery to his fans—
and Hollywood's most popular actor!

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ "I guess I'm the most accident-prone guy in this entire country. I can sense when something's going to happen, especially to me." Bill Holden was explaining that things *do* happen to him, although they're not for headlines.

"One night a few years ago, when we had just bought a new car, Ardis and I decided to go to a movie." Bill is married to Brenda Marshall whose real name is Ardis Ankerson.

"I had a feeling that something would happen to the car, so I asked the parking lot attendant to let me park it myself. I left it a good distance away from any of the other cars.

"During the movie, I began to fidget.

"What's the matter?" Ardis asked.

"I'm worried about the car," I answered.

"Don't be foolish," Ardis muttered.

"Sure enough when we got back to the car, the front right fender was completely smashed in.

"Only recently, on the night of the Academy Awards, I had that feeling again. I felt something was going to happen to the new Cadillac. And on the way home it did. Banged into a pole."

An actor who once flew to New York with Holden insists that Bill is psychic.

"He's in the wrong profession," Leon Ames insists. "He should be a fortune-teller. On this particular flight Bill predicted that the hostess would upset a tray of coffee cups on his lap. I told him he was nuts. (Continued on page 66)



Also known as a family man, Bill spends much time with 7-year-old Scott and 10-year-old West.



In the vice-principal's office Esther signed guest book.

BY JANE WILKIE

A day to Remember



Escorted by sweatered Knights (members of the school honor club in which Esther was a Lady), George Washington's most famous alumna headed for the athletic field to watch a gym class work out.



Everywhere she went, Esther was surrounded by kids who ducked out of classes, scrambled through windows to follow her. Nearsighted Esther wore glasses part of day, admitted she had once feared they would spoil her looks.



Autographing drums for members of the band, Esther recalled her own extra-curricular activities. She had taken the school's commercial course which allowed her to squeeze in as many as possible.



In the bungalow used for Student Body meetings, Esther took over the gavel. As a student at George Washington High she had been president of the Student Body and held office in half a dozen other campus and honor groups.



"I remember the basketball games I played in more clearly than my first screen test." Esther told the kids, but didn't join game in progress.

For a carefree day Esther revisited her high school and renewed for always her happiest memories!

■ Esther Williams' mother-in-law has a penchant for saving mementoes. No matter how old, faded or worn, if they mean anything to the elder Mrs. Gage they are wrapped in ribbons and tucked away. Otherwise Esther would have got away with it the night Ben came across the battered box under the window seat.

He'd been looking high and low for some canceled checks that would untangle his income tax work sheet, and now he was pacing the livingroom dramatically, hoping for help from his wife.

"They've got to be somewhere," he said. "You just don't throw things like that away."

Esther put her book in her lap and regarded him in her Wifely Manner. "You haven't thrown them away, dear. If you're your mother's son, they're still around here somewhere."

And so it was that, long minutes later, when Ben unfolded his big frame from a kneeling position (*Continued on next page*)



Greeted by school principal Dr. Paul Fisher, Esther was rushed backstage for the second "aud call" of the day.

more pictures on next page

*A day to
Remember*

continued



Introduced by Student Body president, Esther noticed his height, told kids sadly, "When I was here, all the boys were so short!"

"Nobody's changed!" Esther said—but she had. She came late and was kept after school!



In front of a statue of George Washington Esther kidded with students. Later she told Ben that the old school hadn't changed a bit; it was *still* more fun than any other high school in L. A.



Best part of day was chatting and lunching with favorite teachers like physical instructor Mrs. Segal (above, left); Esther's beloved "Spearsy" (above, right); Miss Fitzpatrick (below).



(Continued from page 55) in front of the window seat, holding a large, falling-apart cardboard box, he was wearing a remarkably evil grin.

"Ha!" he said.

Esther looked up from her book again. "What are you snorting about, sweetie?"

"You, too, are a string saver—*Mother Gage*," he charged.

"What are you talking about?"

Ben strode to the center of the room and gestured as though stroking a long beard. "Heah!" he shouted. "Lindy! Were you out theah with that Lee cur? If you were ah cain't see how you could be mah daughter!"

Esther's first thought, naturally, was that Ben had gone mad. And then, out of the past, came a faint recognition of those lines. Back in George Washington High School, in '38 or maybe '39, she had portrayed a character (Continued on next page)



The Drum and Bugle Corps reminded Esther of the football rally she and 4 other girls had attended in bright pink sweaters—actually, the team's red-and-white jerseys which the girls had swiped and washed!

(Continued from page 57) named Colonel Brewster in a musical comedy. It had been part of a football rally and Esther had been the colonel (because (1) nobody else would, and (2) because of her height) sporting a beard and a southern colonel-type hat. The play hadn't been exactly Noel Coward caliber. In fact, Esther had written it, and it had been pretty awful.

She came back to the present with a start, and jumped out of her chair. "Ben! Where did you get that? Give it to me!"

And Ben held the box above her head. "From whom was Essie Williams hiding in the cafe closet?" he mimicked.

Esther groaned. Her treasured Memory Book must be in there, too, with all the gossip columns from the school paper, the dance programs, the flowers. "Ben! Please!"

"I understand a guy named Randy Henderson took you bowling and didn't have to pay for you because your score was so low."

HE FINALLY lowered the box and gave it to her, on the condition that she answer some questions. "Who," he said, "was this Jimmie character whose name appeared on every page? And who were Frank and Kenny, the ones who always took half the dances away from Jimmie?"

"One at a time," said Esther. "Jimmie McKinlock was one of mother's pets. I went with him while he was still in school, a couple of terms ahead of me. I don't know about Frank and Kenny—it might have been Frank Cookson. If you'll give me that box, maybe I can find out."

"What about the poetry?" goaded Ben. He snatched a crumpled paper and read,

"Once upon a time I knew
A coy, petite young miss.
There wasn't a thing I wouldn't do
To earn from her a kiss."

"Help!" howled Esther, but Ben continued.

"However, she was not the type
To lose herself in love.
She was young and frivolous
And flight as a dove.

The first time that we e'er went out
I lost my head, I did.
And so I close with these three words,
I love you—Esther kid."

By that time Esther had collapsed in hysterics and Ben wasn't much better off.

"I know you're enchanting and all that," said Ben, "but tell me how you managed to collect a whole box full of poetry, all from different guys?"

"You might say I asked for it—in self-defense."

Ben grinned and lit his pipe. "Elucidate."

And so she told him how she used to wonder how to say no when a boy wanted to kiss her—the classic problem of the teen-ager. She had gone to her mother for advice and her mother had said "Talk about something else. Get their minds off the subject." Even the sixteen year-old Esther knew that bit of advice wouldn't work for thirty seconds. And said so. "All right," her mother had said. "You're smart. You think of something to say." So Esther cooked up a line of defense. The minute a boy began his overture she backed off and looked at him coldly. "Why do you want to kiss me?" inquired the young Miss Williams. This usually set him back two or three years and when he recovered Esther said charitably there was no hurry for his answer, that he might like to give it to her in the form of a poem. So she collected a ream of poetry (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) and the system, as a stall for time, worked.

Remembering all this, Esther slipped into a comfortable hour of reverie, poring over her souvenirs, sharing some of her memories with Ben, punctuating others only by a giggle. Husband-like, Ben wanted to know, what with all these slaves at her feet, hadn't Esther ever had a crush on any of them. Had she? There had been devoted Jimmie, but before he joined the Coast Guard she had been too young to be serious. And Don Schutz, the boy famous for being the only one with a car of his own, and Frank Cookson captain of the football team. She and Frank had double dated so much with Bud Fisher and Barbara McConnell. Whatever had happened to them all? And there was Randall Henderson, dear, sensitive, deeply intelligent Randy, who later had been killed in the war. There were dates with all of them and a certain fondness for each, but she couldn't remember a crush until she thought of Frank Reynolds. He had been the football hero and she recalled that after he made that ninety-yard touchdown she kept dreaming of it—and of him. There was the night she went to her first formal dance, wearing the peach chiffon handed down from her sister's wardrobe. She had walked into the gym on Jimmie's arm and there had stood Frank Reynolds. Esther believed this was a rare creature, a blond giant, and when she heard him tell Kenny,

Ferenc Molnar's "The Play's The Thing" . . . concerns a jealous husband who eavesdrops on his blonde wife and another man, and believes that the lover is describing his wife's physical charms—when, in truth, he merely was describing an ordinary peach. In all productions of this play, therefore, a peach is an important prop . . . When Ezio Pinza did this play last summer, the peach was on a table backstage.

Elaine Stritch was backstage, too, rehearsing for the play she was to do there the following week. She saw the peach, picked it up and ate it . . . Pinza heard the cue to produce the peach—as the climax of the play. No peach. He used the only piece of fruit at hand—a dark plum.

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

"There's a nice looking dish—I'll have a dance with her," Miss Williams stood riveted to the floor. Kenny had warned her about Frank, reputed to be the school's sophisticate, and tried to keep them apart. "You're too innocent for him," Kenny had said like a big brother.

She remembered the football rally immortalized by the stunt she had dreamed up, in which she and four other girls swiped the team's jerseys for their song and dance number. It would have gone great, except that when the girls managed to get the jerseys out of the boys' lockers they considered one and all sufficiently gamey to deserve a tubbing. So they took them to Esther's house and dumped them into the washing machine. When they came out the red numbers had run into the white jerseys until the whole thing was a pink mess, with the numbers indistinguishable.

SHE SPOKE aloud to Ben. "Poverty Flats, we used to call it. Because the kids who went there came from such poor families. But I'll bet there was more fun there than at any other school in L.A."

"You were busy enough," said Ben, looking up from her year book. "From what I can find out by a casual study you were in the Tri-Y two semesters, a member of the Scholarship Society, and an officer

—usually president—of your class, of the cabinet, of the Girls' League, whatever that is, of the Student Body, and of the Commerce Honor Society."

"I was so busy," Esther laughed, "I had to go to City College for my education."

"Some fireball," said Ben. "Here's one of your speeches, for some office or other. Listen: 'You and I know that what I say here will make very little difference in the way you vote. You want in your girl's vice president someone who will be your friend. If I have been friendly, perhaps you will trust me again to be your friend as girls' vice president of the Student Body'."

Esther grimaced. "Pretty corny, huh?" And Ben nodded.

She thought a moment and said, "I wonder if Spearsy's still there."

"Who?" said Ben.

"Miss Spear. She was my pet teacher—science. A wonderful woman. She used to be so interested in all the school activities, and she'd help us get out of scrapes all the time. She was my mentor."

"Why don't you call her up?"

It was as simple as that. Esther called Miss Spear, who was delighted and asked Esther to come to Washington High for lunch with the faculty. Esther asked if she could say hello to the kids while she was there, and Miss Spear said she'd arrange it—maybe an auditorium call.

The night before the appointed day, four-year-old Benjy began to run a fever. It began at 101 and climbed steadily. It was 104 by the time the doctor arrived, and he suspected German measles. "There," thought Esther, "goes Washington High, Spearsy and the whole day."

Instead of measles, however, Benjy developed a twenty-four-hour virus and all through the night Esther sponged him with alcohol to bring down the fever. At five A.M. he went into a fitful sleep and the next morning Esther was ready to call the school and cancel her date. But the doctor returned and said it was perfectly all right for Esther to leave for the day, the nurse would stay with Benjy. Esther flew into a pink orlon dress, jumped into her station wagon and drove the twenty miles to the school, through the city's worst traffic, with as much speed as the law would allow.

WHEN SHE arrived the first auditorium call was over, and the second 'aud call' in progress. Doctor Fisher, Washington's principal, met her at the stage door of the auditorium and steered her backstage, where she was greeted by the teachers who remembered her. There was Spearsy, of course, and the two women fell into each other's arms. And there was Miss Fitzpatrick, who'd had Esther in 'home room,' and Mrs. Segal who'd taught her physical education. There was much hilarity and Esther was puzzled at the fact that all the teachers, after fifteen years, looked exactly the same as she remembered them. "I'm the one," grinned Mrs. Segal, "who advised you against a swimming career because it would be too strenuous for you."

"I've managed to last," said Esther. "Maybe because you put me into good shape for it."

"I see you're wearing glasses," said Miss Spear. And they laughed together, remembering how they had discussed the problem of Esther's nearsightedness and how she had worried about snubbing people. Spearsy had told her to smile at everybody she saw.

"Anyway," said Miss Spear. "I'm happy you're wearing them because it might have some influence on the girls here. They're as bad as you were—afraid it'll spoil their looks."

While they were speaking a girl's voice

drifted backstage, a youthful voice thanking the students for bestowing an office upon her. And Esther thought of the many times she had stood on that very stage, asking to be elected or grateful that she had been. Now a tall boy was introduced to her, Merle Lauderdale, president of the current Student Body. He went on stage to announce Esther to the students.

SHE JOINED HIM, almost buckling with nostalgia, and put on her glasses to hide the mist in her eyes. "I'm not wearing these—to look intellectual," she told the assembled kids. "I'm nearsighted, and without them I can get into a lot of trouble." She told them Spearsy's advice to smile at everybody. She thanked Merle for his introduction and remarked upon his height. "When I was here, all the boys were so short," she said and fondly stroked the sleeve of Merle, who blushed and hurried to his seat.

Esther told them a lot of things that made them laugh. She told them of the day she was honored by membership as a 'Lady' in the Knights and Ladies organization, and given the prized sweater with its emblem. Esther was wearing a blouse that day which had been worn to the last straw by her two older sisters. The back of one of its sleeves had been steadily ripping all day and was now left in plain sight by the sleeveless Ladies' sweater. Her only recourse had been to wear her long-sleeved Tri-Y sweater over everything, and the temperature that day had been just over 100 degrees—so Esther had been dissolved by both the honor and the heat.

She turned serious, too, and told them that the old cliché about high school being the best years of their lives was true. She said she remembered her first dance, and the basketball games in which she played more clearly than her first screen test or her first movie. And she told them that while she might kid about studying, and grades, it was true that she had been a Sealbearer and that if they didn't mind her giving a bit of advice, nothing is worth doing (or any fun) unless you do it well.

THE TEACHERS backstage smiled happily at the sage counsel being handed out by G. Washington's celebrity, and afterward steered her through the school. It all looked dear and familiar to Esther, and every few minutes another teacher would approach her, and Esther would remember another friendly face out of her past. They took her to the vice-principal's office where she signed the guest book, then to the bungalow where the Student Body holds meetings and where Esther herself had so often presided.

By the time she sat down to lunch in the faculty diningroom, all of Washington High, including those students who had missed her because they were in the first 'aud call,' knew that Esther was there. She found time to write this last group a note of apology, to be put on the bulletin board, before she was whisked away to the drama class. Here the Thespian Club stood her on the stage and she worried that they might ask her to spout Shakespeare, which, Esther explained, is not her forte. She stood a moment longer while a breathless boy with a complicated camera knelt to take her picture. "Gee!" he said. "I thought I'd never catch up with you. They told me there was a celebrity in 'aud call,' but I thought it was the County Supervisor or something, so I didn't go. Gee, I darned near missed you!"

When Esther left the drama class and headed for a gym class on the field, the students could no longer be controlled. Wherever she passed, boys and girls broke out of classrooms, even jumped out of windows, in order to join the mob fol-

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Ever see the modern version of keel-hauling, an ancient seamen's punishment? First you find a peaceful, sleepy movie star (as above).



Having thus convinced—and choked—him into agreeing to teach you to fish, you spend at least twenty full minutes learning the art.



When Howard, too, is ready to drop, you give him back to his wife, who has been hoping he wouldn't catch any fish she'd have to cook.

Or: How a girl with a fast line roped Howard into a fishing lesson.



Then (but only if you're Angel Moro, Howard's singing discovery and therefore enjoy privileges) you wrap him in rope.



By then you're tired and Howard is wide awake—so you hold the net while he reels in. (You feel sorry for the fish.)



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lowing her. Doctor Fisher, the principal, was worried for Esther's safety, but she smiled and assured him she was accustomed to such things.

IT ADDED UP to a great day for Esther and, despite the crowds, even included a long talk with Miss Spear. It was after four in the afternoon when Esther got home, to find Benjy much improved, and soon big Ben came in the front door.

"How'd it go?" he wanted to know.

"Just wonderful, thanks to you."

"To me?"

"If you hadn't found that box of souve-

nirs, I never would have got started on the whole project."

"Glad to be of service," said Ben. "But I never did find those canceled checks I was looking for. Maybe if you could bring yourself to graduate from high school now and marry me—you could help me look for them!"

"Sure," said Esther, pulling a cluttered drawer out of a table. "Like I told the kids today, school days are the carefree days." **END**

(Esther Williams' next picture will be MGM's Jupiter's Darling.)

forbidden to love

(Continued from page 48) "Of course not," R.J.'s agent admitted. "But I know this boy, and I can tell you that he's strictly married to his career. You've got the privilege of renewing his contract—or not renewing it—every year.

"If he elopes or does something crazy and loses his fan appeal by 1955, don't pick up on him. Let him out."

The Fox executive nodded. "Wagner's a shrewd young man," he said. "He's got a level head on his shoulders. We like him and we think he's going to be around a long time. You've got your boy a deal."

THAT'S THE inside story of R. J. Wagner's \$1,000-a-week contract, a contract about which there have been many rumors, the outstanding one being that it contains a clause forbidding Bob to get married for the next seven years.

It is no secret that studios like to keep their young and upcoming stars single. Janet Leigh, for example, was asked by a prominent producer not to marry Tony Curtis lest she injure his drawing power at the box office. Janet told the producer to go whistle and eloped to Connecticut with Tony.

Similarly, Marilyn Monroe's studio is wondering whether or not her recent marriage to Joe Di Maggio will cost her any fans. Marilyn was married while she was suspended and there are many who insist that she would not have married if the studio had quickly come to terms on a new contract and a rewrite of *Pink Tights*.

When Bob Wagner was asked if anything in his contract prevented his getting married, he declared, "Absolutely not. I can get married any time I want to. Only I don't want to get married. Not right now, anyway. And for a very good reason.

"I just don't happen to be in love.

"When the right girl comes along, a girl I can't do without, someone who's the greatest—then, that's it. I'm done and gone. No one's holding me back."

"No one but yourself!" someone remarked. "Let's face it, R.J. You know that any man can stop himself from falling in love. Just as soon as he finds himself slipping in a certain direction, he stops seeing that particular girl. Isn't that the way you've been operating? Isn't that what happened between you and Debbie Reynolds?"

R.J. furrowed that smooth, unlined forehead and a look of meditation came into his hazel eyes. He's not one to talk first and think later.

"No," he said after several moments. "I don't think I've been operating that way at all.

"Right now my career happens to come first with me. I'm twenty-four years old and I know that I've got a long way to go to become a good actor. So I'm concentrating on that for the time being.

"What I'm trying to do is to live a de-

cent, balanced, respectable life. I'm trying to avoid entangling alliances. That's a pretty difficult job in this town, because you start taking a girl out and right away the papers have you headed for the altar.

"About Debbie, all I can say is that it never was serious. No matter what they say, I'm pretty sure she's still my friend.

"I don't think I've ever antagonized any girl I've dated. I never build the friendship into a big romantic thing because I'm just not ready for the responsibility that love and marriage demands."

IF ANY GIRL is sore at R.J., one would expect it to be Debbie Reynolds, whose fondness for him allegedly went unreciprocated.

Debbie was asked if she thought R.J. had put a check rein on his emotions, whether he was going high hat, whether he was fickle, and about the other gossip circulating about young Prince Valiant.

"I think I know R.J.'s character pretty well," Debbie said, "and he's as sweet a guy as I've ever met. He doesn't make false promises, and he doesn't hold himself in, and all that stuff about high-hatting old friends is just a lot of bunk.

Jane Russell asks: "Now that I'm a producer, what's with these temperamental actresses?"

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

"I know that they're saying something about him and Jeff Hunter, but those two are still very close friends. Jeff was originally slated for the role of *Prince Valiant*, and then R.J. got the part, and I guess it was sort of strange because R.J. likes to visit with Jeff and Barbara and I guess he was embarrassed. But Jeff understands and I know Barbara does.

"You hear people say that R.J. doesn't have time for old friends any longer, and they make it sound as if he's grown snobbish. But what they don't realize is how hard he works. He has been in one picture after another—he's had to learn to fence for *Prince Valiant*, to brush up on his riding for *Broken Lance*—and I've seen him when he has rehearsed every Sunday for two or three months. I remember one time in particular that will give you some real insight into his character.

"I was having a shindig for the Girl Scouts over at my house, and I asked R.J. to come because one of the Girl Scouts thought he was the most. She was simply dying to meet him.

"R.J. said he would try to make it, and I knew he really would. But Sunday came along and we had the party and no R.J. But you know what he did?

"He phoned me and apologized for not showing up—I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I've got to stay home and practice my fencing." And then he asked to talk to the Girl Scout and (Continued on page 62)

new modes

■ All the ease and freedom of summertime is expressed in Lewella's action-front Power-Glide girdle and convertible sports bra. The girdle, a masterpiece of lightweight construction (it never rolls or rides up), is made of power net with embroidered nylon marquisette front panels. Average length, about \$3; for tall girls, about \$4. Panty girdle—average length, about \$4; for tall girls, about \$5. White only. The bra is made of Dan River *Wrinkl-Shed* poplin; it comes in six colors (yellow, green, blue, red, pink, white); it can be worn as a conventional bra (shown), criss-cross halter, strapless bra or halter top bra. About \$2. Lewella's girdles and bras fit you—and your budget, too! Seamprufe's *two-way stretch* stockings (a flexible band is added to the proportioned nylons for extra give to avoid garter runs). The kidskin fringed pumps with pancake heels are by Honeydebs.

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PAGE 66 IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.



(Continued from page 60) he explained everything to her—that he had to turn up on the set the next day and that he had difficulty in handling the swords. He talked to her and treated her as though she were his closest buddy.

"That shows you the kind of consideration R.J. shows everyone. And it's not affectation, either. It's genuine with him."

WOULD DEBBIE classify R.J. as the "love-'em-and-leave-'em" type?

"No," she went on, "R.J. is completely honest. He doesn't shoot a line or pull any fast passes or anything like that. A girl knows right away that he's tremendously enthusiastic about his work."

"I remember one time over at my house I was trying to teach him a dance step. He just couldn't seem to get the hang of it. He was really impatient with himself."

"He has a bad eardrum, you know, and he suffers from terrible headaches because of his water skiing accident, but he just kept going until he got it."

"I don't think anyone in Hollywood can say one disparaging thing about R.J."

From a girl who has drifted out of Bob Wagner's life that's praise indeed. But it tallies with what other girls say—Terry Moore, for example, who was linked with Bob in a phony engagement story.

"He's strictly a fun date," Terry explains. "Never gets serious, never discusses marriage, loves his golf, his Jackie Gleason records, his hardtop Mercury and, of course, his work."

ASKED THE SECRET of his success in handling girls, Bob grinned boyishly and said, "I've got a sister and I've been brought up to treat other girls with kindness and respect. That's all I try to do."

"But isn't it on the level that you won't let yourself go, that you won't permit yourself the pleasure or danger of falling in love? After all, R.J., you've dated a lot of girls in and out of Hollywood."

Haven't you met a single girl who'd make a good wife?"

"I've met a lot of girls who'd make fine wives," Bob answered. "Only not for me."

"How about Jean Peters? Wouldn't she make you a fine wife?" That one stopped Bob cold. He'd just finished making *Broken Lance* with Jean. They had been on location together in Arizona. He had taken her to the preview of *Prince Valiant*, and they'd managed several dates.

"Sure," he said, "if I could find someone like Jean I'd think about marriage pretty seriously. There's a girl who's got everything: a sense of humor, brains, looks, ability, the whole works."

Writer we know says he quit his studio because of a difference over money: they didn't want to pay him any.

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

"But you've found Jean! Why look for a copy when you've got the real thing?" Bob changed the subject.

IN HOLLYWOOD Jean Peters is known as the mystery girl. When she first hit town, Jean (who is three years older than R.J.) was completely candid.

She had won a popularity contest at Ohio State. The prize had been \$200 and a trip to Hollywood. The studio had tested her and given her a contract, and Jean didn't mind telling all about her past.

Her father had died when she was ten and she and her mother had run a tourist camp. Jean had learned how to lay bricks and sew her own clothes and repair electric lines and refinish furniture.

In Hollywood she moved into a small bungalow with a grandaunt, Cis Francomb, and was cast in her first movie. And then bang. No more news about Jean Peters.

The story is that while Jean was on location in Mexico, one of the most powerful men in the movie business flew his own plane down there just to see her.

An attempt was made to hush the story of this trip, but it was impossible because just about that time Lana Turner went AWOL and flew down to Mexico to visit Tyrone Power, also in Morelia.

The reporters and photographers had a field day, and the story wafted back to Hollywood that Jean Peters and the producer were extremely affectionate. That belief still exists—which may be one reason the friendship between Bob Wagner and Jean Peters is probably destined for nothingness or, at best, pleasant memories.

OF COURSE Jean might drop her producer and Bob might stop playing the field. But such a change is not likely.

R.J. is having a ball these days, and he doesn't want romance or marriage to slow or complicate the amazing progress he's made. But he's facing a dilemma about which he says, "They've got me in the middle, and it's kind of puzzling. If I go out with one girl a few times, I become a romance item. If I go out with several girls then I'm a regular Romeo. It's one of those heads-you-win-tails-I-lose deals."

"I've got to be careful, so I date in out-of-the-way places and I stay away from parties, or if I do go to some affair like the 'This Is Your Life' party honoring *Prince Valiant*, then I show up by myself. That way there's no talk."

"Funny thing, when you're just beginning in pictures everyone wants to help you—your old friends, the grips, even the commissary waitresses. Then you get a little success and something happens."

"Guess you'd call it responsibility. People expect you to change. Suddenly you find yourself on the defensive. Right away you're accused of being snobbish and deserting old pals and every date becomes a great love affair."

"Barbara Stanwyck, who's one of the nicest women ever, told me when we were making *Titanic* that the more successful an actor becomes, the bigger target he makes. She sure was right."

"All of a sudden I'm protecting myself from rumors and gossip and enterprising press agents who try to marry me off in print to their clients. Me, who's nothing!"

"They say I'm playing it careful, that I'm ducking marriage, that I'm afraid of love. All bunk."

"I'm counting on marriage—not right now, but in the future. And I'll probably wind up marrying some girl who's in show business or some girl with a goal in life."

"I like girls who're enthusiastic, who know what work is all about, but they've gotta have a sense of humor and like outdoor sports. I'm golf-happy, you know."

"But before I can think of marriage, I've gotta save some dough. That's why I've got a business manager who limits me to a few bucks a week and stashes the rest of it away. After taxes and agent's commission and a few of my ritzy sports coats, there's not too much left."

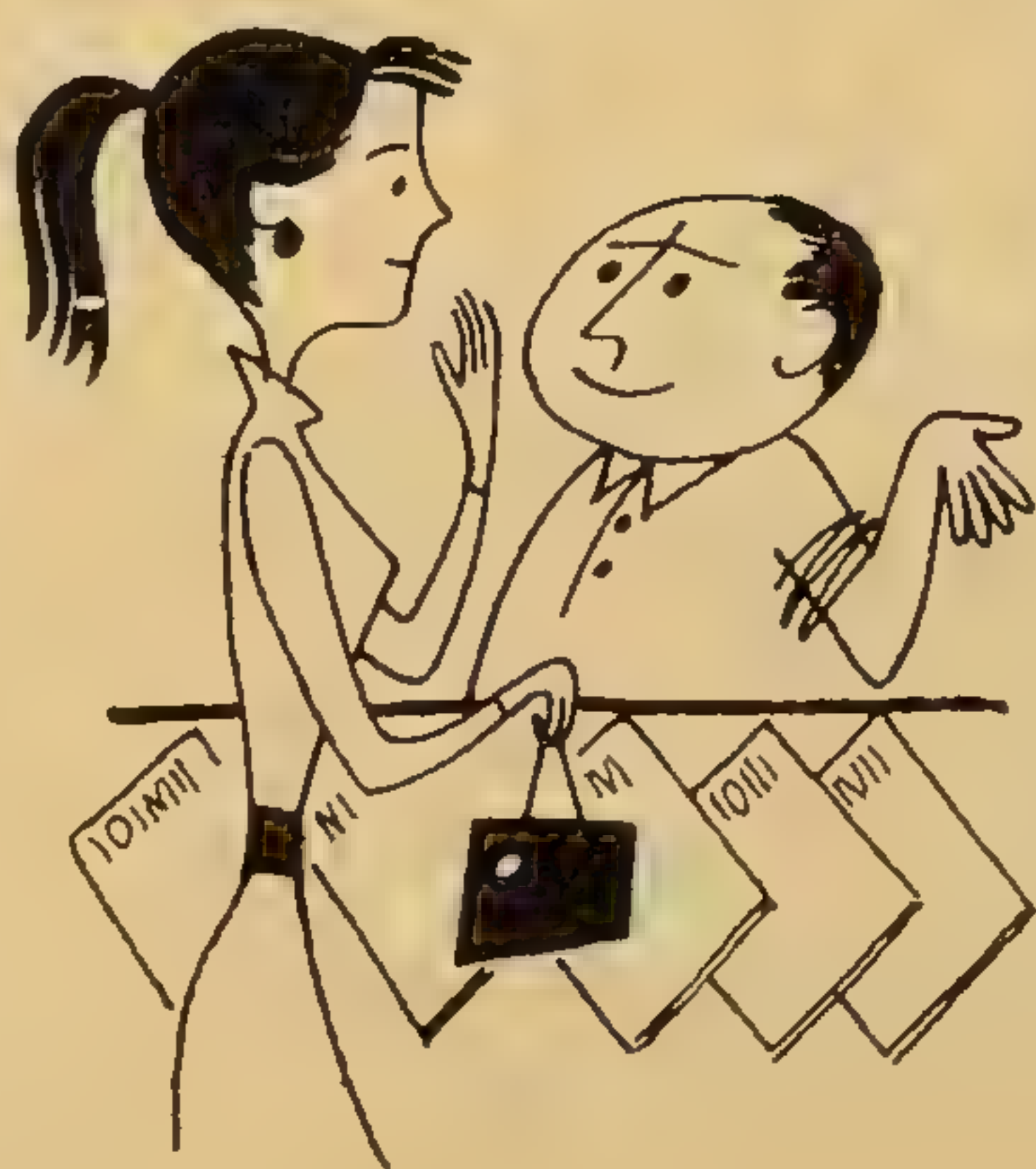
"But I'm not complaining. No, sir. I'm the luckiest guy alive and I'm grateful to everyone who ever gave me a helping hand."

"And it's not true that anyone has forbidden me to get married. I'd never put up with such a silly ruling. But neither am I going to let anyone stampede me into a wedding."

"I've seen what fun the Hunters get out of life—Jeff and Barbara and little Chris—and that's for me. But the time's got to be right, and I've got to find the right girl."

"How about Jean Peters?"
R. J. Wagner grinned. "The most," he said. "Absolutely the most."
END

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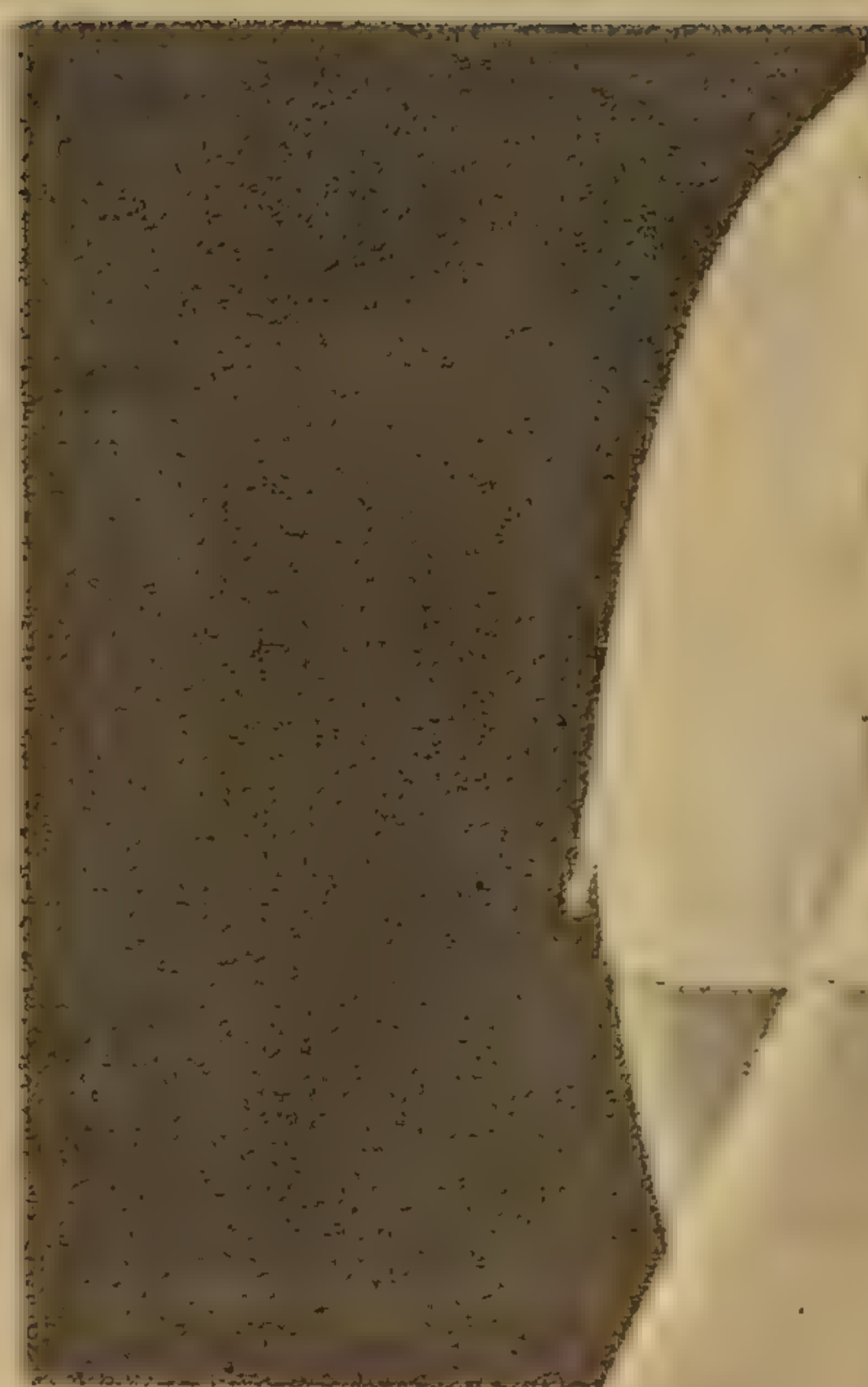
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to daddy with love

(Continued from page 39) life," he grinned.

"Thank you and I'll never get over it."

"How did your dinner party with little Nancy come out?" I asked.

"I've never heard so much girl talk in my life," he said. "Nancy looked beautiful at her confirmation. I had ordered baby orchids for her and her friends. They were at each place at the table. I didn't get to say a word all through dinner. They just yacked away about school and boys—he's a drip," somebody else was 'even more of a drip.'"

"I'll bet they were too excited to eat," said I.

"Not on your life," replied Frank. "They lapped up everything from soup to nuts to ice cream."

I'd heard many stories about Frank and his kids from our mutual friend, Al Levy. "I know he's prejudiced," I told Sinatra, "but are the stories true?"

"That all depends on what he told you."

"Well, for instance, that when you were singing in Miami and little Nancy was sick, you telephoned her every day."

"That's true, but I phone the kids almost every day when I'm away. And when I'm in town, I go by to see them five nights a week. We watch television together and have musical shows, and lately I've been helping them with their painting. There's a new gimmick on the market—portraits of people like Liberace and Bob Hope, with sections of the face numbered to correspond with different colors of paint. I help the kids blend the colors. You'd have had hysterics watching what we did to Hope the other night. He never would have recognized himself."

This is the only painting Frank has had time for lately. His old friend, the late Perry Charles, got him started painting clowns, but he's been too busy lately with his career for the hobby.

AL LEVY had told me that little Frankie is the spitting image of his old man. I questioned Frank.

"He's so like me it's frightening. Only a little rounder in the face. If I stand in front of the fireplace with my hands behind my back, he does the same thing. He composes his own music and sings, too." Frank laughed. "He kills me. When I do a television show, he'll quote everything I said the next time I see him. He's very show-wise and talks stage lingo. 'Now about that joke, Dad,' he'll say."

"He loved *Anything Goes*, the television show I did with Ethel Merman, but he's quite a critic. The day after the program, he said, 'Dad, that bit you did dressed in women's clothes was very funny.' He thought the chase scene was the best part of the show."

"The kids' favorite tv shows are the comics—Skelton and Berle. They also watch the cowboys. When it looks as though Bill Boyd is about to kiss the girl, Frankie says, 'Oh, go on, kiss her. Get it over with and get on with the show.'"

"He met Boyd once and has never gotten over it. He didn't have a word to say to his hero except a polite 'How do you do?' That's the way he is. When he gets really excited he's perfectly quiet. But an hour or two later, after he has thought it over, he starts yacking. He'll tell you everything that went on, describe the scene and re-enact the whole event."

FRANK WAS off to the races on his favorite subject—his son—so I didn't interrupt.

"What I love about Frankie," he said, "is his great comedy sense and droll humor. He rarely laughs at anything he says, and seldom at anything anybody else says. But when he gets tickled, he falls apart. His

eyes water, he breaks up. He laughs inwardly.

"I was having dinner with the children the night before they were to give their annual music recital. I asked Nancy what she was going to play. She replied, 'The piano concerto.' I was discussing it with her and didn't think Frankie was paying any attention. He's a dreamer, but when you think he's miles away he'll come up with something funny and let loose with a line that knocks you right out of your chair."

"Right in the middle of this serious discussion with Nancy, Frankie said, 'I gotta play that stinking *Hungarian Dance*. I did it last year and I don't want to repeat.'"

"What do you want to do?" I asked, after I'd pulled myself together.

"I'd like to get up and tell some jokes or something."

"One-man jokes?"

"One-man or two-man jokes."

"Well," I said, "maybe you and I could get some candy-striped suits, straw hats, and tell some two-man jokes." We have a routine that breaks Frankie up. I'll say to him: "Have you seen any new one-hundred-dollar bills?"

"And he'll come back with: 'Haven't even seen any old ones.' He reads his lines



Frank took Frank, Jr., and Nancy to Academy Awards. When his name was announced he kissed them before running down the aisle.

like W. C. Fields might have. We have another that Frankie thinks is funny. I ask: 'Why did you cut holes in the rug?'

"To see the floor show," he answers.

"I really think he wants to be a comic. He likes Red Skelton, and after a Skelton show he'll talk about Red's jokes by the hour. He can remember every joke on the show. Good or bad, I don't know, but he might be a comic—and if he is, he'll be a good one."

"What would you like your kids to be?" I asked.

"I'd like that to come directly from them," said Sinatra. "I will guide them in whatever they want to do. Frankie seems talented in music. If later he wants to conduct or compose, I'll guide him, tell him where to go and who to see. But then he may want to be a mathematician. He's a whiz at figures."

"And where does he get that talent?"

"Not from me," said Frank. "He must get that from his mother. She's very bright at figures." (Still I didn't mention Ava.) "I can put numbers together, but when it comes to adding nines, I'm in real trouble."

"Like most kids, Frankie knows all about jet planes and automobiles, too. The

other day when I went to see him, he said, 'Dad, those fins are much too high on your new Cadillac. I like the Nash better.'

"One day when I walked in Frankie was playing the piano. He didn't know I was there, so I stood outside the door and listened. Finally I walked over to the piano."

"Oh, hello, Dad," he said.

"How are you, son? What's that you're playing?"

"It was something that sounded almost classical which he had composed. We discussed it a minute. Then he said, 'You know, I've been thinking about that new car of yours. I've given it a lot of thought. It's not too good. You know they haven't had a body change in those cars since 1950.' When he comes out with something like that, what are you going to do but laugh?"

"You've told me about Nancy and Frankie. How about Tina? What's she like?"

"They're all three a different species," said Frank. "Nancy's the practical one, the little mother; Frankie's a dreamer; and Tina is an explosive hellion. While Nancy and Frank both are rather complacent, Tina is the firecracker and a great flirt. She knows how to work a guy over—she'll be a heart-breaker some day. She's just about four feet high, so I was a little surprised when she asked me for one of my pink shirts. 'What for?' I asked. She explained that the kids in her class all do fingerpainting, and they use their dad's shirts with the sleeves cut off as smocks. Well, that figured. Then I asked, 'Why pink?'

"Well," said Tina, 'I like to use all the colors that blend well with pink, and if I get paint on the smock it won't look bad.' I took her a shirt, and you should see her in it. She all but trips every time she takes a step."

"My clothes are very popular with the girls. Nancy wanted to know if I had a long-sleeved yellow cashmere sweater. I found one and gave it to her. It was pretty horrible on her—came down to her knees. But all the kids wear sloppy-Joes, so she just pushed up the sleeves and liked it."

"Frankie hasn't asked for any of my clothes so far, but I have a suspicion it won't be long now. He's usually content to wear blue dungarees and scuffed shoes, but the other day he said, 'Why do I always have to wear dark blue or grey suits? Why can't I ever wear bright colors?' He dotes on bow ties."

All the Sinatra children, unlike the offspring of many movie stars, attend public school. That's the way Frank wants it. He feels they should be able to get along with all types of children, and judging from the number of their friends they seem to do a good job of it.

FRANK LEFT his family for the nonce and got onto another subject, about which he yacked just like his kids. "You know, Hedda, I've got a wonderful program lined up, and I want to shout about it. After *Pink Tights*, I'm going to do a musical with Gene Kelly. I've talked with Leland Hayward about the part of Ensign Pulver in *Mr. Roberts*, and to Stanley Kramer about a role in *Not As A Stranger*. I've got so much picture work lined up, I'm giving up nightclubs for the time being. I'm beginning to settle down."

"I've noticed that," said I. "Success is a great settler, isn't it? The thing I've noticed most about you lately is that you don't fly off the handle like you used to. How do you explain that, please?"

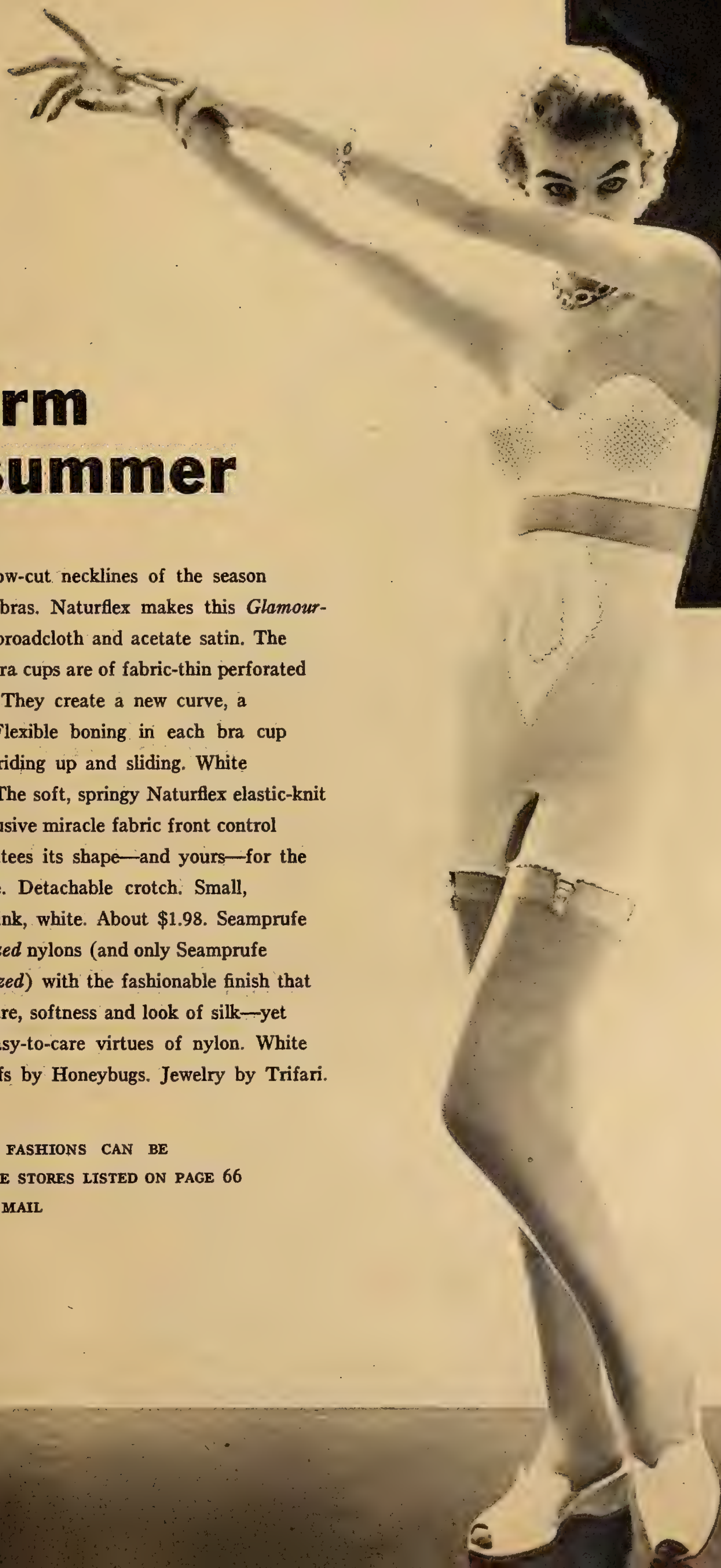
"I've got a new system. When anybody needles me, I ignore him and walk away. Things have (Continued on page 66)

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At leading department and shoe stores throughout the country. Or write to Honeydebs, Inc., 47 West 34th Street, N. Y. C.

HONEYDEBS (shoes) Page 61

At leading department and shoe stores throughout the country. Or write to Honeydebs, Inc., 47 West 34th Street, N. Y. C.

LEWELLA (girdle and bra) Page 61

All Belk Stores
Allentown, Pa.—Hess Bros.
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene's Sons
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam Meldrum & Anderson
Buffalo, N. Y.—Hens & Kelly
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
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South Bend, Ind.—Robertson Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
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149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

NATURFLEX (girdle and bra) Page 65

F. W. Woolworth & Company
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STEPHANIE (girdle and bras) Page 63, below

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
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(Continued from page 64) improved. But—and this is important—I'll never lose the feeling of hating to have my privacy invaded. We in show business (anybody in the public eye from President Eisenhower on down) are under a magnifying glass. Everything we do is reviewed. I've often wondered what kind of a world it would be if every working man's efforts were reviewed as ours are. If the plumber, say, who came to fix the pipe and didn't get it quite right got a big review about his error in his trade paper next day. We'd have the most neurotic world you can possibly imagine.

"If someone comes up to me and says, 'Could I see you for a minute?' or 'Could I have a picture of you?' I'm more than willing to comply. But let somebody snap his fingers and say, 'Get over there quick!' That does it! If I did it to them, they'd react the same way I do. There are at least five guys who love to needle me. They know my low boiling point. But since I know who they are and what they're after, I avoid them or try to smile and keep my temper in check."

"You've got to admit, though, that you've got a healthy temper."

"Sure I've got one—who hasn't? But after the thing is over, I feel twice as bad. You feel awful and think, 'Geez, I'm sorry that had to happen.' The thing to do is to see that it doesn't happen again."

if you knew beedle . . .

(Continued from page 53) "The very first time the hostess came down the aisle loaded with coffee the plane dipped. You guessed it—everything landed on Holden."

Ronnie Reagan, one of Bill's closest friends, tells about the time Bill was invited to talk at a Friars Club dinner.

"He decided to talk about his unhappy experience with the airline hostess," Ronnie recalls, "when amazingly enough, a waiter carrying a load of chocolate sundaes suddenly stumbled, and Bill found his suit full of syrup and ice cream."

Bill's wife says that very early in their marriage she learned that Bill was accident-happy. It started with the wedding. "We decided to get married over a weekend in Las Vegas. Bill was working at the time and said that as soon as he was finished, he and Brian Donlevy, his best man, would charter a plane and fly in."

"He had made arrangements with the Congregational minister and hired the bridal suite at El Rancho Vegas. We were to be married at ten P.M. in the chapel."

"At ten P.M. there were no signs of Bill or the best man."

"They had chartered a plane and had made an emergency landing in a mud flat some place. They finally reached Las Vegas at three A.M. By that time the minister was fast asleep and the hotel had rented our suite to someone else."

"We got another room and called the minister. He was a very sweet man. He came over and married us at four A.M. And then we had a champagne breakfast."

"The pilot then suggested that we'd better get going if we wanted to beat the fog back into Los Angeles."

"So Monday, the next day, Bill went back to work at Columbia, and I took off for a location trip to Canada."

"The day I got back, looking forward to our delayed honeymoon, Bill went on location to Carson City. Two weeks later he came down with appendicitis and went to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital."

"The day before Bill was to be released, I came down with an emergency case of appendicitis, and they had to put me in

It was then that I noticed a tiny bald spot on top of his head. "Hey," I told him, "you're getting thin on top. I've got the very thing for you. I know a man who's invented something wonderful to grow hair."

He screamed with laughter. "I know a guy who shrinks heads so it looks like you've got hair."

I insisted that my friend really had invented such a substance.

"Hedda, if you say so, I'll use it. It'll probably work so well I'll look like a poor man's John L. Lewis with big bushy eyebrows, too. On the other hand I might wind up wearing a wig if your friend isn't a good chemist. But say, I think I know where you can contact a guy who'll sell you the Golden Gate Bridge."

"All right, you'll be sorry when you have to wear one of those skull doilies like Bing Crosby."

Frank got up to take his leave, and I walked him to his car. "You know what?" I said. "Frankie's right. The fins on your Cadillac are too high. And why did you get a soft top? The way you drive, if you turn over there's nothing to protect you."

"Remember me?" he said. "I'm Sinatra, that reformed character. No back talk, no temper, no speeding. I've slowed down to a crawl."

He took off as though the entire Los Angeles police force were after him. **END**

the hospital. So you can see what happened to our honeymoon."

BILL HOLDEN has been close-mouthed with magazines, another reason why his fans don't know too much about him.

Bill isn't exactly uncooperative. He is chary because some writers almost cost him his career before it began.

Bill's father, head chemist of the George W. Gooch Laboratories, wanted Bill to major in chemistry at school.

Bill didn't like chemistry. He used to spend summers in the lab analyzing the constituents of fertilizer. He decided when he was eighteen that this was not for him.

At Pasadena Junior College he took a course in dramatics. He played the role of Madame Curie's eighty-year-old father in the Playbox Theatre, then under the supervision of the Pasadena Playhouse.

A Paramount talent scout saw Bill in his role and offered him a screen test. Nobody thought the test was sensational, but Bill was signed for \$50 a week, "because he's a nice clean-cut young man who looks like the boy next door."

In 1938, Columbia Pictures was conducting a nation-wide search for a Golden Boy to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck in the picture of the same name. More than 5,000 contestants had been interviewed before Paramount decided to let Columbia look at Holden's screen test. Columbia agreed to give Bill the role if Paramount would split his contract. Paramount agreed.

According to a close friend of Holden's, "This was when the fan magazines began to drive him crazy."

"Every single day at least half a dozen writers would interview the poor guy. 'How does it feel being a boy Cinderella? Do you sleep in the raw or in pajamas? What are you doing with all your money? Do you consider yourself the luckiest boy in the world?'"

"If you remember *Golden Boy*, Bill had to play the part of a kid who was half violinist and half prizefighter. It was his first role, and he was scared silly. The studio assigned Cannonball Green to teach him how to box. A music teacher taught him how to finger the violin. A voice coach taught him how to speak. The make-up

department curled his hair each morning. The kid was going nuts.

"In between, he had to memorize his lines. On top of all this, he had to sit for interviews. He was bewildered. After a month of this routine at fifty bucks a week, he just couldn't take it.

"I quit," he announced. That's when Barbara Stanwyck stepped in. She's the baby who saved him."

Barbara recalls, "I simply put my foot down and ordered the set closed. Like all beginners, Bill was a little unsure of himself, and I did my best to keep him relaxed and self-confident."

Barbara did more than that. She insisted that Bill be given the best camera angles, that his part be built up, that he be left some time to study his lines.

Bill has never forgotten Barbara's kindness. Each year on the anniversary of *Golden Boy*, he sends her a tremendous bouquet of roses.

"If I'm anything in this business," he says modestly. "I owe it to Barbara and a few other fine people who took pains to teach me."

BILL ALSO INSISTS, "I have absolutely nothing against any magazine or any type of magazine. I just don't have time to be autobiographical."

Bill is not only short on time, he is short on inclination. He just doesn't like to talk about some things.

His brother Bob, for example. Bill and his kid brother were inseparable all through their youth in O'Fallon, Illinois, where they were born and in Monrovia and South Pasadena where they were brought up.

Lana Turner's reply to a British correspondent's question as to whether she was considering starring in a movie to be made in Holland: "Could be—I get in Dutch easily!"

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

As a youngster Bill owned a motorcycle and was something of a daredevil. He used to take bets that he could stand on his motorcycle and balance himself while the machine rode down the highway.

His mother, a former teacher, was outraged by this stunt and absolutely forbade it. She told Bob to notify her whenever Bill pulled one of his crazy stunts. But Bob, who was four years younger than Bill, worshipped his big brother. He never told on him. And Bill in turn loved and protected his little brother.

In World War II, Bill volunteered for the Army Air Force and Bob for the Navy Air Force. Bill was stationed in Texas and California, and Bob went to the Pacific on the aircraft carrier *Bunker Hill*.

IN FORT WORTH, Texas, Bill lived off the base, and his roommate was Hank Greenberg, the Detroit baseball star.

A series of robberies had occurred in their neighborhood, so Lieutenant Holden was sleeping with his .45 under the pillow.

One night Greenberg, supposedly on leave, returned earlier than expected. He started to tiptoe into the room. Holden heard the footsteps, reached under his pillow for the revolver, and whirled toward the door. When he saw it was Hank, he slipped the gun back under the pillow.

"I never told Hank," Bill says, "how close he came to death at an early age."

On January 4, 1944, Ensign Robert Beedle was killed in combat on a mission over Kavieng, New Ireland.

When Bill received news of his brother's death in the Pacific, he was naturally quite broken up. Ardis had given birth to

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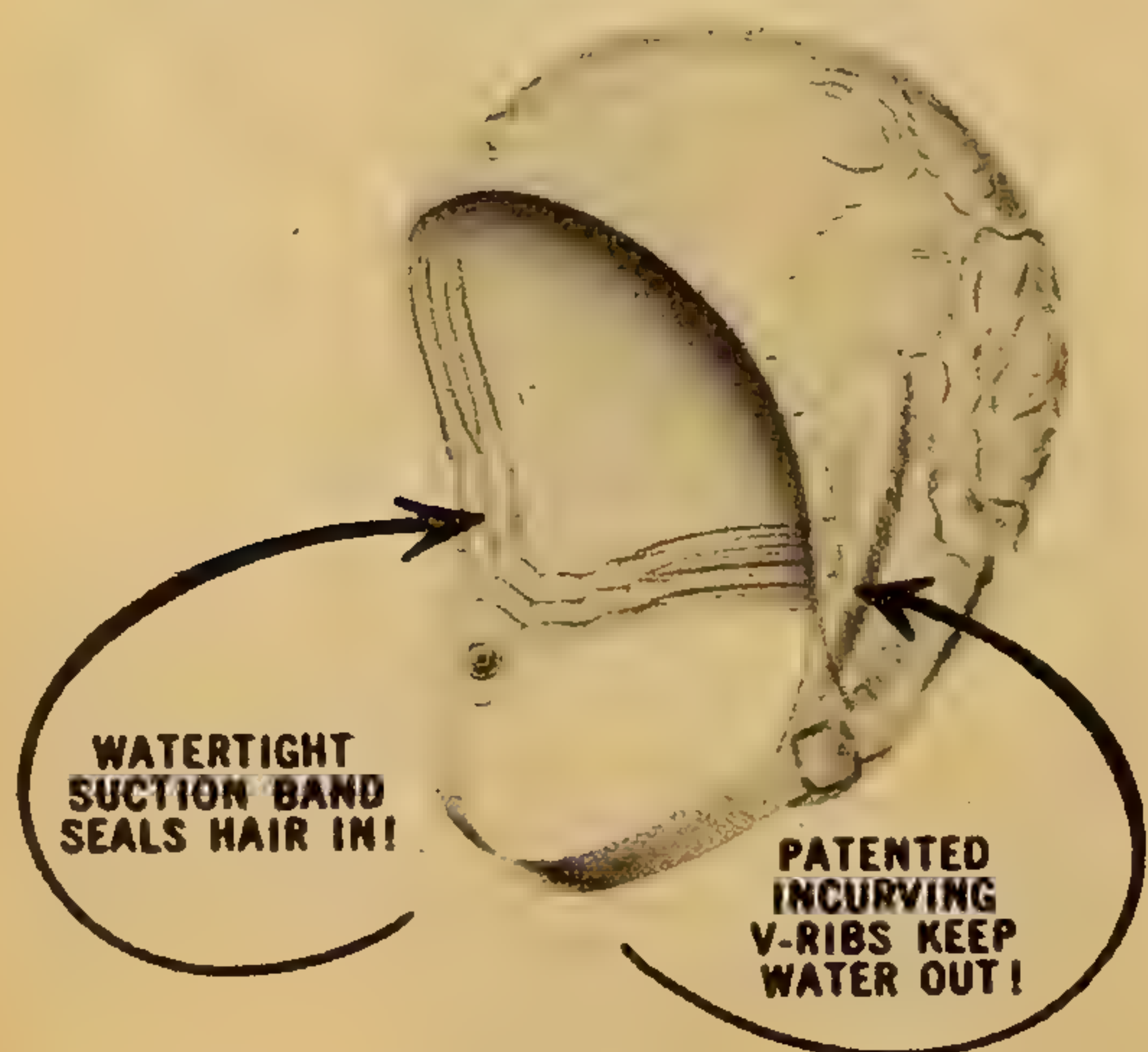
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a son two months before, and Bill had written his brother that the child would be named Peter Westfield in honor of Bob, whose middle name was Westfield.

Although many actors talk constantly about their own emotions, Bill cannot. He could give no tongue to his sorrow about Bob, and he finds it difficult to talk about his deep love for Ardis and the children.

Even in matters that don't touch him so deeply, Bill is less than garrulous.

When he won his first Academy Award for his superb performance in *Stalag 17*, he was asked how it felt. "Lucky," he said.

"Where'd you get the name Holden?" he was asked. Bill's real name is Beedle.

"A newspaperman," Bill answered. "Took it from him."

Asked to describe his courtship of Ardis, Bill's answer is usually something like, "Who cares about that?"

A studio publicity agent, once assigned to Holden, used to ask him for news every few days. Bill would always smile and shrug his shoulders to signify that there was nothing new—whereupon the publicity agent began to call him "the mystery man."

Bill is by nature unassuming, modest and unobtrusive, so unobtrusive in fact, that in 1951 after he had been in the movies thirteen years and had made some thirty films, the theatre-owners of America voted him their second choice as "star of tomorrow!"

Billy Wilder, who directed Holden in *Sunset Boulevard* and *Stalag*, has a ready explanation for Bill's sedateness.

"He is interested in his performance," Wilder points out. "Not his publicity."

Another reason relatively little is known of Bill's personality is that he has never lived any of his life in the headlines.

"Things happen to me all right," Bill says, "but since they're never tinged with scandal, thank the Lord, they never make the papers."

BILL MARRIED the only girl ever linked with him in the gossip columns. He never took out many girls in Hollywood. Never had the time. Never had the dough.

In 1939 after he made a hit in *Golden Boy*, he took a house in the Hollywood Hills with Hugh McMullan, the dialogue director on the picture.

Hugh offered to get Bill a date with Brenda Marshall, a girl he had known in New York who was then under contract to Warner Brothers.

"Are you crazy?" Bill asked. "She's married."

"She's separated," Hugh explained. "And besides she's a really wonderful girl."

"Skip it," Holden said. "I'll stay home and read a book."

A few weeks later Bill was loaned out to Warner Brothers to co-star with George Raft in *Invisible Stripes*. Second day on the lot he ran into Brenda Marshall.

"Hugh McMullan," he began. "He's a friend of mine. That is, we live together. And we were wondering—well."

"Yes," Brenda helped out, "you were wondering what?"

"We were wondering," Bill asked, "if you'd care to take dinner with us one night."

"I'd be delighted," said Brenda, who was then earning \$750 a week.

That's how it began. It moved along at a rapid pace.

Bill and Brenda fell in love. They wanted to get married immediately, but it took twenty-one months for Brenda to work out her divorce from director Richard Gaines and to obtain custody of her daughter Virginia, now sixteen.

During this time, Bill took his girl to the movies and to dine at drive-ins and the most inexpensive restaurants in town. Bill wasn't earning much money, and al-

though the girl complained, he refused "to go Dutch on our dates."

THE HOLDENS were finally married on July 13, 1941, and nine months later Bill volunteered and was assigned to the Air Force Training Command. He remained in the service four years, but he was able to see Ardis on furloughs. She agreed to retire when the war was over and Bill had re-established himself.

Seven years ago when Ardis gave birth to a second son, Bill, whose contract was still split between Columbia and Paramount, started asking for better roles.

"If I can't get them around here," he pleaded, "please loan me out."

That's exactly what the studios did. They sent Bill over to RKO for *Rachel And The Stranger*, to 20th Century for *Apartment For Peggy*, and then they began to realize that their boy-from-next-door had developed into quite an actor.

Bill was given a lead in *Sunset Boulevard*, nominated for an Academy Award, the lead in *Born Yesterday*, which won the Academy Award for Judy Holliday, and then two years ago, Paramount offered him a fourteen-year contract and the right to make one outside picture a year.

Bill hopes to set up his own independent company for these outside pictures and to make the first one with Audrey Hepburn, with whom he co-starred in *Sabrina*.

Bill Holden is popular with his fellow-actors, high praise in Hollywood. He has been elected vice president of the Screen Actors Guild, and whenever the group wants someone to speak for them, the honor falls to Holden.

Bill owns a large collection of guns, but when he goes hunting with Brian Donlevy or Richard Carlson he comes back empty-handed, although he's a crack shot.

Brian Donlevy likes to tell about the time he and Bill went hunting for coyotes.

"I explained to Holden," Donlevy says, "that the best way to shoot coyotes was first to shoot a wild burro. We'd stake out the burro. Then when the coyotes came to scavenge, we'd let 'em have it."

"Bill agreed and we took off for Death Valley one weekend. You wanna know something? We must've seen at least a half dozen wild burros. Only Holden didn't have the heart to shoot one of 'em!"

"Neither did Donlevy," Bill said later. "He should talk!"

MOST HOLLYWOOD actors wandered onto the scene by accident. Not Bill. Besides his Air Force duty, acting is the only profession he's ever known—and he loves to work. Because of that he gets more work than he can handle. In the last two years he has made *Turning Point*, *Stalag 17*, *Escape From Ft. Bravo*, *Forever Female*, *The Moon Is Blue*, *Executive Suite*, *The Bridges At Toko-Ri*, *Sabrina* and *Country Girl*. No wonder he was tired the night he won his Academy Award.

He had worked all that day with Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly on *Country Girl*, and he just made it to the Academy Theatre. When he and Ardis got home that night, Bill flopped into an easy chair. Ardis covered her husband with a blanket, and Bill slept the whole night sitting up.

IN THE MORNING he was awakened by children's voices. He looked around and a bunch of neighborhood kids were in the room with him. Peter Holden, ten, was showing off the Oscar.

"See this?" he asked proudly. "My dad got it for being good."

Bill smiled, drew the blanket over his head, and closed his eyes, sleeping the sleep of those fortunate few who are blessed with accomplishment, love and peace of mind. **END**

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RICHARD HUDNUT

I believe

(Continued from page 47) pattern of conduct I must follow in my existence, and I don't suppose it is necessary to say that it also applies to my faith and the manner in which I practice it. I never think of myself as a pious man. Yet in my heart is belief fostered in the home in which I was born.

Everyone, I think, has some pattern of life which is best for him and wisest to follow. When he deviates from it something, I suppose it is conscience, tells him about it. The governing instinct is the feeling of well-being that fills us when we know we are living as we should. I was only a small boy when I first realized this. I don't suppose I will forget it if I live to be ninety-nine years old.

I LIVED IN Bakersfield, California, when I was nine years old and I had some cousins who lived just out of town. On Sundays we would visit, and sometimes we played ball. One such day, when the game was over I slipped the ball—their ball—into my pocket and said nothing about it. I knew I was stealing it, all right. I practically started to get sick the second I did it.

That night when we got home I felt so horribly guilty that I threw the ball into a corn field just to get rid of it—and rid of my guilty feeling, I guess. But when I went to sleep I started to dream about it; I dreamed I could see the ball lying next to some weeds in the field, and then I awoke. It was more than I could stand. I went to my father and told him all about it.

He got out of bed, we went into the field, and there I found the ball next to some weeds, just as I had seen it in my dream. My father started the car and we drove to my cousins' right then and there and I returned the ball. I will never forget the weight that untangled itself from around my heart and dropped off.

At Dubrow's dinery some cats were skinning an actress who's getting married for the steeeeenth time. "Her trouble," one sighed, "is that she just can't be faithful to any one guy." "Oh I don't know," interrupted Betty Reilly, "she's had the same lawyer for all her divorces!"

Hy Gardner in
The Herald Tribune

I suppose that some people either have little or no conscience, or can turn a deaf ear to it. I think I knew kids like this. I can remember one who, when we were both about ten or so, wanted to let me in on a great scheme. He had found a way of sneaking into the church vestry unseen and he suggested that we steal the money from the collection plates on Sunday morning immediately after the offering.

By this time I was pretty well set on the sort of life I had to follow in order to be able to live with myself and stealing church money was not on the list. My declining didn't bother him nor did he give up the scheme; come Sunday he got away with \$70, mostly in small coin.

A little detective work involving a check-up on which boys who belonged to the church were not at service at the time, and a further inquiry as to which of these had suddenly become prosperous, ended with the Bakersfield police force triumphant and my pal quite rump-sore. But only a couple of days passed, it seemed to me, before he was ready with new ways and means of breaking the law.

YOU'RE EITHER one kind or the other. I couldn't be the way he was, and for a fellow who was going to continue stealing

3 different methods!



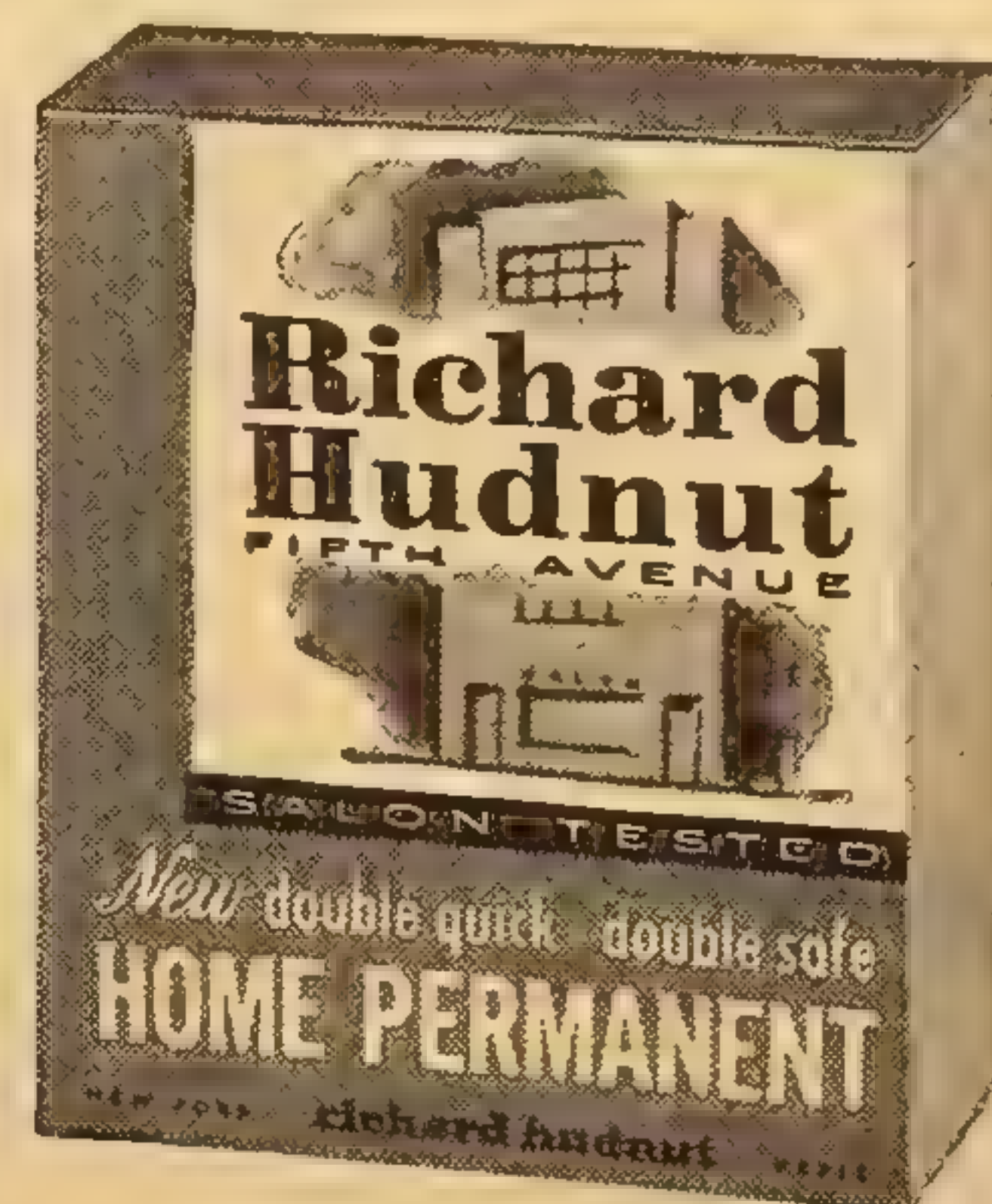
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\$1.50 plus tax

RICHARD HUDNUT



FATHERS AND SONS

*It's a wise child
who has Ty Power or
John Wayne for his dad!*

■ When *The Long Gray Line* started rolling at Columbia, John Wayne stopped by to wish good luck to his son.

Patrick Wayne plays a cadet in his second screen role. His first was with his father in *The Quiet Man*. Whether or not the boy will make a career of acting remains to be seen, but he is always hanging around the set when his dad is working—listening, studying, learning.

Present at the meeting of the Waynes was Tyrone Power, star of *The Long Gray Line*. When Tyrone was Patrick's age, his own father, Tyrone Power, Sr., was also working in pictures. Tyrone, Jr., was eager to follow in his father's footsteps—on the stage—but his father advised against it. The thing for a young actor to do at that time, he believed, was to make a place for himself on the screen. He was confident his son could become a star.

To point up his argument, Power, Sr., writing from the location of *The Big Trail*, described the cast and added, "and there is John Wayne, a tall, good-looking youth who has never before been in pictures. But he is ideal for the part of the hero and will be a great success. His future, I should think, is assured."

A few months later, Tyrone, Sr., collapsed on the set of *The Miracle Man*. Early next morning he died in his son's arms. That was December 30, 1931.

Mr. Power's judgment has been sustained. Both Tyrone Power and John Wayne have fulfilled his prophecy.

probably it was just as well he wasn't like me!

I may be giving the impression that my reason for staying on the straight and narrow was my fear of getting caught. This is not the way it works out with me, I am certain. I know that in any wrong-doing I am hurting the other man. That seems to stop me more than the knowledge that I may be punished if caught. My punishment would start the moment I had done my deed and getting caught would have nothing to do with it. I remember taking some eggs from a grocery store and throwing them at someone's house. Later on I was nabbed for it, but I know I felt worse thinking of the mess I had caused someone else than I felt after my guilt was established and I was "messed up" myself.

It happened that in my parents' home there was a strict regard for what was good and what was evil; my father and mother were Baptists who subscribed fully, even intently, to every tenet of their church. Their way was the only way I knew from earliest memory and what they thought and did seemed right to me. One rule which I followed without question may be of interest in view of the kind of work I am now doing; none of us as children was permitted to go to Sunday movies and I was never inside a theatre on a Sunday until after I was seventeen years old.

It goes without saying that while other kids did go to movies on a Sunday I was in church. I didn't mind it much and I think the reason was not that I was naturally pious or anything like that, but that the custom was iron-bound; you didn't even discuss breaking it. I have always felt that a young child feels more secure if he has a definite program of life to follow, one which is laid out for him and from which he can't deviate, than he does if he is allowed to feel that he can choose what to do. He doesn't want that much responsibility yet and he senses that guiding a life as important as he feels his own to be is really a responsibility!

I DON'T SUPPOSE that my relationship to the church today is as close and uncompromising as my parents'. No man can measure his piety, nor should he, perhaps; but the faith into which I was born is the faith that I understand best and rely on. I pray as I was taught to pray, and I have always felt that my prayers have been recognized if not answered directly.

I have a pretty positive attitude towards religion. And more than this, I carry through with this attitude in my everyday life—I have no truck with negative views.

If, for instance, I have to meet someone—a producer or studio head, perhaps—in regard to some arrangement affecting my career, I always expect that we will get along well and that I will be treated fairly. I do not change this feeling even when, as they sometimes do, friends warn me that I am dealing with a particularly aggressive individual and will find myself on the losing end if I don't keep on my toes every second. In almost every case I have found myself treated well if I have expected good treatment. I have a sneaking hunch that if I were worried about getting cheated that is exactly what would happen.

This confidence that all will turn out for the best is something a fellow can use around Hollywood where so many things happen (or the printed gossip says they will happen) to confuse you.

If all the pictures I read I was in were actually filmed with me in the cast I would probably be the most often-seen actor in the business. If all the companies I was supposed to be with had actually signed me I would be working in no less than three studios at a time—most of the time. I never said or did most of the things I'm credited with. I wouldn't have had time

for anything else! If this sounds all mixed up then you are beginning to get the general idea of the atmosphere around here.

To make it worse these reports about your work aren't the only kind that fly up about you; there are the more personal ones to upset you unless you learn to save yourself the headache of worrying about them by eliminating them from your mind. Before my marriage columnists had me romantically identified with actresses I had never even met. They would tie me up with one, and when this association proved to be obviously without foundation, they would merrily trot out another girl—and again a stranger, or at least no more than a casual friend—with whom I was supposed to be hunting full moons to sit under. And, of course, when I did get married, the experts really went to town.

Well, our marriage didn't go well. But I think both of us would have suffered a great deal more than we have if we had not learned to ignore negative stories about ourselves. If I am bothered at all by such stories today it is because the columnists always feel they have to place the blame for every marriage that fails. I do resent any such outside judgments. Equally, when they absolve me of any fault and imply that the fault is my wife's, I resent them. No one knows the situation but the principals in such a case—and no one else should know or pretend to know. When two people are immersed in personal difficulties of this kind, outside opinions delivered without any real knowledge of what is involved can be very cruel.

Something else I was taught as a youngster was to be resourceful, to make do with what I had when I couldn't get what I wanted. I mention this because I think the idea of it stems from the humility with which my people faced their Maker and their destiny on earth.

My father was a mechanic in the railroad shops in Bakersfield. He wasn't a rich man; he was better than just rich, he was a contented man. By this attitude he showed his sons and his daughter that life was worth the effort and that one didn't need much material bolstering to be spiritually happy, that is, to be really happy.

THIS TEACHING has been invaluable to me in so many ways; in small ways and in big ways. When I wanted a bow and arrow as a child I didn't have to have the fancy one hung in the window of the sporting goods store downtown. I made me a crude one out of a tamarack branch with arrow weeds for arrows and I was really happy. When I wanted to make good as an actor in Hollywood and didn't catch on it didn't have to be that or nothing. I was not only willing to learn my business all over, but I had fun doing it.

Now, to go back to my boyhood for a moment—after my tamarack and arrow weed archery my grandmother in New Mexico sent me a real Indian bow and arrow when I was twelve, and it meant more to me because I was now trained in its use. Similarly, when I found myself again recognized as a top picture star by the studios after some lean years, the time I had spent in going over acting fundamentals in tv and lesser pictures helped me to really take advantage of this second opportunity. In each case when I didn't get what I wanted I could have been so hurt as to do something foolish and really spoil my chances. I refused to let it mean that much to me and, curiously enough, I am getting a lot out of my career now because I was willing to accept so little before.

I might make one more point about my dependence on honesty as a sort of guide rail in everything I do. There isn't any business as crazy as the movie business is (or can get at times) and it takes all a fellow has to keep himself sane and well

balanced. If you are susceptible to flattery, for instance—well, you're done. Because they can sure hand it out here.

Furthermore, flattery comes in unsuspected ways. *The Charge At Feather River* was my first "A" picture in eight years, but it turned out to be a huge success at the box office. For my second picture, *The Command*, the studio made big plans to assure another success. When I got the script I realized the writer had put in some mighty fine scenes for the character I was to play. They were great.

The temptation to play them was strong but I knew in my heart that I wasn't the man the writer had in mind when he wrote them and I couldn't live up to his hopes. Unless I could be myself in my part I wouldn't be much of anything. I told the producers and the writer this and I made sure to explain that it wasn't the writer's fault, it was the fact that he was stuck with a guy like me. They understood, and with a few changes I was able to play my role and be a lot more believable in it.

MY PARTICULAR DEFENSE against developing too much ego as an actor is to keep seeing myself as the small-town boy I was when I arrived in Hollywood, and to keep telling myself that essentially I *am* that boy and not much more. Any time I get too far away from the sort of fellow he is I am making a mistake.

Too many odd things can happen here for a fellow to lose his head over himself. One night I remember leaving Los Angeles on a Southern Pacific train bound for Dallas, Texas, to attend the world premiere of *Texas, Brooklyn And Heaven*. I was a star in that picture so I had me a fine bedroom on the train. But that's all I had. In my pocket was thirty-five cents and in my stomach was the hunger of all time. If a porter hadn't come to my rescue with a loan of five dollars I would have eaten the fancy cowboy boots I had brought along in my bag—I was young enough.

Yes, something had gone wrong with the arrangements. But the point is that something can always go wrong, not only with the arrangements about a train trip, but with your whole trip through life. Against such eventuality a fellow needs to know that his faith in his ultimate, his spiritual future is so strong that he will be able to ride out any kind of trouble. It's wonderful how much more secure you feel to know this about yourself! **END**

the heart is everything

(Continued from page 31) Unwilling to disrupt their lives more than absolutely necessary, Mom kept the big nine-room flat that had always been home, and went to work. If they were shorter on cash, they were longer on freedom. Nobody now to keep Doris from spinning her platters, and whirling like a young dervish all over the house. Once, as she broke into song, Paul pricked up his ears. "Hey! Maybe you should make with the pipes instead of the feet." Cherishing this rare tribute from an older brother, she paid it no further mind. Dancing was what came naturally, and her feet might be her fortune. That's what they said at Hessler's Dancing School. That's what they said at school and church affairs, where she teamed up with Jerry Doherty. With Jerry she entered the contest staged by a local department store and they waltzed off with first prize—five hundred bucks. This windfall, their mothers decided, must be used for the children. What better use than to further their careers, what better place than Hollywood? Westward they traveled and reaped a small triumph. Im-

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pressed by the kids' comedy routines, Fanchon & Marco booked them for a series of summer shows. In high fettle, they returned to Cincinnati and school, practically professionals. A little more wrestling with stuff like algebra, a little more growing up and they'd be on their way.

A FORMER CLASSMATE who'd moved to the nearby town of Hamilton asked Doris over. A boy friend was coming with another boy to take them for a drive. The boys were cute, the moon was full, the evening lovely—until they reached the unguarded tracks, and from out of the peaceful night saw doom descending in the headlights of a fast freight. For a split second, for an eternity, they sat in frozen horror. Then it hit—ripped the hood away, dragged them a block and a half, came at length to a shuddering halt. Only the front of the car had crossed one rail—by which slim margin they escaped.

"Multiple leg fractures," the doctors told her mother. "She may never walk again. She may be crippled for life." With Doris they handled the facts more gingerly, but she was a girl who could read between evasions. So she lay alone, weeping for her shattered body and the dreams shattered with it.

As the slow months passed, however, as she moved from hospital to home, from bed to crutches, hope and resilient spirit took over. Unable to make with the feet, she made with the pipes—mostly to release her thwarted energies. Mom and Paul put their heads together, the result being a casual call from a friend who happened to teach singing. Casually, he asked Doris to perform. Feeling silly, she did. He said she was a natural. He said she had rhythm and feeling. He thought maybe they should work on her range a little. "You think he's kidding?" she inquired after he'd gone. "Why should he bother?" shrugged Mom, and went in to fix dinner. From the kitchen a few minutes later she heard the strains of "Tea For Two," which was normal, followed by another sound which wasn't. Her daughter beating out a jubilant tap routine on crutches.

Not until fourteen months after the accident could Doris navigate under her own steam, but she made the time count. At the same local shindigs where her hoofing had once drawn applause, she now hobbled up to sing, and professionals took note. Danny Engel, song plugger, boosted her to Grace Raine, WLW's voice coach, who offered to iron out the rough spots in her style. Providentially, Doris discarded the crutches just as Barney Rapp prepared to open *Sign Of The Drum* and called Miss Raine at the radio station. "Got anyone ready for bandwork, Grace?"

"Sure thing," said Grace with nary a quiver. "Name of Doris Kappelhoff—"

"The name I can't use, the girl maybe I can. Will you send her over?"

She sang "Day After Day," and just like that he hired her. "Now about this name—"

"Means something like churchyard," she told him helpfully.

"And that's where it belongs—"

"'Day After Day' was lucky for me, Mr. Rapp. How about Doris Day?"

So she made her professional bow—a slim, freckled girl with corn-colored hair and cornflower eyes. No beauty, but her smile broke like sunlight, radiating friendliness, and her voice held the same quality of warmth, as if she were singing straight to each hearer's heart. The customers liked her. They liked her well enough to pump up her courage. Greatly daring, she cut a record of "The Wind And The Rain In Your Hair," sent it to Bob Crosby, then at the Blackhawk in Chicago, tucked a note inside. "I love your band, I would like to sing with you." The answering wire came

TO EACH HIS OWN

The lean years left MacDonald Carey with a few amazing habits!

■ With all the delicacies he has to choose from, MacDonald Carey's favorite food is peanut butter and onion—that's right, raw onion—sandwiches. Carey invented the combination when he was a struggling Broadway actor, doing research on the cheapest foods available in bulk with the highest nutritional value.

"You can live indefinitely on nothing else," says Carey. "It's a solitary life, but a healthy one." The onions cut the clinging taste of the peanut butter, and the peanut butter cuts the tang of the onions. "I used to have a small room in New York—just a bed, a chest of drawers, a sack of onions and a big tin of peanut butter that doubled as a stool," Carey continued, "and my outlay for



food was under two dollars a week until the cost of bread went up."

Carey is back in New York, following production of *Fire Over Africa* which was filmed in Spain with Maureen O'Hara. Co-starred with Kitty Carlisle in the Broadway smash hit *Anniversary Waltz*, he now lives off the fat of the land with a superb French cook quartered in his kitchen.

Back in the pantry, under the truffles, *escargots* and *pate de foie gras* is a fifty-pound tin of peanut butter. He still likes it.

while she was at work. Mom phoned her. "It's signed Bob Crosby!"

"Yes, but what does it say? Stay home?"

"Now you know he's too smart to say that! He says, 'Come right up—'"

FROM CROSBY to Fred Waring to Les Brown and a ballad called "Sentimental Journey" which rocked the juke-set and spread the name of Doris Day from coast to coast. Only by that time she was Doris Jorden, housewife.

In later years she said: "Twice I loved madly. Insanity's the word for it—blind, starry-eyed worship." Not yet eighteen, inexperienced, romantic, impulsive, she gave her heart to Al Jorden, trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey, and retired to domesticity in a cottage on Cincinnati's Price Hill. As blithely as she'd set out to sing, she quit. Both instinct and training told her that, married, you devote yourself to your husband. What's an empty career compared to the glory of love? An eager, earnest bride, she proceeded to tackle the range with indifferent results. At ten she'd start cooking. At six she'd hover over Al with her mouth open. "Is it good?" No matter how the meat loaf tasted, the marriage turned sour. No alibi kid, she insists that the blame lay as much with her as with him. Nor could she regret the union which gave her Terry. The year after insanity struck she divorced Jorden and asked the manager of WLW for a job. He gaped. "But, Doris, you're bigtime now. We can't pay you more than sustaining rates—sixty-four a week minus taxes—" "I need the money," she said.

Money was soon replaced by another problem. It took only the news that Day

was again for hire to bring bandleaders flocking. But bandwork meant the road and separation from Terry. Emotions torn, she finally took the long view, signed with Les Brown, left her baby with Mom, and fared forth to seek security for them all. Whenever the outfit worked within hailing distance of home, Mom and Terry joined her, and for a while her hungry arms would be filled.

AT THE RIPE AGE of twenty-two, she met George Weidler, playing sax for Stan Kenton in New York, and Cupid fitted a second dart to his bow. Though one marriage had flopped, her illusions remained intact, her nature turned trustfully toward the sun of love. Besides, this was different, this was the true flame, the man predestined. Again she quit her job, this time to travel with her husband. Bookings landed them in Hollywood, the housing emergency landed them in a trailer. Anything was fine with Doris as long as she had George. She had him for a fast year.

Even when he pulled out with the band, leaving her behind to nurse the trailer, she refused to admit more than a passing cloud on their happiness. If he seemed moody at times, aren't we all? If he seemed to be drifting away, she was just over-sensitive. If they quarreled, they always made up, and the first year is the hardest. She loved him better than when she'd married him, and love conquers all. Having spent her first anniversary with loneliness, virus X and budget nightmares, she accepted a month's engagement from New York's *Little Club*.

The story has been told, and by no one more movingly than Doris. "Once I sang

a love song in a nightclub with the tears running down my face. Because I'd lost a love that was very important to me. I told myself I'd given that love everything. I told myself I'd never love again." In her dressingroom she'd picked up a letter in the cherished handwriting. Unsuspecting, she opened it. The blow fell on a wholly vulnerable heart. George felt the whole thing had been a big fat mistake. It wasn't her fault, she'd been swell, he was sorry, and couldn't they be friends?

In the midst of her crumbling world came a knock at the door. "Ready, Miss Day?" Like a puppet on strings, she walked out to do her job, and did it—after a fashion. The audience stirred uneasily as a sob caught in her throat, the blue eyes welled and the tears flowed while she sang *This Love Of Mine* to the bitter end.

In four weeks she lost ten pounds. It was a crushed and miserable girl who returned to Hollywood, got rid of the trailer, moved to the Roosevelt Hotel. She and George had agreed on no divorce yet. Lawyers cost money. Neither contemplated re-marriage. Maybe deep down a spark of hope still lived. If so, it flickered too feebly to lighten her grief.

ONE DAY AL LEVY called her. "Meet me at nine tomorrow. We're due at Warners—"

"What for?"

"To see Mike Curtiz about a movie—"

"You're crazy, Al—"

"So I'm crazy, so meet me anyway—"

When you have an agent, you go along with his notions, crazy or otherwise. She was grateful to Al. With Marty Melcher and Dick Dorso, he owned Century Artists and from "Sentimental Journey" on, he'd been a Day booster. Because he believed in her, she signed with him, and his opening gun was an effort to sell her to Bob Hope. "Never heard of her," said Bob. "You will," Levy assured him. "When I do," cracked Robert, "bring her around." It would have been great to sing on the Hope show. Any job would be welcome. But *movies!* Movies took people who looked like Hedy LaMarr, who could act like Bette Davis. This would have been a laugh if she'd felt like laughing.

Meanwhile Mike Curtiz brooded over a snarl called *Romance On The High Seas*. With visions of borrowing Betty Hutton, he'd sent her the script. She called back to rave. "We're in business, Mike." Ten minutes later her agent called, unnerved. "I don't know, maybe she's got a hole in the head. *Why?! Because she's pregnant.* Till her baby comes, she couldn't work for a king. Including you." Wherefore Mike held his throbbing head in his hands. A million-dollar musical needs a million-dollar star. If not Hutton, then who? His buzzer rang. "Al Levy's here to see you with a girl singer."

"Tell him I'm busy."

For two hours he knocked himself out getting nowhere, then decided that food might generate an idea. In the outer office Levy jumped up. "Mike, this is Doris Day."

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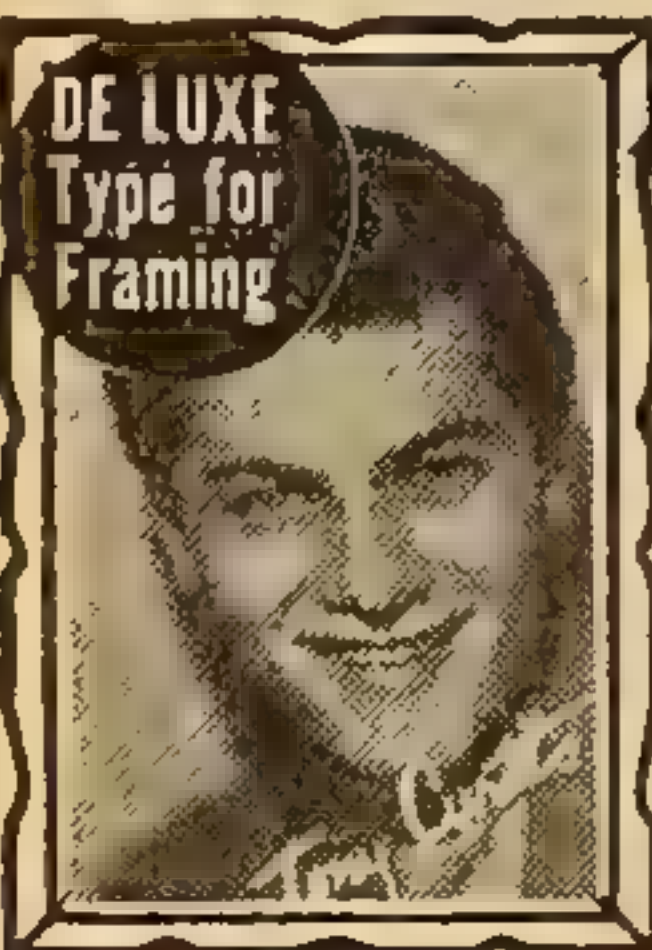
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"Not now," he started, but there the girl stood, so he looked. In his own words: "A look costs you nothing. Often it pays much. I am used to artificial girls with lips rouged. This one looks nice and real. Her hair has a western windblown something. She also looks sad. I like her. I invite them inside. I ask her about experience. Usually, you listen for an hour how they understudied Cornell, how they just missed a Broadway hit. 'Nothing,' she says. 'In school, when I was nine years old, I played a duck.' Out of my eye I see Levy starts to sweat, he thinks she doesn't sell me but her honesty sells me. She is sexy, too, but in an unsexy way. Her sex sneaks up on you. 'If you feel sad,' I say, 'sing me a sad song.' She sings a song not so sad, 'Embraceable You.' The voice is good, but the heart is everything. I tell them, 'We'll test.'"

The tests run, he communed with himself in the dark projection room. "Mike, you need courage. Go ahead and gamble with the company's million dollars." But he staked his own reputation, too, by putting her under personal contract—a contract later sold to Warner Brothers.

WITHIN TWO WEEKS Doris was facing the cameras. To her, the whole business seemed unreal. She'd written her mother about the tests. "I don't know what'll happen, but I'm not going to worry. If it's meant to be, it will be." Such was her state of confusion that, phoning a few days later, she was about to hang up when Mom asked, "What about the movies?"

"Oh, I forgot. I signed a seven-year contract."

Which doesn't mean that she underrated her fabulous break. But a seven-year contract, with options, sounds grander than it is, since the studio can drop you at the end of any six months. Not till *Romance* and its fresh young singing star hit with a major wallop, did Doris feel any security under her feet. And once the rains came, they fell in a golden deluge. "It's Magic" climbed and crossed the million mark. Bob Hope called Levy. "Why didn't you tell me about Doris Day?"

"You wouldn't listen."

"Well, I'm listening now."

"Now it'll cost you."

"Now she's worth it," groaned Hope, and Doris became featured vocalist on his show. Three years after Curtiz took his calculated plunge, she entered the magic circle of Hollywood's ten top moneymakers.

Her professional triumphs are written in the history of records and radio, in a roll call of pictures down through *Calamity Jane* and *Lucky Me*. The coming of Terry and Mom eased her private hurts. In the warmth of home created by her mother, she was at last living under the same roof with her six-year-old, and her first objective was to woo him without disturbing his closeness to the Nana they both loved. Nana helped. When, by long habit, he turned to her, she'd refer him elsewhere. "Whatever your mother says is right." As for Doris, she took it step by patient step, respected his individuality, refrained from over-demonstration, grinned "Hi!" when she wanted to cry "Darling!" One day he popped in with a skinned knee and ran to her, instead of Nana, for comfort. She bathed the knee, kissed him, sent him out to play and sat smiling to herself like a freckled mandarin.

But mother and son, however dear, couldn't fill her life. A career certainly couldn't. "When you're not married," she stated flatly, "you're lonely." To escape loneliness, she took a brief spin on the Hollywood merry-go-round, and dropped off with the taste of ashes in her mouth. Financial security wasn't happiness, success bore no relation to peace. These she

found through two men. One had been her husband, one was her husband-to-be.

She met George to discuss their divorce, which wasn't filed till eighteen months after they separated. As they talked, she watched him with growing wonder. He was a man with quiet eyes who had exchanged tensions for serenity, irresolution for strength. "Something has happened to you!"

"Yes," he agreed. "Would you like me to tell you about it?"

His way toward inner harmony had led through Christian Science. In that crucial hour, he revealed a new attitude of the spirit which she'd never thought possible to him. At first she listened incredulously, then with mounting eagerness. He told her where to go for guidance. Before long the philosophy of Christian Science captured her, gave her life fresh meaning. Everyone seeks his own road to God. Through one channel or another, Doris' questing soul would have found hers in the end. She found it sooner because of George Weidler.

"Some day I'll meet the right man," she prophesied, "and he won't be a man who smites me off my feet. I've been smitten!"

MARTY MELCHER didn't smite her, nor did she perform any like service for him. Transacting most of her business with Al Levy, she'd seen his partner around—tall, dark, withdrawn—reportedly heading for divorce from Patti Andrews. Too bad, thought Doris, and dismissed it, a girl who's all for minding her own affairs.

The first date wasn't a date. To Melcher, it loomed as a pain in the neck. "I've been called out of town," Levy told him. "Will you take Doris Day to her broadcast tonight, see that everything goes smoothly?" Hooked, Marty canceled his plans as any agent must for a profitable client, saw the job through, prepared to drive the girl home. "I'm hungry," she said, without ulterior motive. "I'm hungry," is her theme song. Day or night, she craves food as though she'd been starved from birth.

They stopped in for a snack. Under her native friendliness, Marty thawed a little. He found this blonde Miss Huckleberry Finn (as she'd been tagged by her fans) easy to talk to. He found himself wanting to talk to her again, so he asked her to dinner. As dates multiplied and Hollywood linked their names, both scoffed, "It's just business." Maybe they thought so. Maybe, having been burned, they pushed away tenderer possibilities. Maybe they were just kidding themselves. In any case, Doris began leaning on him for services beyond the call of duty. "Marty, can you come over? The faucet's leaking." Mom started timing meals for his arrival. Terry shoved his chair so close that the other could barely bend an elbow. "What are you doing that for?" Doris asked.

"Because I like him."

According to Mom, it was the family doctor who opened her eyes. "Cardiac condition there," he commented, as fair head and dark vanished into the den with papers to sign. "And a good thing, too. He's the sort she ought to marry."

"Marry? Why, he's here on business!"

"I bet!" chuckled the medic.

THE roots of trust and friendship grew deep before love flowered—or before they acknowledged it to the world. "We're not engaged," caroled Dodo. "Nobody planned, nobody promised anything. We're just in love. We're just going to be married as soon as we can." This announcement was preceded by a confab with Terry. You don't bring husbands into a boy's home without finding out how the boy stands, as if Doris didn't know. That night he opened the door to Marty with a flour-

ish and spoke the words of the pure in heart. "Welcome, my intended father!" Her decree became final in June, 1950, his the following February. Waiting till she finished *On Moonlight Bay*, they picked her birthday, April 3, for sentimental reasons, and a Burbank justice of the peace to tie the knot simply. If Mom hadn't shoed them out, they'd have skipped a honeymoon trip altogether. Lured by home and Terry, they docked it to a couple of days. Once formalities could be cleared, Marty adopted Doris' son as his own. Terry couldn't be bothered with formalities. The day after the wedding, he wrote his new name large and proud on his spelling paper.

This is the sound marriage Doris hungered for in her teens and at last achieved. Gone is the fever. They're homebodies, confining their social activities to a circle of intimates. "When you don't drink, know any gossip or care about hearing same, what's to do at a party?" she demands. "I've had it," he counterpoints. "I'd rather look at my wife in blue jeans than any showgirl in sequins, and no entertainer can top Terry for my dough." Any man and wife must make adjustments to each other. Urbane, articulate Marty sticks them where they belong. "If you're adult, minor differences don't annoy you. It's the old story of the toothpaste cap. If it's off, let it stay off. Who cares?"

Both offer capsule explanations of their happiness. Says Melcher: "The principle behind marriage is closeness. Doris and I have a talent for staying close. She insists on it and I like it."

Says Doris: "He's my understanding husband and my favorite friend."

He's her boss now, too. In June she starts *Yankee Doodle Girl* for Martin Melcher Productions, releasing through Warner Brothers. There's a segment of Hollywood, smaller than you think, which enjoys sniping. Behind their hands they buzz that Doris got him the job, refusing to sign a new contract otherwise. As anyone who knows Melcher will confirm, this is the bunk. An astute operator long before Day ever dawned on his horizon, he has neither the need nor the make-up to ride anywhere on anybody's coattails. He's a solid citizen and Warners got as good as they gave.

MUCH HAS also been made of her recent illness. It was quite simple. Like thousands of women yearly, she underwent surgery for the removal of a benign tumor. Till the tissue is analyzed, benignancy can't be 100% determined. We dare say other thousands suffered just such an emotional shock as hers. Not being movie stars, the limelight left them to deal with their nerves in private. For Doris, still another complicating factor entered. Her faith advocates healing through prayer. Doctors insisted on surgery. In the end she bowed to their judgment, but the conflict tore at her. If during this period, Marty stood like a bulldog between her and the curious, what husband wouldn't? If she conserved her energy while making *Lucky Me*, she showed great good sense. On April 3 they celebrated her birthday and their third anniversary at Palm Springs, and Doris splurged on six evening gowns, indicating that her health and spirits are fine. On which pleasant note, it's pleasant to leave her.

With one added word. Life has given her plenty, including a bunch of hard knocks. Good luck never spoiled her; bad luck never soured her. Through both she kept her vision of warmth, clung to the human and ethical values which are richer than stardom. It happens in glamourland as elsewhere, but you've got to be equipped. As Mike Curtis once said, "The heart is

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FOUR BIG SECTIONS



1. MANNERS FOR TEENS

Chapter headings: GETTING ACQUAINTED, PARENTS AND BEAUX AND YOU, IT'S A DATE, THERE ARE DATES AND DATES, WHAT ABOUT WALLFLOWERS?, PROM-TROTTER, IT'S A GIFT, ON THE JOB, VISITING FIREMEN GOING STEADY, OUT OF BOUNDS, WHAT ABOUT NECKING?, "BUT EVERYBODY DRINKS," GOING PLACES.

one way to become truly popular—avoid using this word to Mom and Dad—accepted ways to meet new boys—how to introduce your date most favorably—how to draw the other person out—say this and you won't be kissed—how to pick the gift that applies—new boys will like you if you follow this rule—what to say on the phone—know the danger spot in necking—rules for the road and how much to tip

2. MANNERS FOR BRIDES

Here is the bride's story of love and hope and rules. Picture captions include: "If it isn't work—it isn't a wedding", "But the reward was this kiss—a kiss to build a life on" "And then we slipped away—and life began." Complete and authoritative day by day, rule by rule schedule for weddings is contained in Section 4.

The result of original "research" this section brings you the complete true life picture story of a new bride (pretty, too!).

3. MANNERS FOR MATRONS

Headings include: VIP'S FOR DINNER—entertaining the way you like to entertain, how to set the stage for a "party," how to draw out the boss's wife and really impress the boss without his knowing it, COME FOR COCKTAILS—bar tips, special recipes for world-famous Swedish Glogg (served piping hot) and Jon's Cold Swedish punch, COME AFTER DINNER—fight night on TV, musical evenings, sleighrides or hayrides, swing your partner, an evening of games. Prize recipes for Tuna-Mustard Pickle Sandwich, Broiled Tomato Sandwich, and Surprise Waffles. Also complete coverage on: COME FOR THE WEEKEND, CHRISTENINGS, INFORMAL—BUT SMART, FORMAL—BUT NOT STUFFY, BE NICE TO YOUR PUBLIC, LIFE CAN BE GRACIOUS, STORK SHOWERS.

entertaining the way you like to entertain, how to set the stage for a

and the biggest treat of all—so simple you don't even need an index

4. MANNERS FOR EVERY OCCASION:

STEP BY STEP, EASY TO FOLLOW, DE-

TAILED INSTRUCTIONS FOR EACH OF THESE CHAPTER HEADINGS: YOU ARE A HOSTESS—You are giving a dinner party, a lunch, a buffet, a cocktail party. You are having an afternoon tea. You are expecting house guests. YOU ARE A GUEST—You are invited to a dinner party, You are a house guest. CEREMONIES—Births, Christenings, Funerals. WEDDINGS—a complete day by day, rule by rule schedule of events: You are an engaged girl, You are setting the date, You wonder what invitation forms to use, You are preparing invitations, You prepare for ceremony (bride's family), You prepare for ceremony (groom), You are a wedding guest, You are at reception (bride). DATING—You are going to a dance, out of town, almost anywhere, You are writing a letter. THE BUSINESS WORLD—You are looking for a job, You are an executive, You are an employee. EVERYDAY MANNERS—Your casual contacts, with friends and escorts. CLOTHING—2 detailed charts: You are wondering what to wear: both women and men. TRAVEL—You are deciding when and where to go, You decide to fly, to sail, You prefer a car or bus, a train, You're at a hotel, motel. TABLE MANNERS—Don't be boorish, Don't be ignorant.

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the most fabulous story of
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marilyn

THE TRUE STORY OF MARILYN MONROE

Here it is—strictly the “inside stuff” of how Marilyn (Norma Jean Baker) went from



THE WHOLE STORY TOLD BY

SIDNEY SKOLSKY

the man who “knew her when” and saved all his interview notes for posterity. This is it . . . the undisclosed full story right from the beginning.

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25¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW WHILE THEY LAST

marilyn's life as a model

(Continued from page 43) magazines buy your pictures,” he explained, “I’ll pay you a percentage.”

MARILYN WAS quite enthusiastic about this and Potter posed her with a Dalmatian dog and then dressed her in a farmerette’s outfit and photographed her sitting on a bale of straw. He worked with another photographer, Bob Farr. He brought both Marilyn and the color photos to my office and asked if I might be interested in helping her.

When Marilyn first walked into my office and saw the bulletin boards plastered with magazine covers, she grew breathless and excited.

“Those are the prettiest girls I’ve ever seen,” she said. “Do you think I could ever, ever, get my picture on a magazine cover?”

“Of course,” I said. “You’re a natural.” Actually, Marilyn was so naive, so sweet, and so eager to succeed that my heart went out to her at once.

I told her that tuition for a three-month instruction period in the school cost \$100. I saw the look of disappointment well up in Marilyn’s eyes.

“But you don’t have to worry about that,” I quickly added. “You can work out the tuition.”

Then I began to interview the girl and jot down her measurements. In 1945, according to my records, she was a size twelve with a thirty-six-inch bust, twenty-four-inch waist, and thirty-five-inch hips. Her age I estimated at seventeen or eighteen.

Her hair is listed as “California blonde” which means that it is dark in the winter and light in the summer. I recall that it curled very close to her head, and was quite unmanageable. I knew at once that it would have to be bleached and worked on.

I asked Marilyn about her background and she confessed (again shyly), “I sing a little. That’s all.” She had no ambition at the time to become an actress, unless, of course, it was a secret desire.

SHE DID HAVE a pleasant personality, what we call an All-American girl kind of personality—cute, wholesome and respectable. There was no sultry sexiness about her except that her clothes were a little too tight across the chest. That sex build-up was to come much later, although I did realize immediately that Marilyn would never do as a fashion model.

Most fashion models are tall, sophisticated-looking and slim-chested. Marilyn was none of these.

The first day Marilyn attended classes, I knew she would do all right, because she aroused the good nature in people. She would walk in and in her cute, high voice say, “Hello, everybody.” And everybody would answer, “Hello.” There was something arresting and sincere about the girl’s personality.

When I introduced her to a photographer, she would look him straight in the eye and cling to his every word. She was sincerely eager. She made everyone she talked to feel as if he were the only guy in the world. She did this naturally without design or premeditation. It’s still her way. She’s not obsessed with herself.

A week after Marilyn enrolled in my school, a steel company called and asked for a hostess at the industrial show, a girl to be pleasant and hand out programs. The salary was ten dollars a day for nine days.

I gave the job to Marilyn. The report came back that she was excellent. When the child was paid off, you know what she did? She gave me the whole ninety dollars. Took nothing out for carfare or meals or

“This,” she said, “will take care of most of my tuition.”

I knew at once that Marilyn was a fair and honest and very fine girl, and I decided to get her as much work as I possibly could. I sent her out to audition for some Montgomery Ward catalogue work. She didn’t make the grade, but she wasn’t discouraged.

“Maybe I’ll do better next time.” That’s what she said, and those words really typified her spirit. It was upbeat all the way.

ON SEVERAL occasions I gleaned that all wasn’t going too well between her and her husband. He had come home from an overseas trip and discovered that Marilyn wasn’t the child he’d married. They probably had arguments, but Marilyn never discussed any of her personal problems.

As a youngster she’d been kicked around so much, sent from one orphanage to another, one foster home to another, that I guess she developed self-sufficiency. I’ve always admired her for that.

Most girls who attend my classes come with their mothers. They have someone behind them, someone to drive them to different jobs, a father to protect and oversee things. Marilyn had no one. Only herself.

I guess it was because of this that I took a strong interest in the girl. I concentrated on her. She gobbled up every bit of instruction. She was wonderful on hand positions, body positions, and simply great when it came to make-up. But I just couldn’t do anything with her fashion modeling, probably because of her cute figure and her walk.

When Marilyn walks her knees lock. She’s double-jointed in the knees. So she can’t relax and that is why her hips seem to sway when she stalks into a room.

Even after 20th Century-Fox signed her and gave her further instruction, the child couldn’t fashion model. I saw her when the studio loaned her out to model in a benefit fashion show at the Ambassador, and she still couldn’t make it. This was in 1948.

In 1946, however, Marilyn and I decided to do the best with what she had. Her two great photogenic virtues back then were her “cutie” figure and her face.

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS liked her. When they got an order from an advertising agency, they tried to work Marilyn into the pictures at twenty-five dollars a day.

Some of her first pictures with me were taken on location. Her hair was so frizzy that the photographer covered it with a bathing cap. The bathing suit pictures were sold to some Canadian magazines.

Marilyn’s first cover was sold to *Family Circle*. For this cover, Marilyn was posed in a pinafore holding a little lamb. Practically nothing of her figure was shown.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

On the first day of my new job at the famed Hotel Del Monte, I was more than surprised to hear screaming and shrieking. I stepped around the corner to see what was going on and got belted in the face with a pillow. With a breathless apology Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard continued their pillow fight all the way down the plush corridor. I stood there, laughing with them while they enjoyed their honeymoon.



Ernest L. Poncetta
Salinas, California

I also got her photographic jobs posing as an airline hostess and an airline passenger. The Douglas Aircraft people thought she was just fine. At this time Marilyn was working under the names of Norma Jean, Jean Norman, and Jean Dougherty.

Her husband had gone back overseas, and several men were trying to date her. But Marilyn wouldn't go out with any of them. Many of my other girls whose husbands were overseas dated several nights in the week. But not Marilyn.

When photographers offered to drive her home after a sitting, she'd hold up her key ring, jingle it, and say cutely, "I've got my own transportation." By that time she'd earned enough money to buy a jalopy.

BUT I STILL couldn't get her to bleach her hair and have it straightened. Marilyn knew that once she started the process she would have to keep it up, and she wondered where the money would come from.

"Look, darling," I told her, "if you really intend to go places in this business, you've just got to bleach and straighten your hair, because now your face is a little too round and a hair job will lengthen it. Don't worry about money. I'll keep you working."

A few weeks later a photographer named Raphael Wolff got an order for a shampoo ad. He hired Marilyn with the understanding that she would do something about her hair. "I'll pay for everything," he said.

Marilyn was a stickler for naturalness and was still against any change in her hair styling. But she finally gave in when we all explained that blondes were more in demand photographically because they could be photographed light, medium or dark, depending upon the amount of light directed on them, whereas Marilyn's hair always photographed more dark than light.

We sent Marilyn to Hollywood hair stylists Frank and Joseph who did their best. First a straight permanent to make the hair more manageable, then a regular permanent at the ends after shaping. Then the hair was bleached and Marilyn emerged the golden blonde you know today.

From this point, she went into her bathing suit stage, and the demand for her was simply terrific. She averaged, I should say, \$150 a week, and men began talking to her about going into "the motion picture game."

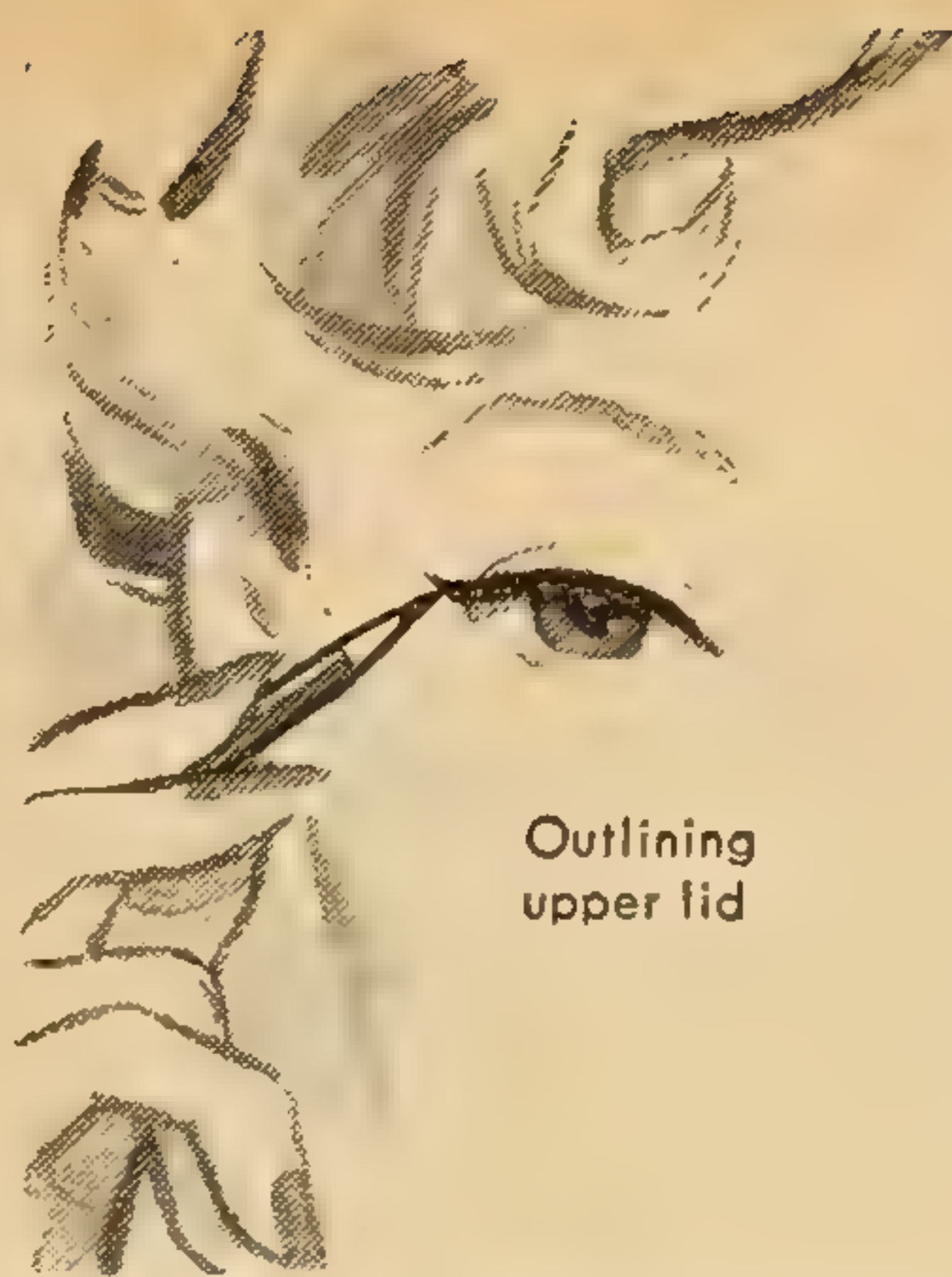
One afternoon I got a phone call from the Howard Hughes office. Hughes at the time was recovering from a plane crash. He wanted to know the name of the cover girl on *Laff* magazine. I told him and then called the columnists and told them to announce that Howard Hughes was on the road to complete recovery. He had his weather eye open again.

SHE ASKED if she should accept any of the offers concerning movie tests, and I said, "Before you do any movie work, I'm going to see that you get an agent who really knows the business." I sent Marilyn to Helen Ainsworth, a fine agent, and on my recommendation Helen signed her.

Helen sent her out to read at 20th Century-Fox. A color test was shot of Marilyn on the set of *Mother Wore Tights*. Darryl Zanuck looked at it and said, "This girl may have possibilities. Let's sign her."

She was signed the next day at seventy-five dollars a week. That's the true story of how Marilyn Monroe got into motion pictures. All those rumors that producers fell in love with her, that Johnny Hyde of the William Morris office greased her way, and all the other ridiculous rumors about how she got her start are simply not true.

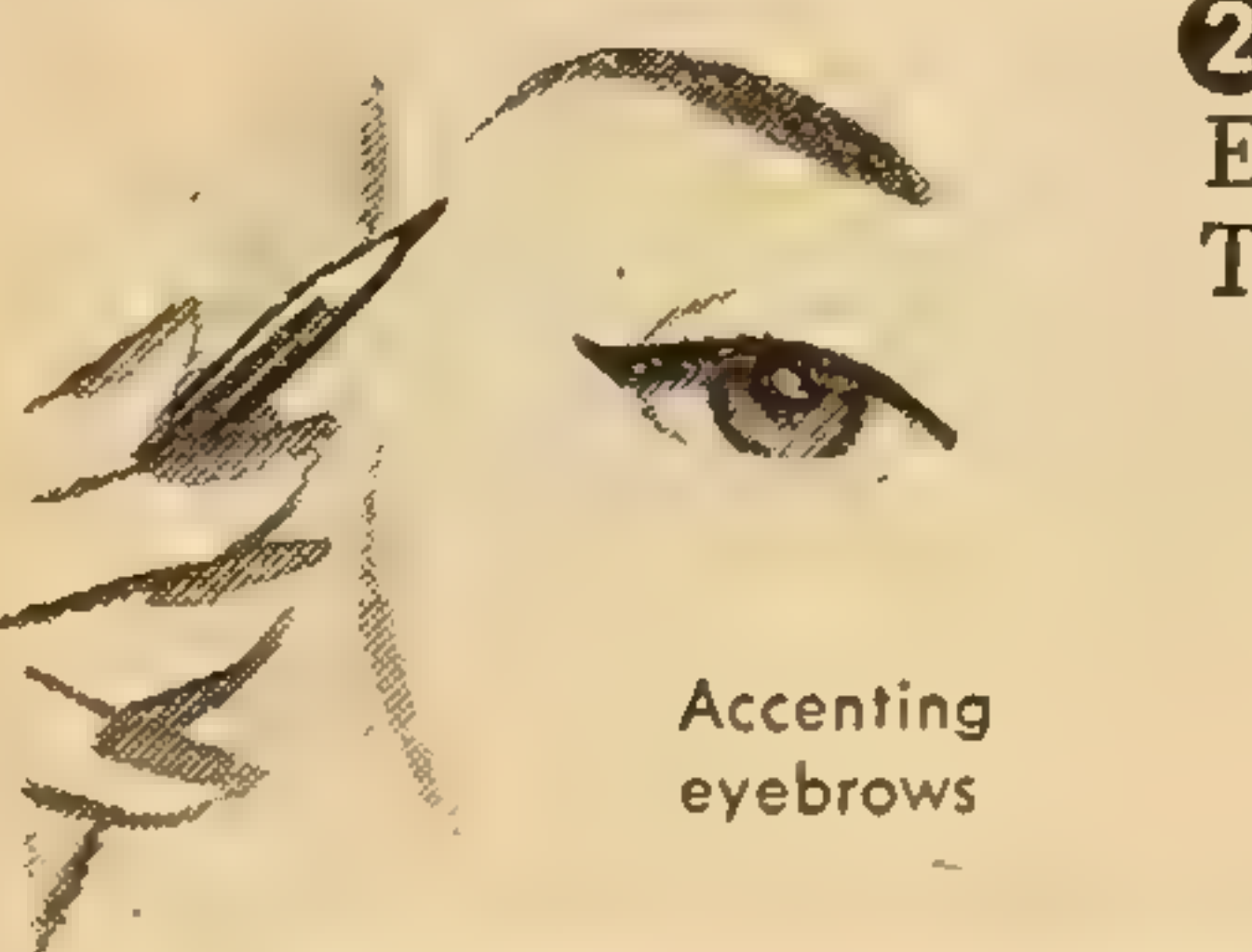
It was her photographic modeling that brought Marilyn know-how, attention and a screen contract. Unlike several other girls I know, the screen contract did not go to her head. She was the same sweet, unassuming girl she had always been.



Outlining upper lid

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

① With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.



Accenting eyebrows

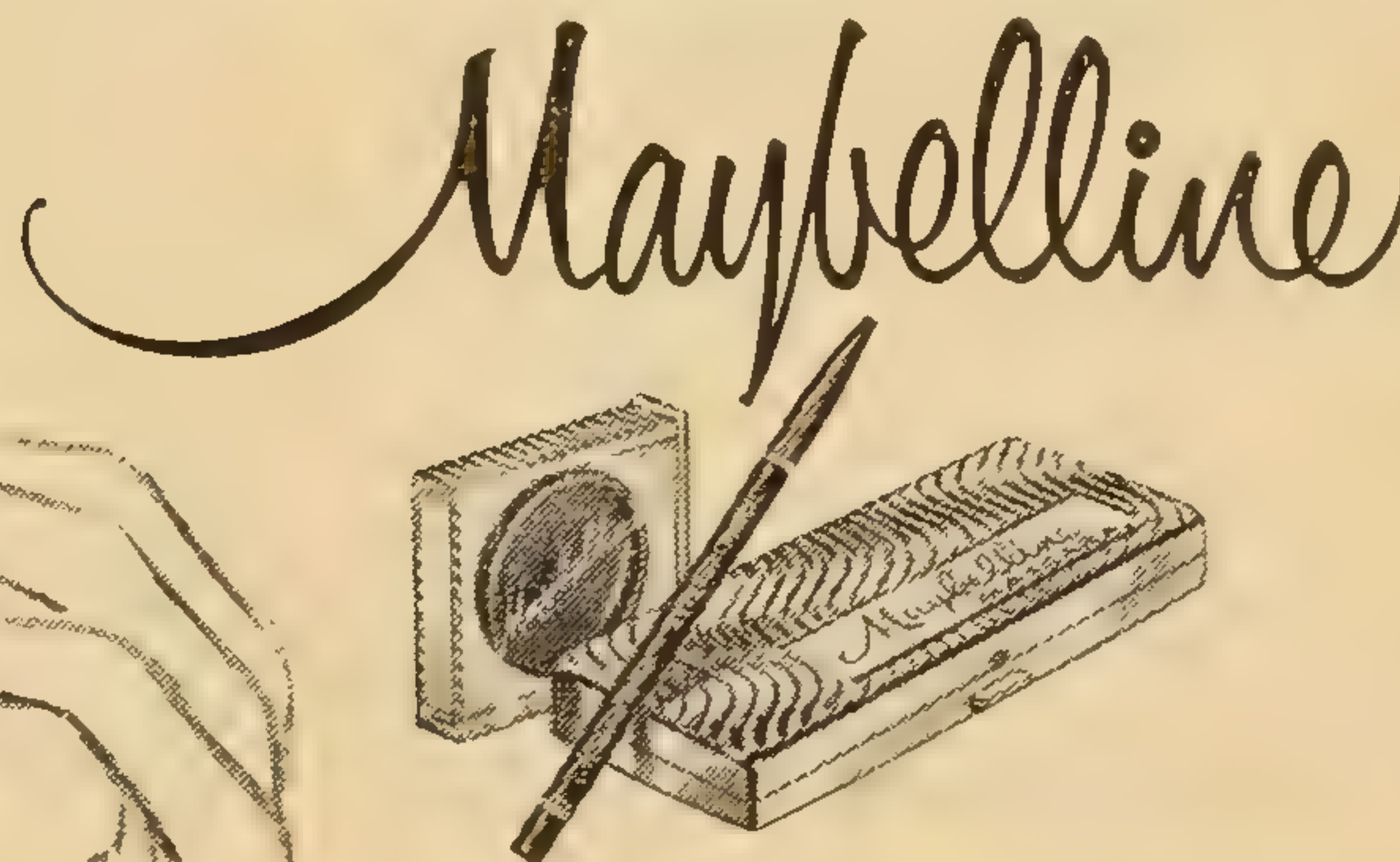
② Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

③ Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of *your* eyes!



Mascara (plus Eye Shadow)

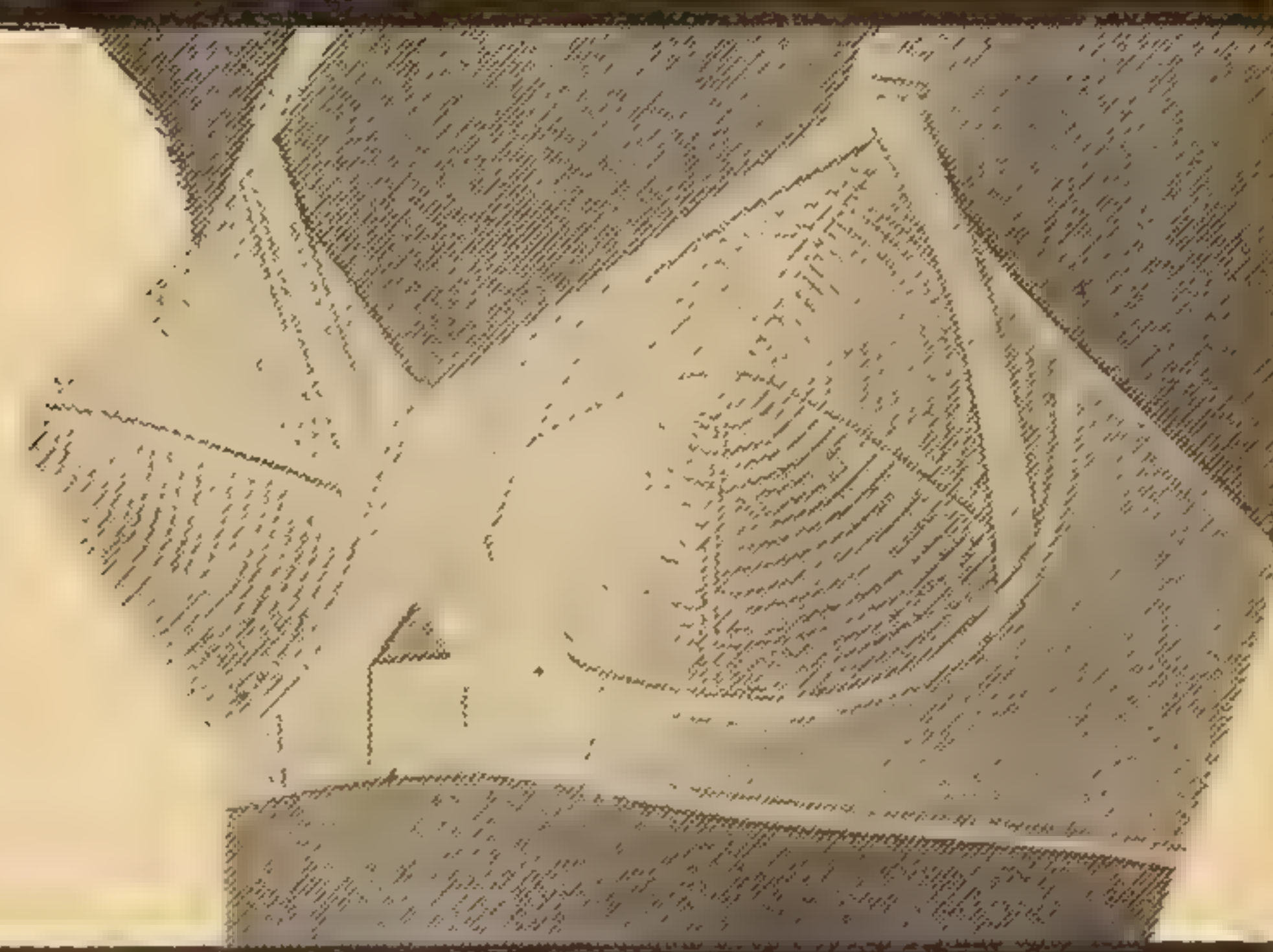


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No. 5135, White Acetate Satin
A Cup 32-36; B 32-38; C 34-42

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"SHAPE-INSURED"... miracle fabric interlining guarantees its shape—and yours—for the life of the bra! Retains permanent uplift thru countless washings! Elastic gore for midriff ease!

No. 4077, Broadcloth;
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Pink, White, Black.
AA Cup 30-36; A 32-38; B 32-40; C 34-44.

\$100



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At your nearest Variety Store—the smart woman's shopping center!



PUTTERING PEEPERS

Meet Wally Cox: creator of Mr. Peepers—and a lot of other things!



1. Whenever there's a story about my wanting to get married I get a flood of mail like "Dear Mr. Peepers, I am 19 years old and divorced and have three children."



2. I use the sink mostly for cooling off silver after I solder it. I made some tea, so far, and a can of soup once, vegetable. I'm generally invited out where I can't say no.



3. As a kid I liked to carve; darts, a flat baseball bat. I never have any fear of trying to make something. I make mistakes but I sort of learn by elimination.



4. Many sensitive people have been bewildered out of doing what they'd be good at by beard strokers who say you won't be any good until you're as old as they are.



5. I started out to make a set of silver of 12 of everything. I'll probably chicken out at six. After a few years of woodcarving I picked up some metal and I just puttered.



6. I made this Shepherd's Pipe out of a plain piece of bamboo with little holes cut out. There was a guy at the Village Vanguard who made them. I asked him how.



7. I'm making shoes . . . to have them made would take 16 weeks. That's flying in the face of Providence, hoping you'll be alive. I get the imprint of my feet on a latex mat.



8. While I'm working I confine myself to practical daydreaming—what it'll be like if I get to go on that expedition next summer to the south Pacific to collect fish.

she'd worked with—a good thing, because the screen contract didn't last long and Marilyn had to take up modeling again. She posed for calendar art and sometimes calendars take a long time to get published. Four Earl Moran photographs of Marilyn are appearing on the 1954 Brown and Bigelow calendars. These were shot years ago.

Marilyn divorced her husband. She went to Las Vegas to see someone she referred to as "auntie" and stayed six weeks. When she came back she had her freedom.

IT WAS ONLY after that period that she began going around with Johnny Hyde. Marilyn has led a scrupulous life. She has made her own breaks without benefit of powerful relatives or friends.

She has always believed in work, believed so much, in fact, that unwittingly she antagonized several of the more jealous girls who were in studio classes with her. They just couldn't believe that any beginner was willing to work as hard as Marilyn did in order to get ahead.

Marilyn did everything she was told to do at the studio. She devoured every crumb of instruction. Usually late to most functions, she was the first to attend classes and the last to leave.

STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHERS did wonders with Marilyn's nose. When publicity stills first came out on my ex-student, I was sure that a little plastic surgery had been done on her nose. It seemed to photograph smaller than it used to.

Photographers who had shot Marilyn said the same thing. Their photographs of her in 1945 had been rejected by magazines because "Marilyn's nose was too large and her smile too high." By smiling too deeply, Marilyn was accentuating the lines around her nose, thus highlighting what was not a very good nose—too broad and too curvy.

I've made many inquiries, and the truth is that Marilyn still has the nose she was born with. She's not happy with it and has talked from time to time about altering it. But as yet she's done nothing about it.

Cameramen at the studio say it gives them no trouble since Marilyn has learned how to bring her smile down and concentrate on her lower lip. I'm glad she's mastered this trick because I was the first one who suggested she do exactly that.

Nowadays when Marilyn poses for photographers the accent is usually on her figure, not her nose. But it wouldn't surprise me if she submitted to plastic surgery.

BY NATURE Marilyn is a perfectionist, an open-minded learner. I think that accounts for the improvement in her wardrobe. It used to be charged that Marilyn had no taste in clothes, that she was overdressed. It was true and the reason was that she had so few clothes to begin with. As soon as she got a little money she indulged herself, bought frilly dresses with yards and yards of pleated material.

It's certainly understandable. The boy who's never had enough ice cream buys too much when he can afford it.

Students who know that Marilyn Monroe is my prize graduate occasionally ask me if there is any possibility of their "getting the same breaks Marilyn Monroe got."

My answer to that one is, "What breaks?"

Marilyn Monroe, I tell them, is a self-made success. Of course, she's endowed with charm, personality and a provocative figure, but thousands of girls are similarly endowed. What most of them lack Marilyn has in spades—persistence and fortitude.

These are two requisites for any person who wants to crash Hollywood. This is no town for the weak, the weary or the easily-defeated.

END

(Marilyn Monroe can now be seen in 20th Century Fox's *River of No Return*.)



Gives your hair
that "cared for" look...

WITHOUT OILY AFTER-FILM

(Suddenly things
begin to happen!)

No other hairdressing
leaves hair so
natural looking...



no time for tears

(Continued from page 29) and bone-grafting had failed. Still two months short of her twenty-first birthday, Suzan fought back hysteria and told herself that her most important job was to have no truck with self-pity, and to try to make sense, and even happiness, out of her life as she would now have to live it. And this is the victory of Suzan Ball. She has baited the future with new and deeper interests, and has gotten exciting nibbles in return.

IT WASN'T EASY. Suzan was presumably convalescing when her physician, Dr. Francis Engleman, told her that the condition of the leg made amputation imperative and no time was to be lost. Dick was at her bedside when the surgeon made his report before leaving for the night. When another doctor confirmed the diagnosis, Suzan telephoned Dr. Engleman and told him he could operate in the morning if he wished.

Then she and Dick looked at each other. "Do you want to talk about it?" he asked.

"No," said Suzan.

"Then let's don't," he said.

He reached for a deck of cards and began to deal gin rummy hands. They played till a nurse came with a sedative.

H. Dale Ball, Suzan's father, who had to give legal consent to the operation since Suzan was not yet twenty-one, had just arrived on her hospital floor early the next morning, when she was wheeled past him on her way to the operating room. She was wrapped in blankets and wore the green skull cap used for surgery patients. He had time only to call her name. She replied, "Hi, Dad! Dig this crazy hat!"

No, it wasn't a bit easy to make all the adjustments. When she came swimming up into full consciousness from the anesthesia to look at Dick, and to realize that she was an amputee, the thrust of proud girlhood (or she admits it might just have been desperation) caused her to say:

"Dick, it's over. I don't expect you to marry me now. You don't have to."

He stared at her for a moment as if she were a stranger—and she wondered if she were going to be. Then he spoke calmly. "You're an idiot," he said.

He told her that he had fallen in love with her and not with her leg. These weren't just words. Suzan was on crutches the first time he ever saw her, when they met in the commissary at Universal-International nearly two years ago. Her knee, injured in a dance rehearsal, was refusing to heal, and when he asked her what was wrong she told him cancer was suspected.

It was a disconcerting

(You look prettier than
you have in months!)

See! Beauty is catching! And no other hairdressing adds so much *sheer beauty* to your hair! For only SUAVE contains amazing non-greasy Curtisol®. . . relieves dryness, frizz, split ends. It's romantically *good* for your hair! Keeps it in place, lovely to behold all day long!

HELENE CURTIS
Suave

the HAIRDRESSING
women prefer 7 to 1

2 forms: lotion,
or creme (in jars),
50¢ to \$1 (plus tax)



Gives your hair
healthy-looking glow
...relieves dryness



that won his fullest admiration for its honesty. It was one of the things he reminded her of at the hospital when he declared the operation would make no difference in their relationship. There were other reasons, which had their basis in their feelings about each other and which need not be repeated here, but when they had finished talking it was clearly established that their life together was just beginning, not ending.

SUZAN KNEW that her job from then until the date of their wedding was to regain her strength, attend rehabilitation school and learn to walk again—with an artificial leg—and to match her physical improvement with a proper mental attitude. But there was one thing she hadn't anticipated when she began to appear in public on crutches. People stared. And Suzan burned.

Eventually, she asked the advice of Boni Buehler, the airline hostess who became a double amputee when she fell off a speed boat at Lake Arrowhead last year and got afoul of the craft's propeller. Suzan met her at the rehabilitation school.

"What do you do when you catch people staring at you?" Suzan asked.

"There is nothing you can do to stop them," Boni said. "Your job is to ignore them—to make sure you don't see them staring."

It seemed like no advice at all and yet she found in time that it was possible to blind herself to such rudeness.

SUZAN HAD imagined that the process of being measured for an artificial leg and being trained in its use, would be a phase of her life into which Dick would not enter. But that is not the way it worked out. It was not the way it should work out, they both realized. Dick surprised her by his interest in her training. He went to the school with her and took her to the prosthetic company where the artificial limb was to be made. On one of these visits, he gave Suzan's morale a tremendous boost. An attendant passed by and Dick whispered to Suzan that he was sure this man was an amputee.

Suzan looked at the fellow who walked smoothly and, even while she watched, scooted rapidly up some stairs. She could see no indication at all that Dick was right, and she said so. Dick promptly called another attendant and asked him about the man in question.

"Hasn't that fellow got an artificial leg?"

"Oh, him?" came the reply. "He's got both of them off!"

Later they talked to the double amputee, a war veteran, and he sent her off with a

Especially being a dancer and so graceful. You won't have any trouble at all."

"How did you know about him?" Suzan asked Dick later

He looked at her, half incredulous. "Why, I've been watching for amputees and I'm probably an expert at telling when I see one now," he told her. "I love to see them going about their business and their life like nothing has happened as you and I will go about ours."

They did go about their business. They talked about their wedding plans, their honeymoon, the sort of house they wanted. One would expect a sad note to creep into their talk, but the reverse was generally true. This spirit spread to their friends and made for warmer relationships.

When Suzan did get her artificial leg, both she and Dick felt oddly as if it were an increase in their family even before their marriage. They decided to christen the leg. It is now known as Throckmorton.

In various ways Throckmorton is beginning to develop a personality of his own. He has the tremors occasionally; he has a tendency to reveal himself in immodest proportions and in full gait he has a wicked swagger. More delicately fashioned than most people realize, he refuses to be forced into his duties but responds quickly and gracefully when the persuasion is smooth and rhythmical. Suzan had to learn all these things before she could trust herself to Throckmorton at the wedding. That she did learn them became known to the whole country through the news pictures of the event.

Guests at the wedding, incidentally, may have noted that they heard none of the traditional music. No "Because" or "I Love You Truly." Suzan and Dick had asked their old friend, Bert Barton, who plays at one of their favorite haunts in the valley, to play songs they had always loved: "Birth Of The Blues," "My Funny Valentine," the love theme from *Romeo And Juliet* and "Che Gelida Manina" from *La Boheme*.

They decided, too, that only a "no walk" honeymoon would be sensible for them, meaning that they would not go where it would be necessary to walk around to see the sights. It seemed wiser to choose resorts they could reach and leave by car with no need to promenade in between.

"For one thing, it would be silly for us to spend money right now," said Suzan, "since we are planning to buy a house and no place on earth would be as interesting to us as our own place. So why, really, go anywhere?"

FOR THE NEW house Suzan will be ready with some new furniture, some left to her by her grandmother, including an eighteenth century wall clock, and a crowded apartment full of presents. One of the first wedding gifts to arrive was a pair of Steuben glass dishes from Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty, who wrote: "With love and all good wishes for a lifetime of happiness together."

In addition to her rehabilitation course, and a physical buildup program supervised by her nurse, Mrs. Kaye Biddle (also her matron of honor), Suzan assumed the job of personally writing the hundreds of messages and thank-you notes necessary. But the Thursday before the weekend of her marriage she wasn't one letter behind. "And I don't want to be because I want nothing on my mind on my wedding day but my wedding," she announced.

Suzan had her engagement ring only a few weeks before she became Dick's wife. It took so long to get it because he had gone to special pains to have an unusual *objet d'art* designed. It consisted of two separate platinum bands connected by a diamond, and with a space left open between the bands into which the wedding ring fitted. The wedding ring itself was platinum with sapphire baguettes.

At noon on her wedding day, with the wedding set for four o'clock, the calmness which had won praise from everyone suddenly left Suzan.

"I'm terribly nervous. I don't know what to do," she told her nurse and her mother, Mrs. Marleah Ball.

"Do you think it is really nerves or just stage fright?"

It was just stage fright. At the appointed hour Suzan was at the church getting into her wedding gown, a creation designed by Bill Thomas. It was made of rose point lace (imported from France) over ruffled petticoats of pink chiffon. This had been delivered by special Cadillac from the studio, since it could neither be folded nor compressed in any way, much less packed.

IN THE CHURCH when Suzan began her walk down the aisle on the arm of her father, were relatives and close friends from the studio. Among the guests were Julia Adams, Lori Nelson, Barbara Rush,

Mala Powers, Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Jeff Hunter, Rock Hudson and many more of Hollywood's younger set.

Outside there were more than 500 people. But these, too, heard the ceremony because of the foresight of the minister, Rev. Paul M. Gamons. Under the satin pillow at the altar he had placed a microphone which connected with a loud speaker outside. Besides that, he tape-recorded the rites as a surprise gift for the pair.

Dick's younger brother, Philip Long, was best man. Another brother, Robert, and Marshall Thompson, who is Dick's brother-in-law, were the ushers.

When the ceremony was over and Suzan came walking up the aisle on the arm of her new husband, her old studio friend who had said everybody should have cheered instead of wept, divulged an extraordinary bit of news.

"She didn't want anybody to know beforehand, but Suzan has had her artificial leg only six days," she said. "Everyone from her doctor to her milkman warned her not to do this. That's why she got nervous today. They didn't reckon on her spirit. Look at her!"

EVERYBODY was looking at her. When she got outside the crowd did exactly what the woman from the studio had thought fitting. They cheered and broke into spontaneous applause. An hour later, Suzan entertained a small group of guests at a dinner party. Her surgeon, Dr. Engleman, gave an impromptu piano concert. Suzan sang. There was constant bright chatter with everyone recalling little incidents about the ceremony or coming up with belated pieces of information. Two of these were especially interesting to Suzan.

Somebody commented that they liked the way her hair curled on her forehead. Suzan beamed and said she was rewarded for fooling with her curls all week to get them to fall just right.

Someone else said that a part in a picture once offered to her, the role of an Indian girl in *The Long Hunters* by Robert Buckner, was still open. Suzan got excited and waved a hand to show her enthusiasm. "Keep that open for me until I get back from my honeymoon," she cried. "Because I'm still interested!"

END

BACHELORS AT LARGE

MODERN SCREEN'S gallery
of Hollywood's most wanted men!
In the August issue

sheree north

(Continued from page 51) them get their breaks and then watched them shoot to the heights—kids like Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Vera-Ellen, Cyd Charisse. He knew talent when he saw it and besides, he was preparing a show for Broadway.

"I hope you change your mind," he said, identifying himself, and talking her out of her telephone number.

OBVIOUSLY Sheree North did change her mind. She's still dancing, more sensationally than ever. In fact, right now Sheree is the hottest new discovery in Hollywood. She has a juicy contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and a bright new career ahead. But of course a lot of things happened to Sheree in between.

First, Bob Alton talked her into ditching shorthand for the Broadway show, *Hazel Flagg*, in which Sheree's "Salome" dance shook the street from stem to stern.

Since *Hazel Flagg* started from an old Hollywood movie, *Nothing Sacred*, naturally it came back home as *Living It Up*—and so did Sheree. Then Bing Crosby, faced with hopping up his TV debut, saw her shake 'em-and-break 'em dance with Martin and Lewis and decided what he could use was a dash of Sheree.

So, one night last January, with practically the entire USA looking on, the North wind blew up a storm. Dressed in a sexy leotard with fringe on the flaps, Sheree steamed up a million screens with movements that could have landed her in the paddy-wagon back when mother was a girl. That night the toll on picture tubes everywhere was terrific. But next day in Hollywood reactions were mixed.

Bing Crosby's office was swamped with calls demanding to know what ever got under his hairpiece to let a dynamite doll like that steal his show and turn it into a hoochie-cooch. But in the office of an agent named Henry Willson pandemonium of a different sort reigned. Every

studio in town was screaming for Sheree North.

The one which screamed loudest—and bid highest—was Twentieth Century-Fox, for a special and urgent reason: Another sexy blonde had just walked away from *Pink Tights* to marry Joe DiMaggio and romp away to Korea, leaving an aching, glamourless void.

Dancing or standing still, Sheree is the type to make old men young and young men glad they aren't older. She stacks up a perfect 35-23-35 under her platinum mop, tip-tilted nose and chameleon green eyes that change with the weather. Right now the climate is extremely agreeable to Sheree because for the first time in her life she's got a solid future for herself and some home life with her baby girl. She never dreamed her legs would bring all this about, and she wears an expression of permanent surprise about what's happened where. Because Sheree has been around Hollywood for a long, long time. She was born there

twenty-one years ago last January 17, in an apartment on Heliotrope near Melrose, almost in the shadow of Paramount studios. That was just as the sun was crackling through in the east.

"I guess that's why Mother named me Dawn," says the girl who started life as Dawn Bethel. There are other family matters, too, that Sheree has had to guess about all these years. Her father left her mother before her arrival and Sheree still doesn't know what her dad looked like, where he came from, what he did for a living, or even his first name.

WITH NO FATHER to guide her and the Great Depression at rock bottom, little Dawn Bethel didn't cut her teeth on a silver spoon. Her mother, June, had to work hard to support Dawn and her half-sister and brother, Janet and Don. Luckily, June knew a trade—jewelry appraising and designing. But there weren't many loose jewels lying around back in the Thirties, so she pieced out with practical nursing. At times they lived on relief.

Dawn and the other kids were left in the charge of her Grandmother Shoard, a doughty Scotchwoman. Keeping track of three scampering kids around Hollywood was enough to force any elderly lady to her wits' end, but Dawn complicated matters by changing her name almost every week. Because Dawn and brother Don resulted in household confusion, her ma fastened "Shirley Mae" to her youngest, who promptly rebelled.

"Even as a kid I thought that name was strictly from Dixie," groans Sheree, "so I tried a lot of others. It drove the teachers at Melrose Elementary School wild. They used to call home and ask if I had a split personality." Sheree re-christened herself "Cookie," "Emma" and "Bubbles" and a dozen more before she finally hit on

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Mimi Benzell sings to her infant son, as she wheels him in a baby carriage along Riverside Drive, and explains "My captive audience."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Sheree North, which she likes best of all. "It just sort of sounds like me," she says, "and it's simple and easy to say. To date, nobody has associated her chosen name with the Arctic regions, either.

But, by any name, it would take a seventh son of a seventh son to predict that the skinny, eternally sunsuited, bare-foot tomboy would ever grow up to dance right in when Marilyn Monroe swished out. A better guess would have been that she'd replace Tarzan. "Cookie" Bethel was rough, tough and hard to bluff. At five she used to shinny up the parkway trees and leap on the backs of surprised passers-by, scaring them silly. The cops around the Hollywood precinct soon knew what a distress call from Avocado Street meant; that snub-nosed Bethel kid had run off again. Usually they found her before midnight, off on some harmless adventure. But one time they took her to the station house.

THAT WAS when her cousin Harold got an Indian tepee for his birthday and decided it was so beautiful he'd just live in it. Sheree went along with the idea enthusiastically, swiped some frankfurters from home and trooped off into the Hollywood Hills to change residence. Things were going swell up in the brush. They found a dinky cave and pitched the tent nearby. A campfire was roaring and the weenies were sizzling. "Some old square who lived down below spotted us," Sheree

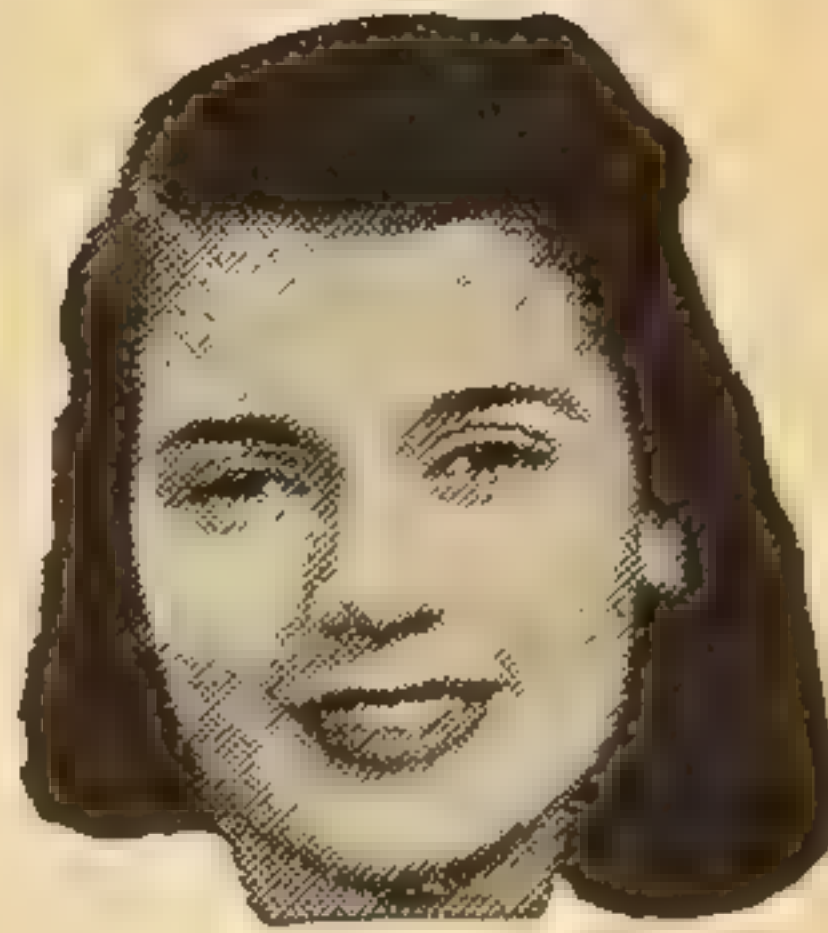
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hobos going to break in his house and called the cops." A squad showed up with sirens and searchlights and apprehended the squatters, who knew from their favorite gangster movies just what to do.

"Don't squeal!" hissed Harold.

"Me—sing?" shot back Sheree scornfully. So there was nothing to do but haul the tight-lipped pair down to the pokey and book them. Hardly had that escapade blown over before Sheree was in hot water again. This time she saw a cute Pekingese dog that belonged to a lady down the block, whistled it home and kept it. This brought the law down again, but Sheree wasn't cowed. Instead, with a curious sense of justice she rounded up her gang and picketed the rightful owner's house with signs which read, "UNFAIR TO CHILDREN AND DOGS."

After a run of episodes like those Mrs. Bethel grasped at any sort of straw to reroute her daughter into more ladylike channels. Sheree's artistic debut was nothing sensational; she was a blackbird in a pie at a grade school affair. (Sheree's platinum hair, by the way, is strictly out of a bottle—the real stuff is coal black.) Even that tiny taste of applause gave her ideas. It got so they couldn't take her to any kind of show because she'd break loose and join the act. Embarrassed, her mother offered to arrange dancing lessons if she'd lay off that sort of thing, and at six, she enrolled in the Falcon Dance Studios in Hollywood. There Ralph Falconer and his wife, Edith Jane, spotted talent and taught her to dance—even though Sheree and her mother had to paint, wax floors and help sweep out the studio for tuition. She never missed a lesson, hiking there after school and sometimes hitch-hiking because the Bethels moved all around. By the time she was nine, Sheree was sharp as a tack on ballet, acrobatic, eccentric and tap. Then, in the USO troupe which Edith Jane organized, Sheree sprang a sensation.

For her first bit of something for the boys Sheree danced out on a slippery floor in a skimpy costume, pirouetting daintily until her feet suddenly flew out from under her and she lit on her tummy. When she got up the straps holding up her costume had snapped. "I sure got a lot of applause," grinned Sheree.

After that it was amazing how many times little Sheree North had trouble with her costume. Petticoats would fall off, straps snap or buttons pop. Since Sheree was all of ten it was strictly innocent, and, she figures, part of her war effort.

Losing her tutu (little ballet skirt) became the inevitable finale of her dances and it always brought down the house.

ALL THIS TIME, Sheree progressed through a normal course of schooling although it was here and there. In fact, before she left at fifteen Sheree rattled through five public schools and three private ones. This was because her home shifted, but also because Sheree had individualistic ways. At Hollywood High instead of demurely knitting on the gym steps with the rest of the girls, Sheree chased out on the football field and tried to play halfback. The principal didn't approve of that at all and Sheree's stay there was brief.

Her mother's growing jewelry clientele put the Bethel family on a slightly easier street after a while but throughout her girlhood Sheree North had to rustle her own spending money. Her uncle taught her to drive his truck when she was eleven and not long after Sheree was helping a Sunday school boy friend to park cars in a lot near the church. Activities branched out to the Sunset Strip, where the movie stars played at night so Sheree gunned their cars around at the Treaders and Gino's for a dollar and a

hamburger a night. "I was nuts about Robert Taylor then, and I always hoped I'd see him there," she sighs.

But Sheree made her first big money with her dancing. In her thirteenth summer she decided she was ready to be a professional, but the child labor laws stated otherwise. She didn't let the technicality stop her. With \$65 a week at stake, Sheree put on high heels and bought a fake hair fall. Between those two props everything was already convincing. Even at thirteen Sheree was something to see.

So, even though the heels did wobble and the fake hair tumble off when she auditioned for dance director Val Rasette at the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park, he gave her a job. The first night of *Rose Marie* he thoroughly regretted it.

"I was leading a line of Indian maids leaping out from one wing, to meet a line leaping out from the other," recalls Sheree. "We were supposed to pass each other, but instead I hit them head on. Everybody fell over everybody else. It was a mess. I don't think Mr. Rasette was very happy about it." But Sheree got a steady chorus girl job at the Greek Theatre for the next three summers. The money she made paid her tuition at fashionable Marlborough and Greenbriar schools—with an assist from unemployment insurance.

A CASE OF BUTTERFLIES



In 1944 I was a WAVE stationed at Hunter College in New York. One evening when I was on duty in the officers' mess I was asked to stay late to serve dinner to a celebrity. A few hours later a tall, slender man came in and sat down at a table. I asked him

if I could bring him a steak and he replied, "No, thank you, bacon and eggs will be fine. I have to speak in front of five hundred women tonight. That's an experience I've never had and I'm too nervous to eat much!" To my surprise and delight, I recognized the nervous man. It was Gary Cooper!

*Mrs. Paul W. Sargent
Kansas City, Kansas*

BUT SHE STILL roller skated home to lunch from work; that is, until a girl friend named Donna bought an old Model-T Ford. They shared the heap's upkeep, and collaborated on reconditioning. Yep, Sheree's a mechanic, too, although she admits, "We sure had a rough time getting the drip-pan off." But once they got the car rolling drastic events followed.

Until she was fourteen Sheree managed to keep free of boy problems. For one thing, she was plenty busy and also more the sweatshirt than the formal type. And after she became a worldly wise chorus girl, the boys her own age skittered away, awed by her glamour. She also thought she had a great crush on Ray Sinatra, Frank's first cousin. "That didn't raise my stock any with the fellows," admits Sheree, "but was I popular with the girls!"

Her heart really fluttered for the first time over a boy named Jimmy at Thomas Star King High, a football player, of course, and "a big, handsome, ruddy Scotch type with sandy hair—on the shy side." Jimmy was a

and she stumbled all over him in the outfit she swiped from her sister Janet. Jimmy's mother disapproved of chorus girls and just when Jimmy showed interest he had appendicitis and dropped out for the rest of the term. But about that Model-T and the drastic events—

"Donna had a project at Hermosa Beach and I went along to help. I hid a bathing suit in my notebook—black with white scallops. I made it myself and I looked just like Daisy Mae of Dogpatch."

The project was to wangle an introduction to a dreamboat Donna had spied on the beach. They chugged down and there he was, stepping out of a convertible. But Sheree was not impressed at first. "He looked too much like Jimmy," she says, "and I was on a dark, Latin type kick by then." But she coaxed a policeman to help them meet Donna's guy.

"We met him," says Sheree simply. "I married him."

HIS NAME WAS Fred Bessire, a twenty-five-year-old draftsman who worked for his contractor father, and things got very interesting for Sheree and Fred practically at once. In fact, that same day he asked her—not Donna—for a date, but she declined, loyally. Soon after, Donna gave up and Fred took Sheree out. "The third date I'd ever had in my life," she says. "We went to the Coconut Grove and I ordered salisbury steak and asked for a steak knife—it's just hamburger, you know." At the table Fred popped out a box with his mother's diamond ring in it. "It really laid a bomb with me," Sheree confesses. "I didn't know what was up until he asked me to marry him and then I said, 'Do you know what you're doing—because I sure don't!'" She got so rattled that she told him her real age—fifteen instead of the seventeen she'd fibbed about at first. But Fred said that was okay—they'd elope and keep it secret and she could live home until she was eighteen.

It might have worked. But after the ride to Las Vegas and back that made Sheree Mrs. Frederick Bessire, the secret didn't last long. They forgot about the legal papers, which soon dropped into the mailbox. Sheree's mother saw those and nobody had to tell her they weren't really legal. You can't get married if you lie about your age—even in Nevada. They had to drive back up and do it all over—with parental consent—in the Methodist church with a minister.

But it wasn't all moonlight and roses for Sheree after that. They lived at Fred's folks' and at Sheree's but she kept right on dancing for her living with sometimes bits on the radio and extra work at the movie studios. Almost a year later Sheree felt a little queer and went to see a doctor. "You're going to have a baby," he announced, adding, "any day now." This was a complete surprise to Sheree.

"I just didn't believe it," she says. "I didn't think anyone as young as I was could have a baby." She was practically shanghaied to the maternity home by her mother but remained unconvinced, refusing to take an anesthetic. But the doctor was right. Her daughter Dawn was a real and convincing baby. Five weeks later Sheree was dancing again. This time she had to. She had a child to support.

Her marriage broke up right after that, but because of various court hassles she had to get divorced two separate times. Only last September did Sheree's final decree arrive, and by then Baby Dawn was almost five years old.

Meanwhile, it was all up to Sheree—and for a long time the going was pretty rugged. It isn't much fun for a sixteen-year-old girl to run into disillusion in

ter to support. But Sheree has always packed plenty of moxie. She went right to work. Luckily, her family could take care of Dawn while she was away.

She got chorus girl jobs at \$50 to \$75 a week around Hollywood's night spots. Sheree did whatever came up. She went to Texas to model at the Shamrock Hotel, down to Mexico to pose for a resort advertising booklet. She made commercial films at business conventions and some on the daring dance side. Just recently, these had to be shown in a Los Angeles court where a couple of characters were up for sending naughty films through the mails. The judge looked at seven of them and decided Sheree was sexy but still nice. "They really weren't very good," was his verdict, "but still not bad." Sheree said, "Now I can go to my PTA."

Of course art wasn't Sheree North's aim then. She was scraping to pay Dawn's milk bill. Things looked rosy once when a choreographer pal, Lee Scott, worked some dances with her and took them to MGM. Sheree got a utility dancer's contract because they needed a high kicker for Sally Forrest then. She worked in one picture called *Excuse My Dust* but she's not so sure she stayed in it. At least she's never had a look.

The best spot Sheree ever drew during those struggle days was at the Flamingo in Las Vegas. She had worked for Nils T. Granlund, both in his girlie lines and on his TV show, to win watches, bathing suits or anything useful. One day he offered her a job with his show in Vegas, as a specialty dancer, also helping on the routines and costume design. Although that resort didn't bring back pleasant memories to Sheree, she leaped at the \$175 a week, board and room. She stayed for eight months, working up a nice little dodge on the side just for fun.

"I used to get in conversations with the Big Wheels around the tables," admits Sheree, "and casually mention it would be a nice night for a swim. It gets pretty chilly in Vegas on winter nights and they always thought I was crazy. So they'd bet me twenty dollars I wouldn't dive into the pool." With a bathing suit handy under her formal Sheree took them right up, raced through the icy wind and splashed like Esther Williams. Of course, she knew something they didn't seem to know. The pool was heated—it was really just like taking a warm bath!

Her salary, tips from lucky gamblers (one gave her \$500 with a line of sentimental poetry thrown in) and a number of swimming pool bets piled up the first decent stake Sheree had ever had. She knew what she wanted to do with it—get out of this up-and-down life away from home. She had plans for the secretarial course when she took that job at Macayo. Even after Bob Alton found her there she went ahead with it for several weeks. What changed her mind?

"He was the first man who ever had real faith in me," explains Sheree. "He'd been through pretty much the same thing as I had—a divorce and a kid left to raise. I just felt he understood, that I should trust him and do what he said."

EVEN WITH THAT assurance there were times when Sheree's trip to New York for *Hazel Flagg* looked like another expensive wild goose chase. She had to buy luggage and winter clothes. Her salary was only \$34 a week during rehearsals and they went on for almost two months. She'd never been to New York before and there were moments when Sheree North wondered if she should have her head examined for getting talked out of her respectable plans. Especially Christmas



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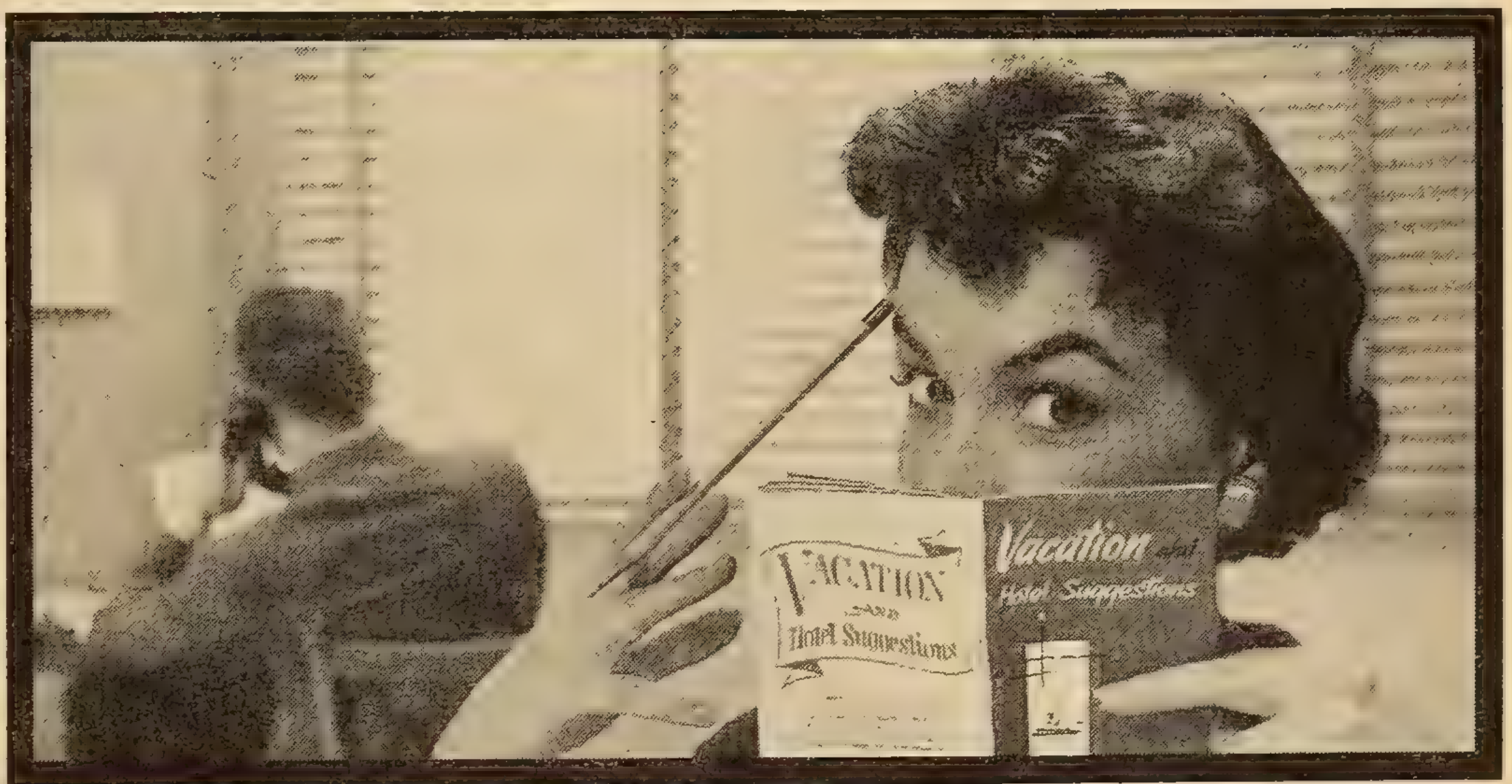
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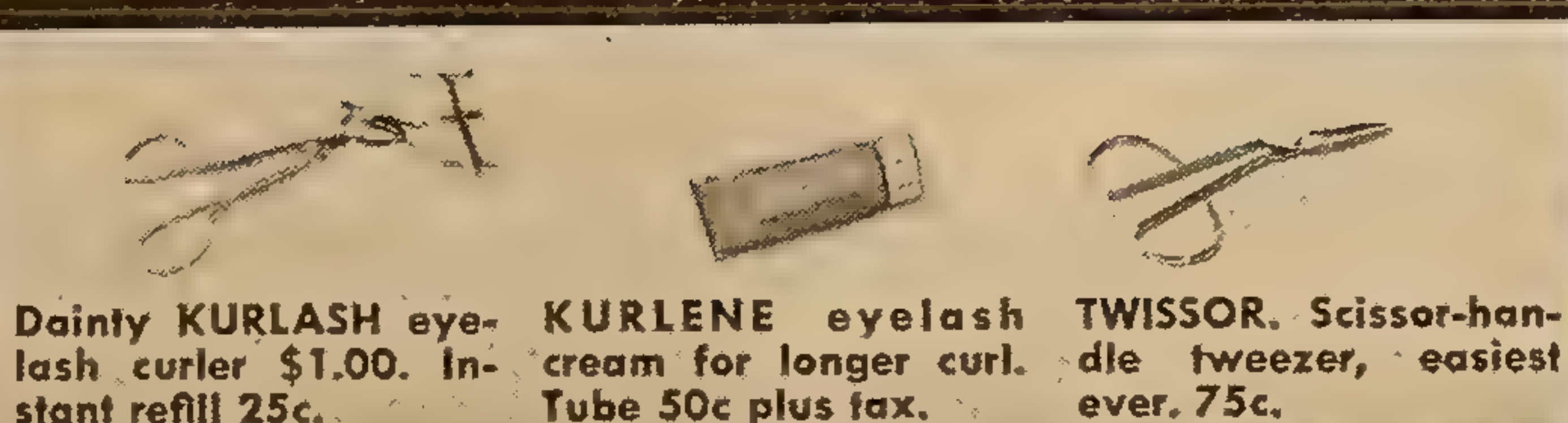
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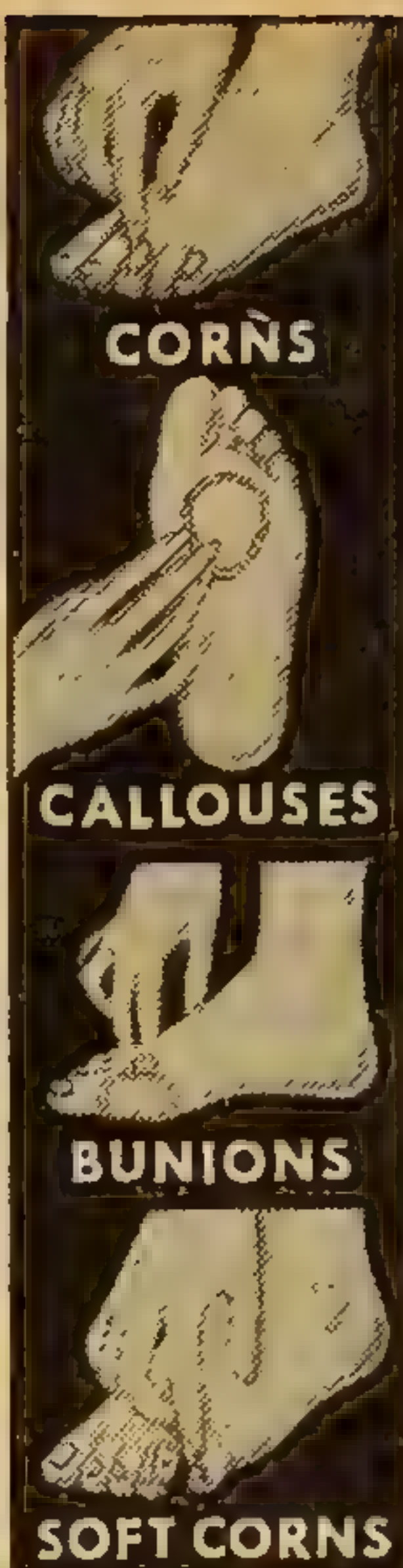
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*Trade Mark

staring out the window of a third rate hotel on 54th and Broadway. She had the flu, and a mixture of wet snow and rain was slushing on the brick wall she saw from her cheap inside room. She was a few bucks from broke and 3000 miles from home and her baby girl. To make things perfect, it looked like her dance spot might have to be cut out of the show.

"That day," she says, "as far as I was concerned show business was no business!"

But the flu, the rain and the part cleared up. In fact, Sheree's part bloomed into a headline spot the minute she stepped on the stage and let go with her red hot burlesque of "Salome And The Seven Veils." One critic wrote, "I must be getting childish in my old age—but I swear I saw Gilda Gray dance last night, only she calls herself Sheree North now." Another announced, "An H-bomb seemed to hit the Mark Hellinger Theatre last night but it turned out to be only the North star." Sheree's name went up in lights and her shimmy-shaking picture out on posters—neither of which had ever happened to her before. She took bows at the nightclubs, played the benefits, made tv's *Toast Of The Town*, got interviewed and photographed—just like a movie star. "Also," recalls Sheree, "I got engaged in the columns to a lot of playboys and business tycoons I'd never met. When I was supposed to be out romancing I was really home in my room soaking my feet." All this excitement took twenty-two pounds off her figure but it was worth it.

WHEN PARAMOUNT bought *Hazel Flagg* for Dean and Jerry's antics, nobody could imagine putting on the show without Sheree North. She threw herself so enthusiastically into that first movie break that she cracked an arch and had to go to the hospital. But Bing's tv offer made the foot heal fast. The furor raised by her tv dance wasn't such a surprise to Sheree. "I don't know why it is," she says innocently, "but I've always been very censorable." The movie offers which followed still make Sheree shake her cotton top in wonder.

Since then it has been all work and little play for Sheree North. For the last two months she has been tested at Fox from morning till night for "everything except my metabolism rate," grins Sheree, but that doesn't seem necessary. Already she has sung, danced and acted through the rehearsal scripts of two musicals, *Pink Tights* and *There's No Business Like Show Business*. Prospects for the first are still dubious, for after a thorough inspection it's plain that Sheree is not Marilyn Monroe at all. Actually, she isn't intended to be. She isn't anybody except herself, which seems to be plenty. There'll be room for both Sheree and Marilyn if Mrs. Di Mag should change her mind and come back to the stable. Both are super sexy blondes but there's little other resemblance. Sheree is primarily a dancer and strictly a funny girl. As for any feud a-brewing, that's silly. The girls have met but only to say hello, a huge thrill for Sheree as is meeting any Hollywood star. "I still get a stiff neck rubbering around," she admits.

SHEREE'S BREAK happened so fast that she has been caught flatfooted glamour-wise. Until just the other day she was camping in a tiny cottage out in Sun Valley, a hamlet thirty-odd miles from Hollywood where rents are cheap. She

rattled to and fro in a battered blue Plymouth convertible with holes in the top. She's been to just three Hollywood parties, two of them business affairs. She had to sew her own costume for the third, Darryl Zanuck's *Return From Korea* blowout for daughter Susan and Terry Moore. The only Hollywood escort Sheree has had so far is her agent, Henry Willson.

Some of this deficiency is rapidly being made up. Sheree has just moved to a new furnished house nearer the studio with a big backyard for Dawn and a nurse to look after her. Another thing Sheree did with her first pay check was to start an insurance policy for Dawn's education. Because Dawn, whom her mom describes as "a pug-nosed Jack Cole dancer type with a rosebud mouth," is still what Sheree's really living for. "My ambition?" says Sheree. "That's easy—to raise a healthy, emotionally secure daughter, and be the right kind of a parent." She admits she'd like a little help someday. While Sheree hasn't a beau to her name in Hollywood there's a man in New York (she admits under pressure) whom she has her eye on. She won't tell his name. "It might scare him away."

He walked in one afternoon at a young couple's apartment where Sheree was baby sitting because she felt lonesome for her own. "I liked the way he held the baby," says Sheree. "I'd like him to hold mine that way." But nothing's really boiling seriously yet.

SHEREE KEEPS FIT by working out with weights in a gym, riding and swimming. She takes a terrific tan (because she's really a brunette). She's also a health food nut with a weakness for yogurt and raw liver, but drinks and smokes when she feels like it.

There was a time when she could stay awake all night and once did for three days and nights, but now that she's an old lady of twenty-one she's softened up some. Mostly this is because nightclubs give her the shakes, understandably. The only time she's entertained so far in Hollywood was when she rounded up her broke chorus girl friends from the old days and bought them all the beef they could eat at Lowry's Prime Rib. That was one way she celebrated her new seven-year contract at Fox. Next morning she celebrated it in another. She went with Dawn to church, as she does every Sunday, and gave special thanks. Dressed in a neat tailored suit and modest bonnet, you'd never have thought she was Sheree North, the hottest thing on wheels in Hollywood.

SHEREE'S PRIVATE LIFE—when you examine it—is nothing to raise anyone's blood pressure, as her dances invariably do. But that's just the point. At an age when most girls are still dewy-eyed and dizzy, Sheree's already wise to the ways of show business. As she said, she's had it—the glitter and star dust—and now she wants a chance at some of the good things in life.

Sheree is not lost in the clouds about her luck. She knows how fickle show business can be. She's glad she decided against that job at Hughes Aircraft, but she's keeping her shorthand and typing in practice. And around her neck Sheree wears a tiny gold horseshoe that songwriter Ken Darby gave her.

"I think I'll hang on to it for a while," she says.

END

BOB TAYLOR POPS THE QUESTION TO URSULA THIESS

MODERN SCREEN tells the whole story next month

terry moore

(Continued from page 46) make a few dollars, right away they fly the family coop and get into all sorts of trouble."

TERRY MAINTAINS that there are many advantages for the working girl who lives with her family.

"That's why," she declares, "I insist upon paying my share of the expenses and upkeep. Dad was against it at the beginning, but I put my foot down."

"The folks moved here from Glendale primarily for my convenience. It wasn't easy for them to pull up roots. After all, their closest friends lived in Glendale and we were very close to the church there. But Hollywood traffic was getting so thick that it began to take me ninety minutes to drive to and from work."

"I also began to take night courses at UCLA, and the family didn't like the idea of my driving home after dark. So we all got together and debated the pros and cons of moving."

"My brother Wally was away at college in Utah, so he didn't care where we moved. Mother, Dad and I decided to look for houses only in Westwood so that I'd be near 20th Century and the UCLA campus."

The matter of size and style came up for discussion around the family dinner table, but Terry's only request was for "a room of my own. All I want is enough closet space so I can store my shoes." Terry has seventy-five pairs of size 4B shoes.

Well, TV sure has made strides. Although a lot of small towns are getting programs from stations that are so far away that the shows don't come in if the wind ain't right. Best thing I've heard about it is the dentist who has a television set perched up there in front of the chair, and he uses it regularly. What he does is to pull your teeth during the commercials so you don't feel the extra pain.

—Herb Shriner

"And," she added, "I think a swimming pool would be dreamy. Don't you, mother?"

"That," recalls Mrs. Koford, "was completely out of the question."

"Some people," Terry's father explains, "might call us ultra-conservative, but my wife and I have never gone into debt for anything, and we didn't intend to change."

"We did manage to sell our Glendale house for a nice profit, and I suppose I could have easily bought a large house and let Terry pay off the mortgage, but that's not our way."

"We bought the house in Westwood mortgage-free, and I pointed out to Terry that she'd be getting married one of these days, and then what would her mother and I do with a large swimming pool?"

"Terry's a sensible girl. She gave up her dream and we bought this house."

ACTUALLY, the new Koford residence is a slightly enlarged copy of their previous home. It has four bedrooms, a den and a livingroom. These two last rooms are so nearly the same size as their predecessors that Mrs. Koford had the walls painted the same color. So the family furniture fits smoothly into the new house.

Terry's three favorite spots are the music unit, the patio and her own room.

The music unit is built into a wall in the center foyer. The turntable and record storage are in Terry's bedroom, but loudspeakers are spotted all over the house and on the patio.

This patio is referred to by Terry as

"Date Hangout." It features a barbecue, a sharp hillside permitting complete privacy, and a surface good enough for dancing.

"I go to a lot of previews," Terry says, "and to the nightclub shows afterwards. But honestly, there's no place in town where you can really dance. All the clubs have such tiny floors. You're squeezed and jammed. Not even room to breathe."

"But now after a big opening or something, our gang bypasses the late spots, and we wind up here. We dance and have snacks. Everything under the stars. Real dreamy."

Terry's interpretation of "snacks," you should know, means sandwich fillings without bread—cold cuts wrapped around sweet pickles, smoked oysters and cheese, strips of bacon around tomatoes, and of course, popcorn, peanuts and cider. Nothing stronger than cider is served. Despite this, every bachelor in Hollywood wants to date at "Terry's house."

"More fun there," Eddie Fisher says, "than any place."

TERRY WAS ASKED how her life had changed since she moved away from the middle-class residential district in Glendale—just about as typical a city as you could find in America.

"In one year you've taken on the special glitter of a celebrity. Your salary increased, your fan mail quadrupled, you moved to Westwood. What has it done to you?"

"I'll tell you. It's like being placed on a conveyor belt," Terry confessed with a giggle. "First, one thing is added to you, then another. You change, you get molded, and in the end I guess you come out a full-fledged movie personality. But I don't ever want to lose my individuality."

After she moved to Westwood, Terry soon found that she needed two telephones, so the family has two unlisted numbers.

"Then," Terry explains, "I saw that I needed lots more clothes, especially formals. When you're photographed all the time, you can't be seen in the same dress two or three times in a row. Luckily for me, Mother's a good dressmaker and I guess I'm pretty handy with a needle, too. We borrowed my dress form from the studio and began a small remodeling campaign. It has worked out swell."

"You want to know something? MODERN SCREEN ran three pictures of me with three different dates. I wore the same dress on all three occasions. Only the dress was remodeled and Mother and I were the only ones who knew it was the same dress."

"That's pretty good remodeling, because the people who read fan magazines are very sharp. They'll write and ask, 'Why did you wear the same dress to three previews?'"

"This dress in MODERN SCREEN started as a full-length formal with a big flounce and a pocket of flowers and a matching jacket. The flounce and pocket were stripped and the jacket discarded. Our third change was to shorten the dress to ballerina length and in place of the flowers, substitute a strip of mink and rhinestones."

Terry's mother takes care of the tremendous increase in her fan mail at home.

"She answers the mail and keeps my appointments straight and chaperones me on trips overseas and does so much for me that for the first time in our lives, we've hired a housekeeper. That's another change."

"In Glendale we never even thought of a housekeeper, but then Mother didn't have so much to do. Now we've got Sally Richards to help and she's more like a relative to us than hired help."

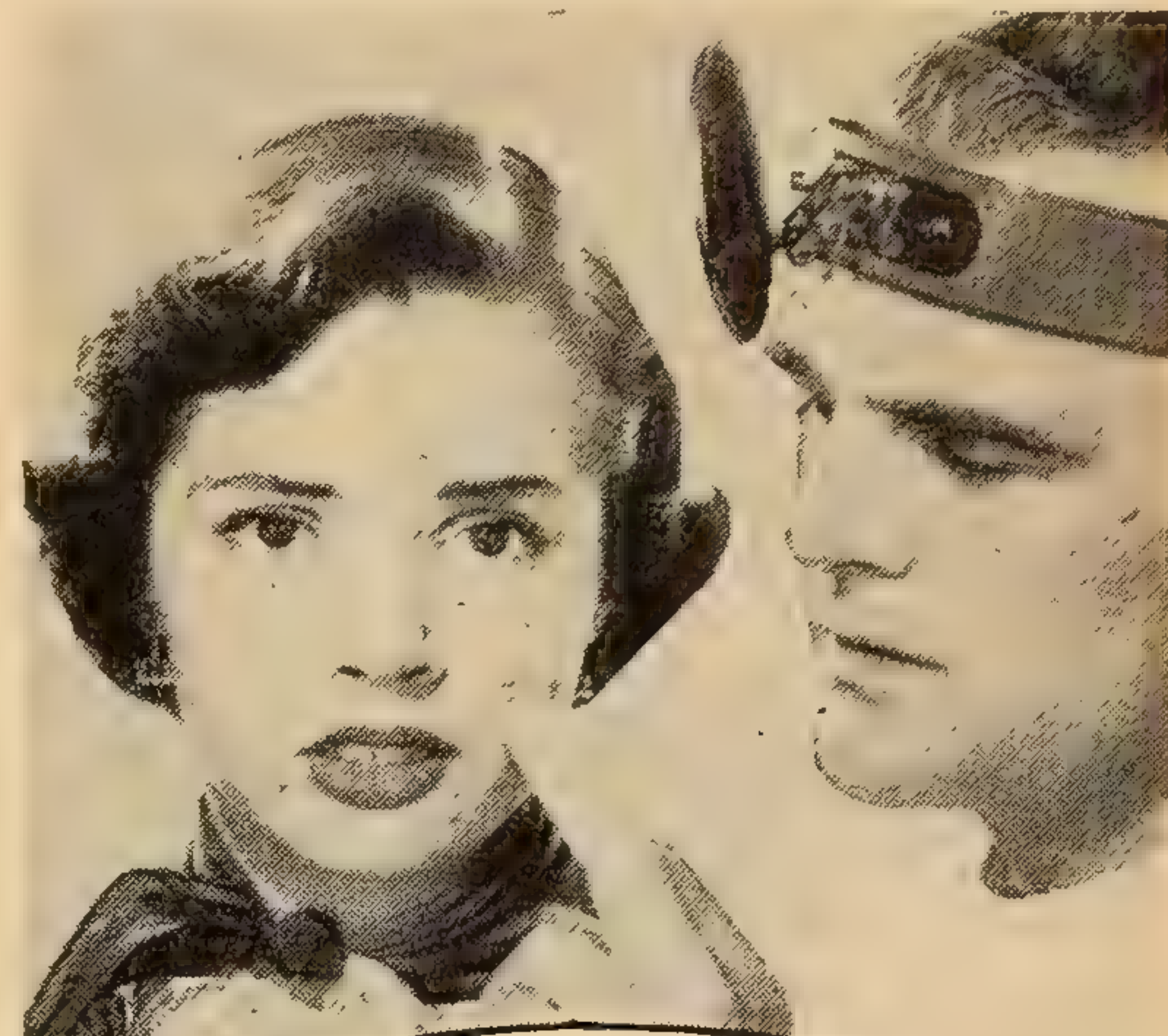
"My hike in salary has also made it possible for me to keep a pianist under personal contract."

"When I first began developing an act for Army camp shows I met Eddie Sam-

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uels. He helped me with new arrangements and my timing, and he went along when I flew to Korea. We've just finished working out a new act for Las Vegas."

ALL THINGS considered, the most impressive additions from the Terry Moore conveyor belt have been the top echelon people she's met since becoming a star and the trips abroad she's taken.

Not only has she journeyed through most of Europe, Hawaii, Japan and Mexico, but now she numbers among her friends Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power and a dozen or so high-ranking bachelors.

"There's no doubt about it," Terry says. "I've come a long way from Glendale."

"There was a time," she recalls wistfully, "when after a party I'd come home, drop off to sleep, and wake in my room surrounded by my old stuffed animals and pictures of me in high school."

"Now I come home and wake up in a newly-decorated bedroom, and it's hard for me to know whether I'm awake or still dreaming."

Terry's room today is one of the most satisfying manifestations of her new-found success. Ever since she was eight, she has wanted a room with rose velvet curtains and a wall of mirrors.

Vaguely her parents talked of giving it to her, but the years slipped by and there was always a more pressing need for the money. But when Terry insisted upon contributing to the household budget, her dad decided to give her the glamour treatment.

"She might as well have her fun while she's still with us," Mr. Koford told his wife. Mrs. Koford needed no urging. She

covered one wall of Terry's room solid with mirrors. Then she explained one of Terry's pet theories to the painters.

"My daughter believes that it's more harmonious to follow nature's way. We'll use dark colors at the floor and let them grow lighter as we reach the ceiling." Thus the room offers a dark grey carpet, lighter grey walls, and a pale ceiling.

To cap all this, Mrs. Koford ordered an Artists Imperial wallpaper in pink and grey with a ballet motif.

Rather than buy a new king-size bed, she retained Terry's old twin beds and had one large headboard made. At a second-hand shop, she found the bench and footstool now beside the bed. She antiqued the bench herself and put the stool near the phone hoping that Terry would remember not to flop on the bed. Sometimes she does.

THE REDECORATING involved a load of work and cost a pretty penny, but Terry's mom says, "It's worth it, because the child really appreciates it. Days when she's worked especially hard she comes home, bathes and hops into bed right away. She loves to study lounging on her chaise."

Terry says she's happiest with her walk-in closets that hold her seventy-five pairs of shoes.

"Honestly," she exclaims, "I thought I'd never have enough room for them."

Pleased as her parents are to have Terry living at home with them, they do have one unselfish, unfilled hope.

It's their fondest wish that the little star who twinkles so brightly around their house will find a husband and a home of her own. They are reconciled to losing her to love. All they ask is that the love be lasting. **END**

those lucky ladds

(Continued from page 35) berth on the Santa Fe Chief to stare out the window, virtually counting the ties as he clicked toward home. He had practically wrestled the porter for the bags as the train finally stopped. When Sue protested, he grumbled, "You don't want him to break his back, do you?" But it wasn't only that, she knew. Her husband couldn't wait to get his feet on home soil again.

He had raced up the ramp with Sue, Davy and Lonnie panting in his wake, expecting to find Carol Lee and Laddie at the top, of course, and Jerry with the family car. But when he rounded the turn into Union Station he couldn't believe what he saw. There must have been sixty of them—all his best friends—down to meet him at the unlikely hour of eight A.M., some from as far away as San Diego, all yelling his name, swarming over him, pounding his back, hugging the kids, kissing Sue. That was when he lost his voice and his sight, too, as his eyes filled with the stuff a man is not supposed to show.

"Come on," he had finally choked. "Come on out to the house. This is what I've been wanting so long I could taste it. Let's make it last." And so they had—all of them—and throughout the day twice their number more, streaming in and out of the hilltop place with the wide open door. There were big stars like Bing Crosby and Van Heflin, shy characters like stunt men to wring his hand and say they were glad he was home.

NOW THEY were all gone. The kids were long ago in dreamland, and Beret, the dachsie, snoozed on the rug. But the spell lingered. Alan wasn't sleepy.

"Susie," he said at last, "you know something? We're just the two luckiest people in this whole wide world!"

As an actor, Alan is at the summit of a career he never dreamed could climb so high. Last year, he starred in *Shane*, one of Hollywood's great pictures. Hollywood's foreign press has elected him the most popular actor in the world and he collected the top star accolade in England where he was immortalized in wax at Tussaud's Museum along with history's great. In America Alan nestles securely near the top of all fan and box-office polls. At home Belle, his secretary, works furiously to keep up with mail which mounts out of control. Three Alan Ladd pictures are headlining theatres at this minute with two more on deck.

PRIVATELY, his picture is every bit as rosy. Alan could support his family comfortably if he never faced another camera. He doesn't owe a penny to anyone. Besides his luxurious modern house, he owns a dream ranch free and clear with two ranch houses. He is raising horses and chickens and the sale of eggs is now starting to show a profit. He has healthy annuities almost paid up, and some blue-chip securities. Most valuable of all, he has Sue and their family—four wonderful children, Carol Lee, Alana, Laddie and David.

Alan Ladd has just treated this family to a fabulous excursion—a grand tour of Europe lasting almost two years, all expenses paid by his employers, only because he had been working. The Ladds couldn't have a brighter outlook.

YET THE SAME night that Alan Ladd voiced his appreciation of all this an anxious frown furrowed his brow.

"Here I am back home," he worried, "and I'm out of a job!"

Sue Ladd didn't smile at that—maybe she should have. But she couldn't, even though they were both aware of the twenty-seven scripts stacked in his den,

the producers who'd kept the phone hopefully hot even that first day home, the contracts at Warners and Paramount still in force and *The Covered Wagon* that had been put off and off until he could make it. Sue didn't smile because she knew—ridiculous or not—that worry was incurable with this strange, still unconvinced man. She remembered the first day he came to her agency office, after she'd caught him on a radio show and called him in. "Pictures?" he'd said, "Not me. I'm not the type for pictures." She'd talked him into a try, fallen in love with him, married him and helped him to the heights—but she'd never convinced him. Not she nor anyone else. No matter if he lived to a hundred, and won an Academy Award each year, Alan wouldn't ever actually believe that he rates what has happened to him. "I've got no business being an actor," he'd protested how many times? "I should be out somewhere shingling a roof."

"Come on, honey," she said. "Let's go to bed. You want to get out to the ranch early tomorrow, don't you?"

HE WAS GONE before she awoke, leaving a note pinned on the ruffled pillow. "I'll take you tomorrow," it read. Sue grinned. That was like Alan. Maybe something was not in apple pie order and Alan always had to have that place picture perfect. The ranch was more than his hobby. It was security, the first property he'd ever owned in his life. Now he was on his way to make sure it was still there.

He was on his way fast—too fast—on the empty highway. He turned into an oak-lined country road, screeched around the pistol-shaped signpost that read "This Gun Not For Hire." Inside Hidden Valley he slowed down to savor the familiar fields, barns, whitewashed corrals and gateposts. On the far side was Alsulana Ranch. He could just barely see it through the pepper trees. Soon he was rolling up the drive under those ancient trees, and Tex Richards, the foreman, was creasing his leathery cheeks in a welcoming grin. "How's it look, Alan?"

"It looks great," he said, "just great, Tex. Prettier than I've ever seen it. Maybe," he laughed, a little ruefully, "I should go away more often. I'll just mosey around," he added.

AFTER THAT Alan sat on the big front porch looking out over the valley. Across the road in his pasture he could pick out the grazing horses, Judy, Alsuladd, Alanadave and old Lucky, his first, homeless horse and the reason, he used to kid himself, that he bought the ranch.

After a while he went into the ranch house. There was the coppered kitchen they'd had so much fun fixing up, the big oak table nicked with ranchware and, as

he remembered, usually flooded with milk from knocked-over tumblers. In the bedroom he looked up and chuckled, remembering the day he and Sue had suddenly grabbed trace chains and whaled the too-new beams to make them look old. He walked out and strolled about the ranch. First up to the bunkhouse on the slope where the kids had grown up. Then over to the barn where he'd quartered the budding racehorse string that never bloomed. Down to the pool and barbecue, where he had once heard Jezebel barking and David crying. He had killed the coiled rattlesnake just in time. The chilling memory sent his eyes to the hillside where the bulldozer had been working that other awful day when Alana toddled away from her nurse. Jez was with him then and the boxer suddenly yelped and shot away like a bullet to knock Lonnie down just as the lethal blade swept over the spot where she'd been standing. Alan shuddered and felt a pang at the same time. There was a dog, Jezzie! She'd looked sick when he left, but he'd said, "Don't you die now, hear me? I want to see you when I get back." But on the boat he knew it had happened, although Sue tried to keep the news from him.

SOMETHING else was missing at the ranch—the blanket of flowers that covered the hillside. "Tex, what's wrong with the flowers?" he asked.

"It's a little early yet, Alan."

"Got to have flowers. Sue likes them." And so he ran up the highway to a nursery and loaded his car with everything he could find in bloom, spending the rest of the day setting them out. It was late when he got home with mud on his boots and jeans and an expression of assurance on his face. The ranch was in order and definitely still there. Next day Sue could see for herself.

That night, tired as he was, Alan stayed up until three o'clock wading through scripts. The next night it was the same. Daytimes he called his producer and director friends on the phone, catching up and asking anxiously, "Say, you haven't got a script for me, have you?" When one promptly replied, "I sure have. I've got two. When can I see you?" Alan rushed to Sue. "What do you know?" he cried. "I've got me a job lined up—maybe two!"

A WEEK after the Ladds came home, Sue got a special kiss when she woke up. "What day is this?" her husband asked. "March 15," Sue said. "Income Tax Day!"

"You can do better than that, honey."

"Of course I can," she grinned. "It's the day twelve years ago that I became Mrs. Alan Ladd. All the bad things happen to you the same day," she kidded.

"All the good things," he corrected her,

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BOGART BLOOPS

When Humphrey Bogart was making *Beat The Devil in London*, he was invited to receive the *Picturegoer* magazine award as outstanding actor of the year.

His wife, Lauren Bacall, had flown from Hollywood to see him receive the award, and arrived just as he started his acceptance speech. So Bogart hurried through it, his eyes constantly on his wife. He finished in record time and no sooner had he sat down to talk to Lauren, than shouts of "Retake, please!" arose.

His mind on his wife, Bogart had thanked *Picture Post* instead of *Picturegoer*. So, amid loud laughter, he rose and repeated his entire speech!

L. Vignon
London, England



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straight-faced. "Thank God for you—and for the income tax! Say, since you're dressed—will you do me a favor? I left my cigarette lighter in the car last night."

Sue stepped out to the garage. She didn't get to Alan's car on the contrived errand because another one blocked her way—a shiny black Cadillac. On the door handle was a huge, red bow and a dangling placard. "Susie—" it read, "Cuz I love you. It's yours, so go ahead and kill me—" "The Daddy." P.S. I know we can't afford it—but ain't it a beauté?"

Sue Ladd lingered thoughtfully, stroking the smooth new hardtop and reading that note over and over again. Alan had to make people happy—especially people he loved—but he also had to apologize for doing it.

ANYONE who has ever known Alan Ladd appreciates the paradox of his make-up. The restless, ambitious guy has sought and fought steadily for everything Hollywood could give him but he has just as consistently backed away from the big treatment and crazy capers.

When you've been as poor as Alan Ladd has been you don't forget it easily. A kid who lost his father when he was a baby, rattled across the country in a creaking jalopy, Okie style, and knocked around depression-strapped California in transient camps under the stern discipline of a stepfather, does not develop a taste for high life. A boy who earned everything he got himself doesn't treat his acquisitions lightly. A man who watched the mother he adored die before his eyes with himself still unproved and a failure, is not prone to look on his success thereafter as license for a lark. Alan Ladd literally had holes in the soles of his shoes when the tide turned for him. He couldn't trip up a primrose path with the skin still rubbed raw.

Early in his career, Paramount sent him and Sue to New York for personal appearances and put them up at the Waldorf-Astoria. One night he ordered two hamburgers sent up to the room. But when he saw the \$5 tab he couldn't eat his. It hadn't been long since Alan himself had been frying hamburgers and selling them for a dime in a shack he called "Tiny's." In those early days at Paramount the star of the picture was known to grab scenery and lift it before a razzing yell from the grips, "Hey, Alan—let's see your union card!" stopped him. It sometimes happens today, because Al still has that union card from the days when he was a grip, and lucky to be one.

When workmen are at Alan's house he hustles them beers and Cokes. Sue tells of the time when he accidentally slept late one morning. Around nine o'clock she called out, "Alan, time to get up!" Back came a hurried whisper, "S-h-h-h-h—don't let the carpenters hear you. They'll think I'm a bum!"

WHEN THE LADDS moved into their Holmby Hills house they gave two housewarmings—one for their star neighbors, another for Alan's real friends, the gang he had worked with for years. "This is the one I really enjoyed," he told Sue at the post-mortem. They are the people you're likely to see around his pool and his house today, the same ones who crowded around the train gate when he came home from Europe. They drop in constantly and Alan Ladd constantly shoves his collection of honors that Sue masses on a shelf, back into the corner. "Honey, please!" he begs. "They'll think I'm bragging."

This is no pose with Alan, as it is with so many stars. He packs an almost penitent urge to share his luck with the people he came from, the only ones with whom he feels really comfortable and secure.

One out-of-work friend came to dinner the other night and Alan spotted a frayed collar. He left with six of Alan's best shirts. Another unemployed photographer showed up for a swim, borrowed Alan's best movie camera to take pictures of the Ladd kids. He couldn't give it back. Things like that happen all the time.

FROM HIS hunger days, Alan retains a pack rat urge to save things.

"Maybe I'll need them some time," he says. "But I guess the real reason is that I like things I can hold in my hand." Sue gave Alan a beautiful Audemar Piguet watch when they were in Switzerland, the

A Hollywood producer, incensed by complaints from a political group there, warned them: "I'll take it higher and higher and higher—until I get to the bottom of this."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

finest made anywhere; only twelve a year are produced. He likes to look at it. But he wears "the watch," a plain gold ticker Sue gave him back when they first fell in love. He's got boxes stuffed with rings, cufflinks, and such, but he wears only his wedding band and his service ID bracelet.

You could go on and on, describing the ways in which Alan Ladd constantly reassures himself of his great good luck and at the same time backs away from flaunting it. But maybe his recent stay in Europe—the trip people said was bound to change him—shows it best of all.

ALAN DIDN'T want to go. "Why leave here?" he answered when foreign offers came. "This is the best place, isn't it?" In the end he decided to go but only because a European stay, *en famille*, had been Sue's dream. She was educated in Switzerland and France. She wanted her kids to know how the rest of the world looked, sounded, tasted and smelled. So when producers started upping the ante and including almost every trip expense from gasoline to toothpaste he consented to pry himself loose.

EVEN WITH the house rented, everything stored, his entire family aboard the *Ile de France*, Alan wanted to call the whole thing off when the boat docked at Southampton.

It was four-thirty A.M. and still dark when the British reporters climbed aboard, loaded for bear. Who, they demanded, did Alan Ladd think he was, coming to England to play a British war hero? Didn't he know that the red-bereted paratroopers symbolized England's wartime courage?

The battery of questions was a shock. He had thought that coming over was a piece of good will between the two countries. Besides, as he tried to explain that morning, the role in *Paratrooper* was about an American who came voluntarily to fight in the Red Berets because he loved England. But he was so shaken by the experience that when the reporters departed he had to go back to his stateroom and lose his coffee and toast. "Let's go on back home, honey," he told Sue. "They don't like me here."

But they did. Before he left Britain Alan had conquered the place almost as thoroughly as any foreigner since 1066. He was voted the most popular star in England. But perhaps he wouldn't have had the heart to stick around if something hadn't happened a few days after he arrived. Visiting Shepperton studio, he sneaked on to the set of *Moulin Rouge* to have a look at how they did things over there. A thousand extras and workers were crowded into the place and when they set up a

shout he thought he'd stumbled into a scene. But the shouting was all about himself—a welcome from his kind of people. Alan watered up that time, too, and today tags it the biggest thrill of his trip. It was the assurance that he was welcome and wanted.

BUT IF THEY had turned out the guard at Buckingham Palace in his honor it couldn't have banished the ache he packed for home. He saw new sights and like the rest of the family, he acquired an education he couldn't have bought at home. But, as Sue noted, "All the time we were gone Alan was trying to prove to himself that he'd never left home."

Hallowe'en came and even if the neighbors didn't know what he was up to, he decked out the big house they rented in orange and black streamers, carved pumpkins and lighted them in the windows. He sent the kids, Lonnie and Davy, out rapping on doors and yelling, "Trick or treat!" to the astonishment and confusion of the countryside. Two nice ladies thought they were burglars and called the bobbies.

At the Paris restaurants he tasted what Sue ordered, made a face, and tried to say "bifstek" in pidgin French. He outraged porters everywhere, although he tipped them generously, because he grabbed his

own bags half the time, hating as always to have anyone do anything for him. Hotelkeepers were dismayed when he asked to fry his own hamburgers.

WHEREVER the Ladds rambled—through England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Holland and Belgium—everything Alan saw only reminded him of what he liked better at home.

The winter sports at St. Moritz only suggested Old Baldy back home. Monte Carlo was a glittering kick (especially when he put two bucks on the dice and walked out with two hundred) but to Alan it was just Las Vegas in dress clothes. Venice was swell, but he liked the Grand Canal best skimming over it in a motorboat as he used to on Balboa Bay in California. His favorite spot in Rome was the sports forum that Mussolini built to revive Italy's athletic prowess. That was where Alan headed late on moonlit nights, yanked off his shoes, dug starting holes in the cinder track and had Sue clock him in the 100-yard dash! Wherever they went, Sue had to find a U.S. Army PX and buy pancake mix and canned chili and beans.

TO THIS DAY, Sue wonders what kept Alan from going over the hill for Hollywood when they came as close as Banff



WHEN IS A STAR?

*Audrey has her Oscar,
but Bogey says she has yet
to pass the acid test!*

■ "Audrey Hepburn is not yet a full-fledged star!"

That statement, believe it or not, was made by Don Hartman, top executive of Paramount, Audrey's own studio.

"Because," Hartman explained, "Audrey has yet to prove that she can carry a picture by herself.

"She is an immensely talented actress. Charming, winsome and all of that. But is her name box office? That's the only proof of stardom we have.

"She was wonderful in *Roman Holiday*, but although everyone who saw it liked it, we didn't make as much money on the picture as we should have made.

"In Audrey's second picture, *Sabrina*, we've cast her opposite two of the biggest names in the business, Humphrey Bogart and William Hol-

den. If it does well, we'll probably see if Audrey can carry a picture by herself. That will be the acid test."

When Humphrey Bogart was asked if he considered Miss Hepburn a full-fledged movie star, he asked, "Which Miss Hepburn?"

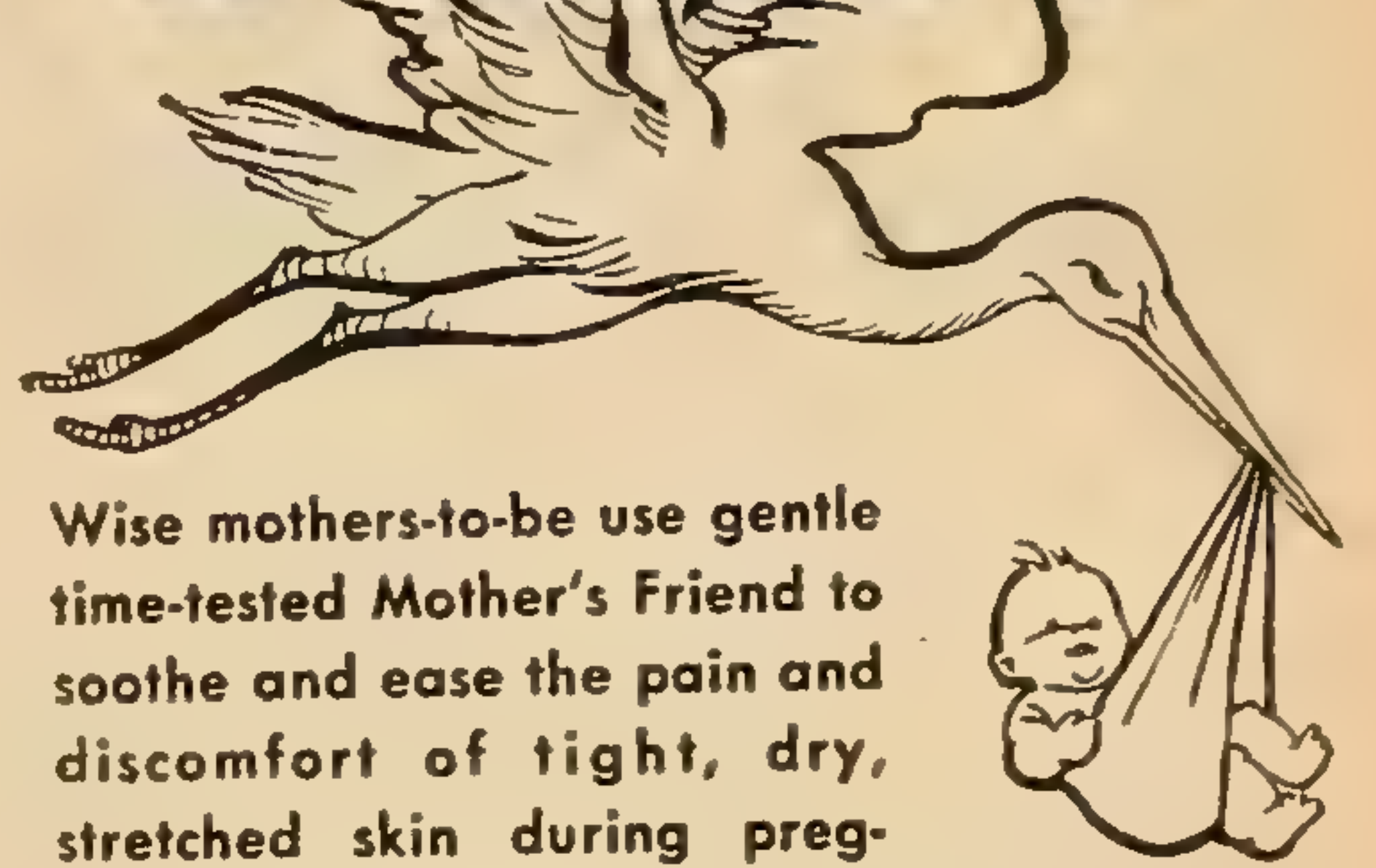
Told it was Audrey, Bogey agreed with Hartman.

"It's much too early to tell," Bogart explained. "I've seen kids come along who were real hot for a couple of pictures and then flickered out. This kid's got class and ability. No doubt about it. But has she got that certain something the public is willing to spend money for? We'll just have to wait and see."

Bill Holden, however, has no doubts.

"In my book," says her fellow Academy Award winner, "Audrey Hepburn is a big star right now."

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in Canada, to make *Saskatchewan*. When Carole Lee and Laddie took off for Hollywood from there, Alan gazed so wistfully after the kids that it wouldn't have surprised her if she'd had to chase after him across the glacial Bow River like Eliza crossing the ice.

But there was still *The Black Knight* to make in England. After that, he could have played two more pictures abroad if he'd wanted to.

By that time Alan Ladd had a one track mind and it led nowhere but home. The *S.S. United States* brought him there, and of all the 36,000 miles he covered, that last stretch from *Le Havre* was the best. Two foreign flag ships sailed more conveniently but as Alan told Sue firmly, "No more boats where I have to wake you up to order ham and eggs for breakfast in French." First thing he did aboard the floating bit of homeland was to roam around the ship treating his ears to American accents.

He was up at five A.M. to see the Statue of Liberty loom into view and his stay in New York amounted to four fast hours. That was enough to say hello to his pal, Lloyd Nolan, playing on Broadway, and to call Hannah, the cook out in Hollywood, and tell her what he wanted for dinner the night he got home—"Ham, cornbread and black-eyed peas."

ALL OF THIS is a montage of memories to Alan Ladd, very pleasant ones, but he's thankful they're in the past. "Look," he said, when he was told what a lucky guy he is to have had the trip, "I'm so lucky for everything I can't believe it. But the best luck is being right here where I belong. You planning a trip? People are people all over the world—they just talk differently. Sights are sights—and I've seen some great ones. But there isn't any sight better than this," and he waved his hand in a circle embracing the things that were unmistakably his, right where he could see and touch them if he wanted to.

It embraced a wiry little carbon copy of himself, named David, learning flips on

the springboard just as his old man used to do. "Hit the board harder—and straighten out those knees," shouted Alan. It took in a dainty ten-year-old doll named Alana, watching all this gravely with her chum, Katie. "Can your daddy really dive, too?" asked Katie. "My daddy can do *anything*," came the withering reply.

THAT CIRCLE also took in a manly sixteen-year-old called Laddie who carefully polished a new Ford his dad had just given him. There was another one for Carol Lee (with apologies to his other kids, "I hope I can afford one for you, too, when you grow up.") It embraced the big, comfortable house where Jerry and Hannah were already fixing lunch in the kitchen and Belle, in the office, was filing papers for Ladd Enterprises, which will produce pictures.

It included the ranch out in Hidden Valley. In fact it swung all around Hollywood, where Alan Ladd had grown up in poverty and miraculously found his future and his fortune.

Sue came in. "Your agent's on the phone. He says there's an offer for you to make a picture in Boston."

"Boston?" teased Alan. "Where's that? If it isn't in Hollywood the answer is no Honey, you know I don't like cod."

"Now, Alan—"

"Yeah, I know. Tell him I'll call him back"

ALAN SIGHED. "Sue's still the boss around here," he grinned. "I guess she always will be." And I thought of a remark a friend of Alan's once made to me. "There isn't a star in Hollywood who's handled his success better than Alan Ladd, and nobody's handled Alan better than Sue."

It's a case of two heads and two hearts together which have brought the good things that Alan meant when he swept his arm around and said "all this." The winning combo is no more likely to change than Alan Ladd is. If twelve years in the pressure cooker of Hollywood can't do it, a trip to Europe won't turn the trick. **END**

WHY DID ROCK HUDSON TAKE BETTY ABBOTT TO IRELAND?

Read the answer
next month in
MODERN SCREEN

I'd rather stay home

(Continued from page 36) was making silent inroads on her salad, apparently thinking of a dozen other things. That's a very deceptive appearance, though. Her mind is never very far away when Mike is speaking; she'd just rather listen to him than talk. During a lull she looked up, poker-faced, and said, "I think one of the tobacco companies ought to make a butt-sized cigarette—for people who want to quit smoking."

It was so unexpected that everyone present was tickled, but Mike most of all; he chortled. Nobody has cornered the market on comedy in that household, and O'Shea's wife can always provoke him to laughter. "My old lady!" He shakes his tousled head in wonder and grins broadly.

WELL, WHAT ABOUT all the obstacles? A marriage doesn't survive them just because a man, his wife, or both occasionally entertain an amusing thought. You can't beat a sense of humor for adding spice to life, but you also can't bank on one to compensate for everything else.

That appreciable difference in age should

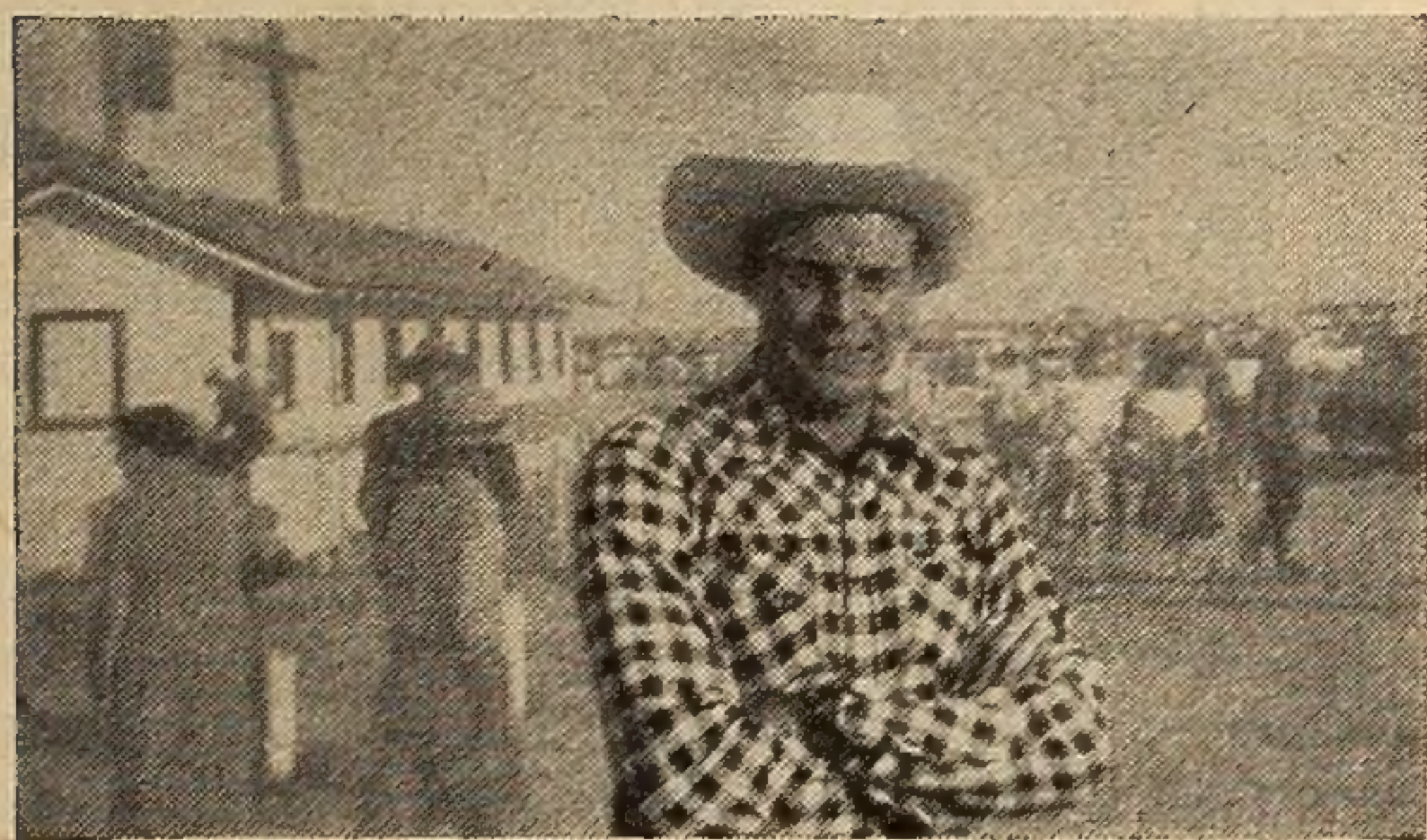
"I just knew I wanted to marry Michael the first time I met him," Virginia explains. "It was very sudden—I didn't expect it to happen that way. Because marriage means forever to me, I had always imagined it would take me a long time to make up my mind. But then," she adds after a pensive look into her past, "I never fell in love till I met Mike."

As for himself, he got clobbered just as quickly, with just as much finality. "First time I laid eyes on my old lady, I asked her to marry me. No kidding. It was over at the Goldwyn Studio, where I was making a picture called *Jack London*. I'd been working with nothing but dirty, bearded guys like myself, and when I saw Virginia standing there on the set, it was like the sweet breath of spring. So I walked over and said, 'You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in this crummy joint. Let's get married.' She said I talked like an idiot, and I told her I was an idiot but I wanted to marry her, anyhow. And I did—but not until five years later. I wanted to be sure she knew what she was getting, give her a chance to back out if she wanted."

Those are the words of a great cover-up guy. They didn't wait half a decade because there were any doubts in Virginia's

moved earth and stone to secure a divorce from his first wife. They had been separated a number of years, an arrangement she found satisfactory. Their youthful marriage had been a civil ceremony, so there were not even religious bars to a divorce. Only perversity—but Virginia and Mike aren't the sort to talk about things like that. It's easier more pleasant, if Mike says in his elaborately casual way, "Wanted to give Virginia a chance to back out—"

THEY HAVE THAT in common. Virginia is so pleasantly undemonstrative that one Hollywood writer admits, "I've worked with her off and on for ten years, and I still don't know whether she likes me or not." And so with the O'Shea, voluble as he is. If people don't take the trouble to look below the surface, he isn't about to reveal the inner man for their idle inspection. When the aforesaid former wife elected, some years after the marriage of Virginia and Mike, to claim an imposing amount of back alimony on the grounds that Virginia's salary was community property, it became a test case in court. Everything Virginia has she gladly gives to Mike, but she thought the claim unfair and fought it. Unfortunately, she lost—which meant that a sum estimated at \$25,000 went out of the family coffers. The whole town knew that Mike wasn't making such money, that it would have to come out of Virginia's earnings, and the O'Sheas let them have their day of speculation and gossip. Mike had sold a dear piece of property at a loss to put that money back. But only a handful took the trouble to find that out.



This is Carole's snapshot of Scott.

SNAP-HAPPY

While at the Cheyenne Rodeo in Wyoming I saw Scott Brady making some action shots for Bronco Buster. After the Rodeo I was thrilled when he agreed to pose for a picture, but I thought I was out of luck when the lock on my camera jammed. You can imagine how amazed I was when he walked over, took the camera out of my nervous hands, unlocked it for me and then posed for the picture.

Carole Hayes
Evansville, Indiana

Similarly, there was considerable talk to the effect that Virginia was bringing home the bacon while Mike stayed home and laid the eggs. One of the town's best writers, incidentally a friend of O'Shea, finally took courage in hand and approached him with the idea of doing a story on the subject. "Sure," said Michael—and the result was MODERN SCREEN'S story, "Somebody Has To Stay Home." In it Mike made no mealy-mouthed attempts to justify his position. He pointed out that since Virginia was nearing the peak of her career and there was no large demand for his type at the moment, it would be pretty silly for her to stay home while he went out to work for less. These are the things Mike O'Shea will tell you if it makes a good story. He doesn't mention, however, the run-of-the-play contract he was offered to

do *Guys And Dolls* on Broadway. You'd think he was crazy not to have taken it. Maybe so, but it's part of the O'Shea love story that being separated is insupportable to them, and Mike's going into a sure-fire musical could have meant nothing else. They talked it over, and the answer came out no. There would be another opportunity.

FOR THE AMOUNT of time and the consideration Mike gives to the career of his wife, he might seem careless of his own. He is not a careless man, but on occasion he has been exceedingly tactless. "I got a reputation for being very tough to work with, and I deserved it," he admits. "When a director tells you how to play a scene, you don't endear yourself to people in the business by telling him he couldn't direct traffic on a street corner. Even if you know right down to your bones that he's wrong." "Mike doesn't do that when he works with a director he respects," interpolates Virginia. "It's just that he knows quite a lot about acting."

This talk was going on out on the patio of their home in Van Nuys. The O'Shea had prowled restively from a chair under the umbrella to a lounge to a seat in the sun, and now he disappeared entirely.

"Really, the stage is where he belongs." Virginia, wearing shorts, was stretched out lithe and relaxed as a cat. "Mike has that magnetism, vitality, stage presence—whatever you want to call it—that an actor in the legitimate theatre has to have. In Hollywood they can shoot the same scene over and over or dummy what they want, but on the stage you only have the one chance to walk out there and command your audience. It takes something special that Michael has."

The man himself ambled back from the corral, where he had been in animated conversation with his quarter-horse stallion. "Know what I want to do?" he inquired. "What I've been wanting to do since I came to Hollywood? Make a western. Not one of those razzle-dazzle shoot-em-ups, because that isn't the way the old west was. They were wonderful people, real people, those old pioneers. I read every book about them that I can get my hands on, and I'd like to do a picture about their kind of life. Know what they tell me in Hollywood? I'm not the type for a western. Me, that spent ten years on the rodeo circuit!"

WHEN IT BECAME known that Miss Mary Catherine O'Shea was on the way, her pop said, "Baby coming, guess the old man better go out and start working." And work he did. Maybe he set the right people back on their heels with the verbal persuasion of which he's capable, maybe he even accepted less money than he's worth—but all of a sudden the ball was rolling. O'Shea made a picture, *It Should Happen To You* for Columbia. Television discovered him; he's done a couple of dramas, made guest appearances and filmed the pilot of a thirty-nine-week series. And when he has ten times this amount of work, the O'Shea will be completely happy. Oh, sure, he'll tell you that somebody's gotta stay home, that they wouldn't starve on Virginia's salary alone, because he has that island-into-himself Irish pride. But it's a curious thing that the sinus trouble and the stomach trouble with which Mike O'Shea is plagued disappears completely when he's working.

Another so-called "big problem," the religious one, has been conspicuous by its absence in the seven years that Virginia and Michael have been married. Virginia had eight hours of instruction in the Catholic faith from Mike's good friend, Bishop Fulton Sheen, but whether she'll become a convert, she does not yet know. The idea has met considerable opposition from both

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her family and her own church, understandably, and her husband is too sensitive to the importance of one's religion to urge her. Virginia says with finality, "It's my soul. I think I have to make up my own mind."

Though Mike doesn't want her pushed or pulled into anything, he's an incorrigible tease, likely to ask, "Virginia, what's my autographed prayerbook from the Bishop doing in your heathen bedroom?" She smiles back, knowing how he is, knowing he'd break his arm before he'd hurt her feelings. Knowing she could take up Yoga or Bahaiism, for all of Mike, just so long as she is happy.

WITH THE appearance of Miss Mary Catherine, there have been some changes made. About \$20,000 worth of changes in the house itself. A play pen in the dining room. "Still gotta enlarge the nursery," grumbles the master of the house. "Nowadays, we invite people for dinner, somebody ends up eating in the play pen!" A buggy on the patio. A charming addition to the household, Mrs. Young, the baby's nurse. And Dukie, Virginia's already-neurotic bulldog, verges on a psychosis because of the dulcet tones in which his mistress addresses her offspring.

Miss Catherine wears her red hair in a pony tail—about six hairs deep. She has her father's brilliant blue eyes, her mother's lovely, tapering hands, and an inordinately alert expression for one so young. Nobody calls her "Sam," of course, in spite of her father's predictions—not even "Kate" as yet. Virginia calls her "Sweetheart," her old man, "Little darlin'," and she responds to both with the broadest toothless smile in seven counties. Altogether a remarkable child is the Princess of Tara, who has never been known to whimper in the presence of strangers.

THE O'SHEAS would be the last people to suggest that their own formula for happiness is workable for everyone else. For one thing, in what other marriage would you find a combination of temperament so unique that there has never been a fight?

"Of course we disagree on things sometimes," said Virginia, who talks easily—if shyly—when the glib man of the house has wandered elsewhere. "I like to think about things, discuss them, before I make up my mind. It doesn't take Mike *that* long," she snapped her fingers, "to know what he thinks."

Then, if anyone as beautiful as that can be said to grin, Virginia grinned. "Like the flying saucers—I don't know whether I believe in them, but I've read and heard a lot and I just wanted to *talk* about whether they could be real. As far as Michael was concerned, it was a waste of time as a topic of discussion. When I carried my discussion one word too far, he roared, 'It's ridiculous—of course there aren't any flying saucers!' and stomped off. That was final."

"Sometimes there are more important things, more personal ones, but there still aren't any arguments. If we talk about something any time at all without agreeing, Mike starts getting nervous. Then I know that he's either going to give in, even though he isn't convinced, or lose his temper and walk away. Once he does that, it wouldn't do me a bit of good to go after him. I have to wait until he cools off and then explain that I didn't mean to argue, only to get things clear in my own mind."

Himself had meandered rather than stomped back on the scene and stood leaning against a wall, listening. "You don't keep a box score on who gives in more often. The way I feel—and Virginia, too, I guess—is that it boils down to a pretty fundamental question: which is more important, my marriage or proving that I'm right? You think about that a minute.

Pretty simple, isn't it? I know people so insecure that they have to be right all of the time, regardless of where the chips fall. Me, I'd rather be married to Virginia." His volatile face was sobered, his voice nakedly sincere, as he added, "I wouldn't know what to do without her; my life revolves around her and the baby. Can you weigh being right all the time against that?"

THEY WERE both silent a moment before Virginia said in agreement with her husband's thought, "We don't make a big thing of it, that we never fight. But fights do leave scars, you know."

"They leave scars," Mike repeated. "Corny as it sounds, you can forgive someone you love—and really mean it with all your heart—but you can't forget something cruel that was said or done in the heat of anger. A little of love is killed, a little of closeness that's essential to marriage slips away, because you start putting up barriers so you don't get hurt in that particular way again . . . Nothing's worth that."

"Sometimes I give in to Virginia on a point when I know she's dead wrong; it

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doesn't matter. She's gonna find out for herself that she was wrong, but that doesn't matter, either—I don't want her dragging her heels over to me to say that she's sorry. Sorry for what? That she had a conviction? That's more than most have. Sorry she found out she was wrong? So she learned something. I let her have her way when it seems that important to her. She has let me have mine and I've really pulled a rock—but she never held it against me afterward that I was wrong."

"I guess you could put it this way," Virginia summed it up. "I love Michael and he loves me, and no difference of opinion is as important as what we have together and the way we feel about each other."

IT'S AN old-fashioned working philosophy for movie stars, reinforced by one more secret. The latter isn't anything they talk about, though O'Shea said in passing, "One of those bums I was reading one night when I couldn't sleep said a man should always treat his wife like a perfect stranger." Meaning, of course, that he should continue to observe the courtesies, make that little extra effort to please. If you're lucky, you were born a good guy or a nice girl—and you can get along fine with your fellow men with no more than that. But the people one remembers with special pleasure show a little more thoughtfulness, a little more consideration. It's what the O'Sheas do for each other.

After the birth of the baby, Virginia was dissatisfied with her shape, silly as it sounds. The superfluous weight had been melted off by intelligent dieting but she felt that she was too soft. She began to take tennis lessons from her friend and former world champion Alice Marble. Mike was not far behind, the first day they walked on a court together. He knew from nothing about the game, so little that he asked if a high lob constituted a foul—but his old lady was learning, so Himself drifted over to the court. He listened with pleasure to the report that his wife would be a very good player. (When a bystander expressed surprise that anyone as dainty as Virginia could belt the ball so hard, Alice shook her head. "It doesn't surprise me. The first time I shook hands with Virginia, she nearly broke my tired old tennis hand.") He admired, in a spate of blarney, the two long-legged blondes as they stood side by side, tirelessly working on some stroke or other. The champ explained, the star listened, and then they dipped into a basket of balls to try it.

On the sideline the rusty-haired, bright-eyed guy sat. Just watching, maybe—but as the balls began to spray over the opposite side of the court, he rose and wandered in that direction. Probably there was never a more incongruous figure on a tennis court than Mike O'Shea in his battered Stetson and high-heeled boots, but he never left. Without a word, he collected balls so that Virginia need not interrupt her lesson to fetch them when the basket was empty. Just a little extra effort.

SIMILARLY, there is Virginia's attitude toward baseball. As everyone who has been within earshot of her husband knows, he digs baseball the most. He not only roots for the Hollywood team named the Stars, but in the past he has worked out with them when they played at home and traveled with them on road trips. Virginia couldn't care less. She knows perfectly well what baseball is all about, having played it in school, but in her adult years she has become mildly disenchanted. So why does she go to the games? Well, Mike likes her to go, so she makes the little extra effort.

He isn't sure it's worth it. He introduces the team's leading slugger, saying, "He hit .320 on the season, honey!" and Virginia says to the man, "Hello." He brings one of the fielders over with the admiring statement, "Got the best arm in the league, sweetie. Nobody ever takes two bases on him!" and Virginia says, "How do you do?" to the modest hero.

"They look at her kind of funny," Mike said in some embarrassment.

HE HAD SOME hopes for her one night last season, when they were sitting in the box of the club president. It was one of the more exciting games, and throughout Virginia sat on the edge of her seat. More or less. When the last play was made, the O'Shea turned to Virginia and asked, "Well, how did you like *that*?"

There was a faraway look in her beautiful eyes. "Like what, Michael?"

"The game, honey. Wasn't it great?" "Oh, the game!" she answered. "I didn't see it. The drive-in theatre next door is showing a picture of mine that I haven't seen, and I was watching it. I couldn't hear anything, of course, but if you look right over there—see, between those two trees—the screen is perfectly clear."

"And us sittin' with the president and his wife!" Mike groans when he remembers it. Then he leans over to kiss Virginia. "My old lady," he says with enormous pride. "My old lady!"

END

(Virginia Mayo is appearing in Warners' King Richard And The Crusaders and The Silver Chalice.)



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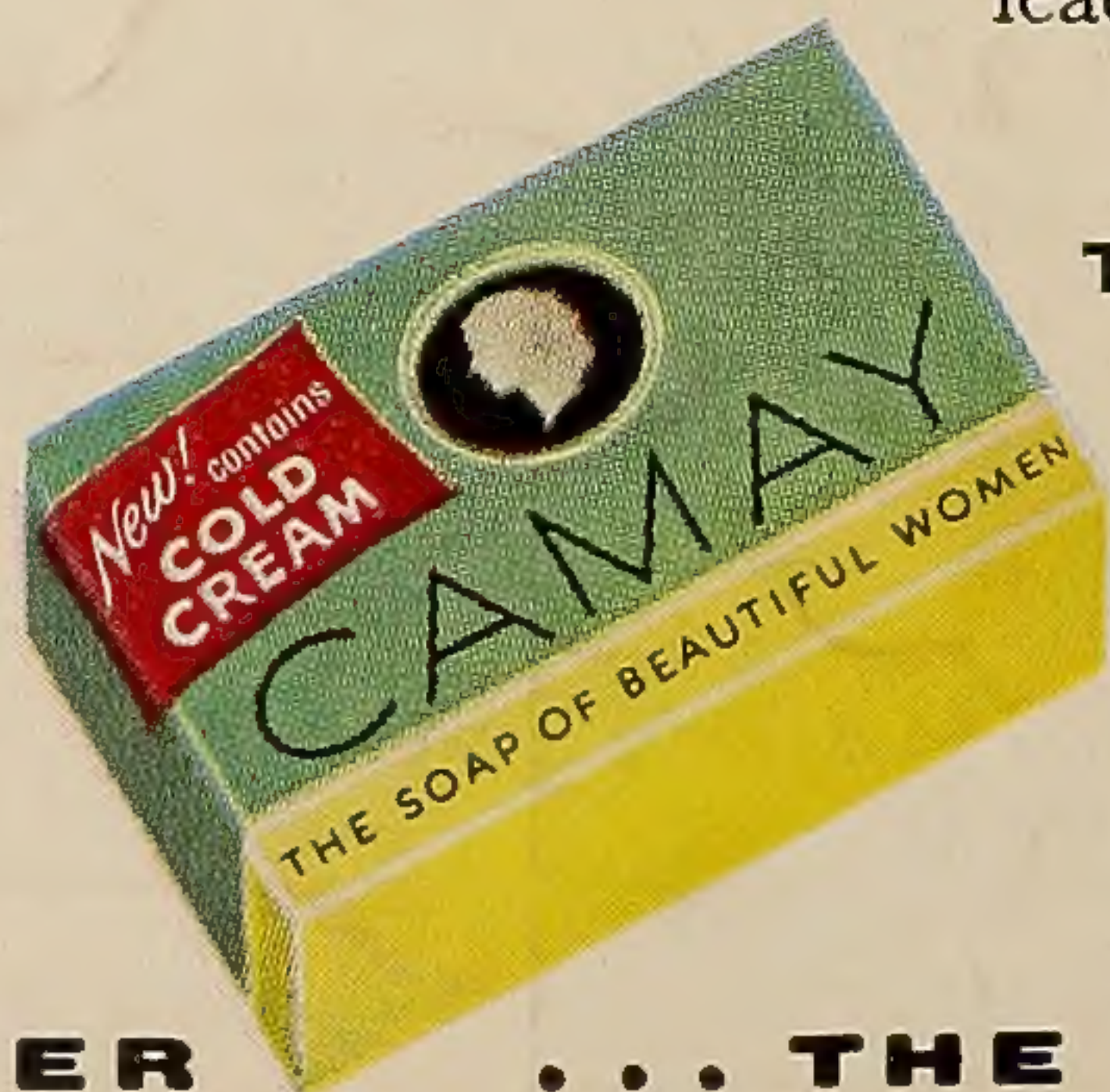
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